

THE

John Thos Shiple

M O D E R N

M O N I T O R;

OR,

F L Y N ' S

K *(Wm)*

SPECULATIONS.



THE SECOND EDITION.

C O R K:

Printed by WILLIAM FLYN, at the *Shakespeare*,
near the Exchange.

M,DCC,LXXI.



TO
MRS. ELIZABETH GRAY.

MADAM,

WE request the liberty of introducing to the public, under the sanction of your name, the following collection of little essays, to which, in their scattered state, you were pleased to give some very flattering marks of your approbation.

approbation. The design was new among us; the purpose good; and your usual candor made every due allowance for the haste in which they were necessarily written. The principal object of their intention was the female world. We wished to amuse them with innocence; to rally with that respectful delicacy to which they ever are intitled, and sometimes perhaps to steal in a sentiment which might set the heart right without the insolence of precept. Our first and great desire indeed was to see the whole sex as like as possible to a certain amiable original, which every person, who has the honour of your intimacy, must admire. If our sketches have any merit, it must be imputed to the excellence of this model. A fine understanding, graced by the most polished manners; a genuine elegance of sentiment and taste, corresponding with the most pleasing form,
and

and united to every virtue that can command esteem, or captivate affection. Had the work not been interrupted by some inevitable accidents, it might perhaps have been more worthy of your protection; but, as it is, it affords Us this pleasing opportunity of declaring ourselves,

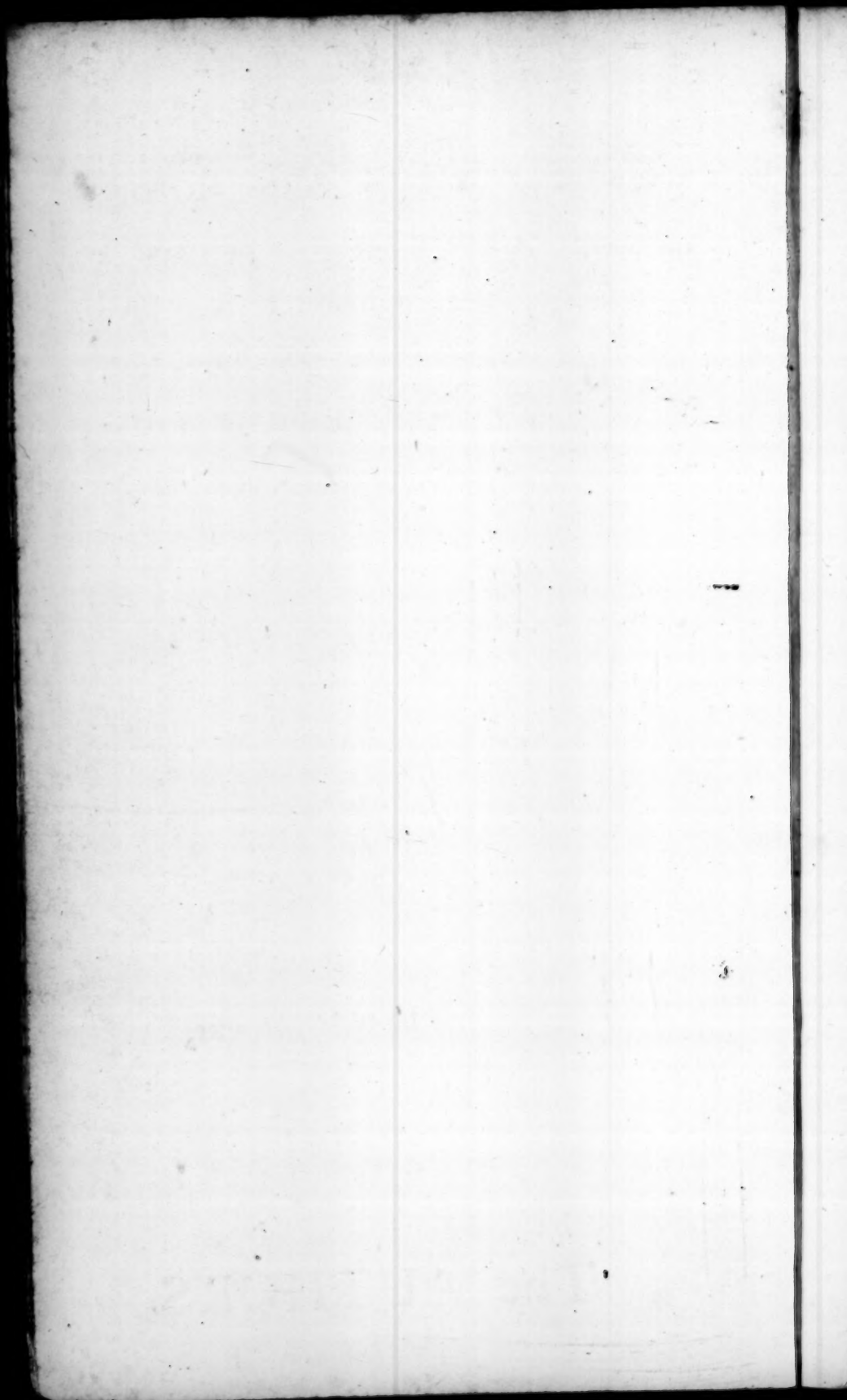
with the most perfect regard,

MADAM,

your most obedient,

humble servants,

The AUTHORS.



THE EDITOR'S P R E F A C E.

THE following papers having met with
 T general applause on their appearance
 in the HIBERNIAN CHRONICLE, I
 have been encouraged to send them
 into the world in a collected, and more permanent
 form.

As I have no share in them, but merely that of
 an Editor, I may be allowed to say that, in the
 opinion of persons of the most critical taste, they
 have happily touched the true manner of an essay,
 so often and unsuccessfully attempted. The senti-
 ments are original; the moral steals pleasingly on
 the reader; the humour is easy, close, and natu-
 ral; the raillery of false politeness and modish foibles
 is supported with a spirited delicacy, and a variety
 of fancy, equal to any thing of the same kind in
 the *Spectators*; and the style, through the whole,
 has perhaps more accuracy, harmony, and neat-
 ness than is generally to be met with, even in those
 celebrated compositions.

The reader will please to consider them as only
 the sketch, or outline, of a more extensive plan,
 formed by some ingenious persons among ourselves;
 interrupted by the death of one, (ever to be re-
 gretted by all who knew him!) and the indisposi-
 tion and unforeseen avocations of others—Soon
 perhaps to be resumed.

Of

Of the authors I have leave to say but little. The papers marked W. F, L, Y, N, were written by one Gentleman; those marked Z. M. O. Q. with the paper on Card-playing, and the letter from P. Q. by another. No. 34, 42, and 46, are effusions of fancy for which I am indebted to a very amiable Lady, as I am to her fair friend for the communication of the poetical favour, No. 54. To another worthy and ingenious Lady I owe the letter in No. 39; and to a fourth, the valuable epistle from *Thalestis*, sufficient to make every reader regret that even the exemplary attention to an extensive circle of domestic duties should prevent the more frequent use of so animated and elegant a pen.

For No. 53 and 58, two papers of uncommon merit, I have reason to think I am obliged to a Lady in the city of *Limerick*.

No. 41 had been published not long since in a Dublin Magazine, but, in the absence of the Author, I took the liberty of inserting it in my paper. Some few essays, being on subjects of a local and temporary nature, though extremely well written, I have been induced to omit, for which I hope the much esteemed writers will excuse me.

I have given a Translation of the Mottoes for the satisfaction of the English reader; but, that it may not offend a classical taste, I have detached it from the original, which must always have a peculiar beauty, incapable of a version without being injured.

SUBSCRIBERS NAMES.

A.

MR. Stephen Anster
Mr. George Allman, Bandon

B.

Mr. Abraham Biggs
Mrs. Isabella Browne, 2 Books
Mr. Ulysses Bourke
Miss Anne Webber Breton
Rev. Henry Bate

C.

Mrs. Chetwynd
Mrs. Anne Carey
Rev. John Chetwood, Rector of Scull
Mr. William Coppinger, jun.
Mr. Edmond Connor of Mallow
Mess. Comerford and O'Brien, Merchants, Dublin.
6 Books
Mr. John Cantillon
Mrs. Carleton
Miss Rebecca Carleton
Mrs. H. Carleton
Rev. Russell Carew
Mrs. Carew

Miss

Miss Carew

Mrs. Chatterton

Philip Cross, Esq;

Francis Carleton, jun. Esq;

D.

Rev. Mr. Donnohue

Mr. Eugene Daly, Bookbinder, 7 Books

Mr. Timothy Delany, Master of the Library School,

St. Finn Barry's, Cork

John Digby, Esq;

F.

Sampson Towgood French, Esq;

Mr. Daniel Flynn, Dublin

Mr. Daniel Flynn, jun. Dublin

G.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, 6 Books

Mr. Peter Guitton of Dundalk

Mr. John Geary of Tallow

H.

Capt. Hewit of the Thunderbolt cutter

John Haig, Esq; M. D. Youghall

Mr. John Hatchell

Mrs. Harding

Mr. Thomas Hanrahan of Limerick

John Haly, Esq; M. D.

Mr. John Harding, Burges.

Mr. Charles Hassey of Bandon,

J.

Mrs. Johnston of Carlow

Miss Izod

Mrs. Jephson

K.

Mrs. Jane Knox

Mr. Michael Kelly, Merchant, Limerick

Mr.

Mr. John Kennelly, Limerick

Mr. John Kenny, Limerick

Miss Kearney, Garretstown

L.

John Longfield, Esq; M. D.

Mr. Cornelius Lyons, Limerick

Richard Longfield, Esq;

M.

Miss M'Nemara

Mr. Michael M'Carthy

James Morrison, Esq;

Miss Mitchell

Isaac Mee, Esq; M. D.

N.

Mr. Richard Needham of Bandon

Rev. Laurence Nihell, Limerick,

Mr. George Newenham, jun.

Henry Newson, Esq;

O.

Mr. Oliver O'Brien, Limerick

Jeffery O'Connell, jun. Esq; M. D.

P.

Rev. Richard Pigott

Hon. Mrs. Pigott

George Pigott, Esq;

Master Thomas Pope, Kinsale

Mrs. Percival

R.

Thomas Ronayne of London, Esq;

Mr. Robert Reeves, jun.

Miss Ellen Rohan

Bayly Rogers, Esq; M. D.

Mrs. Rogers

Joseph Rogers, Esq;

Master

Master William Roche
Miss Anne Rolt, Bandon

S

Henry Sheares, Esq;
Mrs. Sheares
Richard William Stack, Esq; M. D. of London,
6 Books
Mrs. Stack
Mr. Maurice Sarsfield, Limerick
Mrs. Jane Smyth
Miss Alice Stothard
Greatrakes Smyth, Esq;
William Snowe, Esq;
Mr. Robert Swayne
Thomas Strettell, Esq;
William Richard Stack, Esq; M. D.

T

Mr. Nicholas Therry, junior
Mr. Abbot Trayer
Mr. Amos Thorne

U

William Verling, Esq; Counsellor at Law

W

Miss Waterhouse, 3 Books
Mr. Joseph Wheeler of Bandon
Mrs. Augusta Webber
Mr. Benjamain Wrixon
Miss Anne Waterhouse
Robert Waterhouse, Esq;
Miss Wallis
Mr. Thomas White
William Willcocks, Esq;
Mr. Daniel Whelan

C O N T E N T S.

- No 1. **F**LYN's Introduction.
2. Various Methods of conveying Intelligence proposed.
3. The PALACE OF COMMERCE, a Vision.
4. On *French* Night-Caps.
5. Self-Complacency necessary to Benevolence.
6. Letters to FLYN on the same Subject.
7. Design of Poisoning turned on the Author. A remarkable Story.
8. Institution of FLYN's Literary Packet-Boat.
9. Ridiculous Distress of a Spanish Cavalier.
10. On Round Shoulders.
11. RICHARDSONIAN and MACPHERSONIC Specimens.
12. The Arts of Love recommended to Married Ladies.
13. Cures for mental Diseases.
14. Viatication of Benevolence from the charge of Selfishness.
15. The influence of the Wife united with that of the Mistress.
16. On Politeness.
17. Folly of Political Zeal.
18. On the Villiany of anonymous Libels.
19. A Series of Mischances from mistaken Civility.
20. A Philosophical Excursion on a May Morning.
21. Virtue our only Happiness, an Eastern Tale.
22. FLYN's hereditary Right to Essay-writing.

C O N T E N T S.

23. A Lady's Journal in 1736, and her Daughter's
in 1770.
25. On Knotting.
26. The Female Parliament. State of the Fashions.
27. The ADVENTURER'S Theory of Pity considered.
28. The Baseness of Avarice.
29. Adventures of FLYN's Horse.
30. Defence of the Modern Ladies.
31. THALESTRIS to FLYN, in Defence of her Sex.
32. On Detraction:
33. Various Letters to FLYN on his Speculations.
34. AMANDA to FLYN.
37. MILTON's Garden of Eden compared with
TASSO and SPENSER.
38. The same continued.
39. Letter to FLYN from an anxious Mother.
41. On Dreaming.
42. The Necessity and Advantages of Labour. A
Fable.
43. The Ladies Tetes considered.
44. Advantages of Card Playing.
45. Antiquity of Toasts and Hob-nob.
46. T. FEARFUL to FLYN on Female Erudition.
48. THE SEASONS OF LIFE. A Vision.
49. On Female Neatness.
53. The Witchcraft of Beauty.
54. STELLA to MYRA. A Poem.
57. Essentials of Happiness in Marriage.
58. Absurdity of a blind attachment to Antiquity.
59. FLYN's Conclusion of his first Volume.

4 FEB 67

• THE

T H E
MODERN MONITOR;
O R,
FLYN'S SPECULATIONS.

No. I. Monday, March 26, 1770.

— *Aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat Mibi, nec placida contenta quiete est.*

VIRG.

✱ ✱ ✱ HEN I determined to publish the Hi-
✱ W ✱ BERNIAN CHRONICLE, my view was
✱ ✱ ✱ to entertain my readers with something
✱ ✱ ✱ above the common run of news papers.
I considered them as so many guests, for whom it
was both my interest and inclination, to provide every
dish which the place and season could afford, so as
that every one may be pleased. A perpetual round
of political anecdotes, and a constant re-publication
of incidents, either false or nugatory, seemed to me
no proper food for the palates of many friends to
whose approbation I aspired; and I imagined that an
intermixture of little essays, on any useful or amusing
subject, would be an agreeable relief from that re-
dious sameness, which clogs and discredits the perio-
dical publications in this part of the kingdom.

B

I was

I was the more encouraged to form such a design, as I have had many opportunities of knowing, that, tho' we are a commercial people, a proper relish for matters of taste and literature is far from being deficient among us. All books of eminence meet with a ready demand. Professors of useful sciences are encouraged. The company of men of learning and genius is sought after, and a polite attention paid to them, very different from that ignorant roughness, and illiberal reserve, by which other trading places are distinguished. Indeed it would not be easy to find, in any town of equal size, so many persons engaged in commerce, who have had a liberal education; and among those who are without that advantage, a good will towards letters generally prevails, and a zealous desire of repairing the deficiency by proportionable application. This disposition among my fellow-citizens is gaining daily ground, and with pleasure I can say, that the perusal of our best English authors forms a considerable share of our relaxations from the fatigue of business.

From considering these circumstances, I was induced to hope that my plan would not only meet with the public approbation, but also be considerably and promptly assisted. In the first article I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectation; and I am sincerely grateful for the very kind and singular degree of encouragement with which I have been honoured. Indeed I have reason to be more particularly thankful, as I have had but a few occasional opportunities of deserving the favour of the public, by presenting them with any original essays.

Some

Some, indeed, I have received worthy of a place in the best collection; and that they have not been more frequent, is owing, I am convinced, more to the timidity of young essayists, than to any other cause. The novelty of such matters in this city is a great discouragement. A kind of false modesty prevails, and a terrible apprehension of being even suspected of committing any thing to the press. To obviate all these difficulties and take upon me the whole odium of the design, I have determined to commence author myself, and open the field of Speculation.

This resolution may appear, at first sight, to be a bold one, and occasion many jests at my expence; as my capital for such a branch of business may be doubted. But I must beg leave to inform my readers, that I am by no means absolutely unqualified for such an undertaking. There is nothing more common than to see the apothecary, from sitting in the midst of the *Materia Medica*, become suddenly a very useful practitioner in physic. I have been, all my life surrounded with literature; and, besides imbibing the effluvia of my books, being always curious, and sometimes idle, I have frequently had recourse to their insides, for an addition to my stock of knowledge. A zealous assiduity will do a great deal; and I have run through most of the eminent writers in our language, not without gleaning considerably as I passed. My ideas, it is true, are very miscellaneous, and not as regularly classed as in more scholastic heads; yet perhaps they may not be the less amusing. I have skimmed the surface of divinity, poetry, ethics, history, criticism, travels, fables, trade, law, logic and romance; all which, mixing oddly in my brain,

may produce something like originality. I feel indeed, a kind of literary *Plethora*, from which I must endeavour to relieve myself. If I have any deficiency, it is in the learned languages, of which, I am sorry to say, I know no more, than the general tendency of a few Latin sentences, which I have happened to collect from translations. These, however, shall be made the most of, and prefixed as mottos to my papers, as long as my stock will last. On the whole, I hope to prove at least a good recruiting officer ; and, tho' I stand single at first, to have about me in a short time a little army of essayists.

I am, at all events, entitled to that indulgence which a new and spirited attempt deserves, and to that protection which is due to a sincere desire of pleasing. On this principle I expect, that, when I grow dull, the man of taste will pardon me ; the ladies, when I am prolix ; and the scholar, when I offend against the niceties of *Louth*. All such errors must be placed to the account of inability. But, when I designedly transgress against truth, delicacy, or good nature, I shall neither deserve nor desire to be forgiven.

Let it not however be understood that I mean to rely entirely on my own strength. My intention is to set an example for abler heads to improve on, and to open a regular channel through which the effusions of better geniuses may flow. I wish to be the means of giving life and being to those many valuable articles of knowledge, which may otherwise go to the grave with the possessors. Several there are among us, who are fully equal to the task of improving and amusing the public, if they but knew their own powers. Every one who thinks, as well as reads, must have
formed

formed many peculiar observations on the subjects of science, and several just and entertaining remarks in the way of criticism ; and it is hardly possible for a person of good sense, to be daily conversant in the world, without seeing some thing new in the theory of the human heart, and forming many useful inferences from the variety of life and manners. These may indeed be too much scattered and unconnected to be shaped into a regular treatise ; but in the form of a short essay, would make their appearance to the public with every advantage. Little compositions of this kind claim an exemption from rigid rules, which gives free play to the fancy, and takes off that anxiety after method, which has ruined many productions, and prevented many more. To bury a talent, or keep secreted any thing, howsoever minute, that can tend to make others wiser, happier, or better, is inconsistent with a liberal and feeling mind ; and where the chief difficulty of composition is removed by the nature of the plan, and the author is secured from all possibility of public knowledge, I cannot but hope that neither diffidence, indolence, nor dissipation, will prevent the due exertion of abilities.

This method of publication I therefore open to the ingenious of all classes and denominations, and call earnestly on them to support my infant scheme. The invidious name of author I take entirely to myself. A receptacle for any favours sent to me shall be provided, as private as can be desired ; so that each person may avow as much of his performances as he chuses, and no more. If he finds by the public voice, that he had overvalued his production, let it be laid at my door : if applause should give a sanction

to his fondness, I shall readily acknowledge the real parent.

For their own sakes, as well as mine, I request that my readers of both sexes will endeavour to acquire a habit of committing their thoughts to paper. There is no one act of the mind, by which it strengthens itself so much, as by composition. It gives a facility of arranging the ideas, and forming the expression. Nay, in the very attempt, we find new lights breaking in on the subject ; and while we strive to impart our sentiments to others, we extend and improve them in ourselves. Nor do its good effects rest here ; for it insensibly transfuses correctness, fluency and elegance into common conversation. YOUNG very justly says,

*Good sense will stagnate ; thoughts shut up want air ;
And spoil like bales unopen'd to the Sun.*

Mere readers are, in fact, no more than pupils, or apprentices to knowledge ; nor will they ever be better, if they have not spirit enough to reach their hands to the materials, and attempt to give them some form. The first efforts may be laborious ; the next will be easier ; and the pleasure gradually springing from every happy stroke of the pen will soon repay their toil, and give them spirit to proceed.

Let it not be said that subjects are exhausted. The best established truths may be placed in new lights, and receive additional beauty from variety. In every science, a boundless field of inquiry lies open ; and to works of fancy no limits can be assigned. There is no place, nor time that does not afford a peculiar growth of little foibles and follies, for the gentle hand of good natured raillery to pull up ; and every
useful

useful art admits of daily improvements, which not only deserve, but demand, to be made public. In the midst of such abundance, it is impossible that my scheme should starve. I am convinced I shall be cheerfully supported, nor have I the least doubt, but that the name of FLYN will become as eminent in the annals of literature, as that of DODSLEY or RICHARDSON.

L.



No. 2.

Thursday, March 29, 1770.

Non usitata, nec tenui ferar

Penna, biformis per liquidum æthera

Vates; neque in terris morabor

Longius———

HOR.

AM convinced there is not in the world
 I so happy a creature as a young author.
 The miser over his gold, the victor in
 his triumph, nay, the lover with his
 mistress, are nothing to him. He feels a kind of instinctive delight in his productions, superior to that of the fondest parent; and at the same time a degree of pride and exultation, which no other state can afford. For my part, I confess myself so happy, that I make no doubt but my circumstances will be hurt, and my constitution ruined by it. I do not recollect to have slept two hours since the publication of my first paper, nor have I taken four ounces of food. I am told I look very thin, but then I am so alert, so civil, so inconsistent, so good-humoured, and so absent, that nothing can be like it. The one dear idea takes entire possession of me, and keeps me in the constant complacency

placency of a happy lover. I spend the day in reading, and the night in reviewing, comparing, and digesting in my mind, the materials for future speculations. A tinder-box lies always by my bed-side, and the moment a lucky thought occurs, I leap out, strike a light, and instantly commit it to paper. This however, happens so frequently in the course of a night, that my wife, who has no share in my raptures, complains of being half killed by them. When I accost any one, especially those of my own fraternity, I feel an unspeakable sensation of conscious superiority, and while I smile with the complacency of a man of letters, I swell with all the inward dignity of an author. My first production is for ever in my pocket, and I have perused it so often that I have fairly worn out a dozen copies. In short, I am rapt in that happy enthusiasm which keeps me, as it were, in the air, above the heads of the crowd. I am in a kind of delicious dream, from which no consideration should tempt me to awake, and which, I hope, the kind support of my friends will enable me to preserve.

Since my accession to this eminent station, I have received several letters of congratulation and compliment, but filled with sentiments too flattering for my modesty to publish. One only, as it contains other matters, I shall present to my readers.

To Mr. FLYN.

“ S I R,

“ Your taking possession of the author’s chair, affords universal satisfaction to the town, and the spirit with which you begin, gives us full assurance that you will fill it with the utmost dignity. It might have long continued vacant, had you not, like another CROMWELL, emerged from your privacy,
and

“ and vaulted boldly into the seat. We salute and
“ congratulate you, Sir, on this event, and hail you
“ protector of the republic of letters, under whose
“ auspices we foresee the revival of taste and genius
“ nor will we be content with mere formal assurances,
“ but prove our attachment to your administration,
“ by our zealous support of it, and a cheerful
“ payment of those just tributes and assistances, which
“ you so graciously require of us.”

“ Yet permit us, Sir, to mention that the want of
“ secrecy in the method of conveyance is a great discouragement
“ to many of your friends, who have
“ a strong inclination to try their hands at writing.
“ A maiden author is full of fears and wishes. Conscious
“ of his clandestine intercourse with wit, he
“ thinks that every eye is on him; and while he pants
“ to be happy, he dreads detection. We therefore
“ request you will be pleased to consider the premises,
“ and appoint some public reservoir for our contributions,
“ where we may deposit them without
“ apprehension.”

“ Old *Nestor Ironsides*, of famous memory, erected
“ for this purpose, at *Button's* coffee-house, a lion's
“ head, with his jaws open for the reception of literary
“ nourishment. The produce of that animal's stomach
“ was so well digested, that we humbly recommend
“ the experiment to you, and hope you will
“ oblige us, by exhibiting some such creature, in a
“ place where he may be fed by stealth, and his benefactors
“ remain unknown. We submit this expedient,
“ with all due deference, to your consideration,
“ on, and are, Sir, &c.

A. B. C. D. &c. &c.”

This

This proposal took immediate possession of my brain; but I soon saw many objections to it. In the first place it was an imitation too servile for my abilities. My taste too was offended, as I did not see either nature or allegory preserved, in making a letter-box of a lion's maw. Besides, I thought that an animal so ferocious, was fitter to be crammed with battles, duels, and bloody murders, than with the soft complaints of love, the gay flights of fancy, or the calm pacific disquisitions of morality, criticism, or metaphysics. On the whole, therefore, I determined against the lion.

How to do better was now the question. Many schemes occurred and were rejected. But at last, two gentlemen who came into my shop, happening to mention a curious antique which was found in the ruins of *Herculaneum*, started a thought that went to bed with me, and kept me awake all night. I pursued it through a variety of improvements, until, a little before day, I fixed upon this plan. I will provide thought I, a kind of quadruple figure carved out of one intire block, something like this antique; it shall consist of a *Satyr*, a *Medusa*, a *Sphynx*, and a *Venus*, placed back to back, and made hollow so as to communicate with a drawer underneath. This I will fix on a neat pedestal in the Exchange Coffee-house. My *Satyr's* ears shall be perforated for the reception of little Essays, and his grin will procure me an amusing miscellany. Not only the men of wit and humour, but every one who takes ill-nature for the one, and ribaldry for the other; who imagines pertness to be repartee, sneering to be fine taste, and invective to be raillery, will drop his contribution here.

In a climate like this, the *Medusa* cannot fail of her attractions. Her visage shall be horror and despair. The gloomy, the hypochondriac, the envious, the jealous, the discontented, will naturally chuse her as their reservoir; and her jaws shall be invitingly distended for the complaints of the many real, and many more imaginary, evils of life.

My *Sphinx* shall have an orifice in her breast for the reception of rebuses, riddles, and connumdrums, for anagrams and acrostics, puzzling problems, explanations of mysteries, and essays on free will and predestination. Indeed on the principle laid down by a writer * in my shop, to wit, that every thing here and hereafter is an enigma, this monster of mine may, with propriety, be made a vehicle for universal intelligence.

To my *Venus* will flow all matters relative to love, or human happiness; to tenderness and benevolence, to poetry, music, painting, to every fine art, to every generous sentiment, every elegant feeling, and every real pleasure. To her I shall be indebted for my most valuable acquisitions; and for the reception of them, she shall have a small neat fissure in her *occiput*. In short, I fell quite in love with this idea; until it suddenly struck me, that, to effect my purpose, I should be obliged to leave the cavity of the scull entirely empty. This in an instant dashed my whole scheme to the ground; and I rejected, with disdain, a plan, which could, even emblematically, give offence to the most valuable as well as most beautiful, part of the creation.

In this perplexity I arose, and went to breakfast; when a friend of mine, who teaches the mathema-

* *Hume*.

tics,

tics, happening to drop in, I imparted to him my distress. After a short pause, I have, says he, a scheme which will exactly quadrate with your purpose. Provide a circular platform, of any given diameter, and fix it in the Coffee-house, exactly paralld to the plane of the horizon. Round the periphery, let the artist place the twelve signs of the zodiac; and, under each, a till or drawer, with an aperture for receiving such matters as properly belong to each constellation. For instance, under ARIES, let all letters be put which relate to marriage; under TAURUS to gallantry; GEMINI, to platonic love; CANCER, to celibacy; LEO to war and duels; VIRGO, to boarding schools; LIBRA, to the weigh-house; SCORPIO, to the gaming-house; SAGITTARIUS, to physic; CAPRICORNUS, to magistracy; AQUARIUS, to the water-scheme; and PISCES, to the fish market. Every thing will then come in under its proper *house*, and consequently be successful. I thanked him for his ingenious device, but told him, that most of those subjects were quite foreign from my design, and that such strange unaccountable figures, placed in a Coffee-house, may give offence to persons who may accidentally happen to be ignorant of astronomy. My friend gave me a smile of silent contempt, and retired.

Thus am I thrown back into all my former difficulties. But as my thoughts are unweariedly employed for the convenience and amusement of the public, I hope soon to come to some satisfactory resolution on this head. In the mean time, let me request my intentional benefactors, to commit their favours to the Post-office, from whence they will be immediately forwarded to me, and where they may be deposited with as much privacy as they can desire. N.



No. 3.

Monday, April 2, 1770.

*Qualis apes, æstate nova, per florea rura
 Exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
 Educunt fœtus, aut cum liquentia mella
 Stipant, et dulci distillant nectare cellas;
 Aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut, Agmine facto,
 Ignavum fucos pecus a præsepibus arcent.
 Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.*

VIRG.

 Had lately occasion to go to the Exchange,
 in order to procure a bill on London.
 It happened to be a very full day, and
 my attention was so strongly caught,
 that I withdrew to the stair-case, the more conveni-
 ently to indulge my contemplation on the busy scene
 around me. My nature is of that social and sym-
 pathetic kind, that it always takes a share in any
 thing that occurs, and peculiarly in what relates to
 the interests of a city to which I am so singularly ob-
 liged. I could not therefore but feel unspeakable sa-
 tisfaction from observing, in the faces of my fellow
 citizens, the strong impressions of that calm content,
 and infelt security, which arise from an honest,
 successful, improving commerce; and tracing, in
 every transaction, the simplicity, brevity and can-
 dour, which form the honourable characteristic of a
 trader. With much pleasure I saw thousands nego-
 ciated, in an instant, on the generous footing of

B

mutual

mutual confidence and credit, and property transferred with an ease and dispatch, which threw shame on the tedious perplexities and forms of law. The banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the countryman, were reciprocally exchanging their superfluities; each individual was accommodating others, by serving himself, and all, through different paths, were insensibly concurring to promote the general welfare. This speculation raised me at last, to a pleasing kind of enthusiasm. Every man appeared to me to be employed like the builders of a rising *Carthage*, as described by *Virgil*; and laying the foundation of the future riches and dignity of a city, on which Providence has been indulgently pleased to bestow so happy a situation.

This train of thought took such possession of my fancy, that when I came to take my evening's nap by the fire-side, it continued still to operate, and produced a kind of confused dream, which I shall endeavour to methodize, and present to my readers.

I fancied myself replaced in my former station on the Exchange, with the same objects still before me. When, on a sudden, the whole croud, with a prodigious noise, burst forward like a torrent, and rushed out at the Western-door. I found myself hurried with them. The town on that side had totally disappeared, and the fine landscape up the river was laid open to the view. At a considerable distance before us, arose a magnificent structure. The walls seemed to be of silver, and, by an inscription in golden characters on the cupola, we found it to be the PALACE OF COMMERCE. To gain this inviting mansion seemed to be the wish of all. The direct

rect and natural avenue to it was wide and smooth, but the entrance was guarded by a Being of a formidable appearance. A grim lion attended him as a companion. He brandished in one hand a dreadful sword, and in the other a pair of massy fetters. Under his feet lay a broken harp; and, from the crest of his helmet, waved a roll of parchment, inscribed *THE LAWS OF NAVIGATION*. Being unable to dispute with so terrible a phantom, we were glad to turn to the left, in search of a safer road. Here we were met by a figure of great strength and stature who offered himself as our conductor. He was habited like a Hollander. His person was robust and coarse; his visage rough and sun-burned, and his aspect generous tho' austere. In one hand he held a plough, and, in the other, the top-mast of a ship. This proved to be the *GENIUS OF INDUSTRY*. He led us into a road sufficiently wide, but the ascent was difficult, and the way covered with impediments. Broken rocks, brambles, and fallen trees, interrupted every step, and a number of holes and pitfalls made the passage very perilous. It was however, our only path, and we endeavoured to proceed. But the conduct of my companions surprized me. Instead of uniting their strength to remove the obstacles before them, every man seemed resolved to shift for himself, and either squeeze through, or climb over them, as well as he could. Some were too weak for this task, and fainted in the attempt. The stronger pushed on, rising on their fallen comrades; yet with so much labour, and through so many painful accidents, that very few made any considerable progress.

Advancing under all these discouragements, we perceived another road, at the entrance of which

stood a fantastical figure, named SPECULATION. He held up a large glass to the crowd, through which the palace appeared much nearer than the reality. A considerable detachment were soon tempted to strike off this way, and ran with precepsitant speed, down an easy declivity covered with the finest sod. AVIDITY flew before, chinking an enormous purse ; and IMPATIENCE, with an iron goad, hung upon their rear, and impelled them to proceed. Their motion once begun, was too impetuous to be checked, and the whole body plunged headlong into a river which ran almost unseen, at the foot of the descent. Many sunk for ever. Some of greater strength swam through, and gained the opposite bank, from whence they found means to return to their former road, and weary, weak, and wounded, began again their toil, at the place where they had left off.

Still more delusive were three Phantoms, who danced at the opening of a delightful glade, all planted with myrtles. VANITY, with a plume of coloured feathers in her hair, tottering under a glaring French habit, of superb expence. Bloated LUXURY, crowned with roses, and extending a goblet of gold ; and consumptive EMULATION, with a flushed cheek and hostile eye. They pointed out to us a kind of elysium. The sun shone there with unusual lustre. The turf was covered with flowers. At every turn were to be seen tables spread with all the delicacies of earth, air, and sea. Groupes of persons of both sexes, clad in the richest vestments, lay at ease on sumptuous sofas, quaffing the most delicious wines, and nothing was heard but the jocund voice of musick, love, and revelling. Great was the desertion from our body. Seduced by this contrast to
their

their toil, numbers flew to meet enjoyment. They hurried through the scene, with a dissipation which precluded real pleasure. They still urged on. EMULATION would admit no retreat. The walks became narrower; the light more obscure; the company gradually disappeared. A total darkness at last ensued. The greater part fell into the waters of *Oblivion*; and the few who contrived to steal back through secret paths, returned naked and emaciated to their original station.

But a daemon, still more dangerous, now appeared. His habit was magnificent, and his aspect inviting. One hand was filled with little pieces of spotted paste-board, and in the other he shook with vehemence, a magical kind of implement, not unlike a dice-box. Close behind him lay a spacious hall, in which all the riches of the earth seemed to be collected, and offered themselves to the hand. To this he pointed. The bait was too alluring. Some of our number rushed in, each anticipating the other's grasp. A deep and dreadful abyss lay just before them, into which the tall, and the low, the strong and the weak, all equally and irretrievably sunk, never more to rise. They sunk into the unfathomable regions of POVERTY, CONTEMPT, and DESPAIR, *where hope can never come, that comes to all.*

Surrounded thus with evils, and depressed by toil, we began at length to despond; when a black and gloomy Being appeared, and hovered over us in the air. His name was NECESSITY. He brandished a dreadful iron mace, and menaced instant and general destruction, if we did not unite our efforts, and move together with unanimity

and vigour. His commands were irresistible. In a moment, a thousand hands all acted with collected force, and formed one great machine. Nothing could withstand their might. We were astonished at our own strength. Every obstacle gave way before us, and a wide and pleasing path was quickly opened. The impediments became fewer as we advanced, and each individual found ample scope to move in, without confinement to himself, or embarrassment to his neighbour. Every good Genius assisted our progress. On the one hand, HONESTY and CANDOR, FRUGALITY and PRUDENCE ; on the other, PATIENCE, CONCORD, TEMPERANCE and HEALTH. We now gained the palace. Before it lay a verdant area, of great extent, where all the amiable PASSIONS sported at large, and every DECENT GRACE, and ELEGANT PLEASURE, danced in perpetual round, under the matron-eye of RATIONAL ENJOYMENT. Within were heaped every species of costly merchandize, piles of gold and every article of genuine wealth. Here COMMERCE kept his Court, attended by INDEPENDENCE, EASE, TRANQUILITY, CREDIT, and FAIR FAME ; while PLENTY poured unceasingly, from her copious horn, a profusion of nature's various bounties. I now looked for the town ; but perceived in its stead a new built city of an ample circuit, with stately spires rising to the clouds, and sumptuous edifices which glittered in the sun. Her spacious streets were crowded with busy thousands, and the masts of every trading nation thronged her river and her port. My heart dilated at the glorious prospect ; the emotion became too strong for sleep, and the whole scene vanished from before my eye.

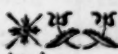
I.

No. 4.



No. 4. Thursday, April 5, 1770.

— *Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.* OVID.



 ESTERDAY evening a Lady, very


 Y 

 genteelly dressed, came into my shop,




 and asked for a *Baily's Dictionary*. She




 was of a good size, and perfectly well
 made, but for a prodigious stoop, which, at
 first sight made me imagine that she was bend-
 ing under the weight of years. Her voice how-
 ever soon removed that opinion, and assured me
 she was young; while the sweetness of her accents,
 as strongly inclined me to think she was handsome.
 Being a passionate admirer of beauty, I had no sooner
 reached her the book, than I turned my eye upon
 her, in order to regale it with a full prospect of
 her charms. But, to my great astonishment, tho'
 we stood close to each other, the counter only being
 between us, I could not find her face, nor trace the
 least appearance of a single feature. I looked round
 and round with the utmost curiosity, but all to no
 purpose; for, as I soon perceived, her head was put
 into a muslin bag, of a prodigious capacity, which
 inclosed her before and behind, and was so loaded
 with frills and puffs of the same materials, that the
 whole volume was swelled into the size of, at least,
 three reasonable heads. I confess I was a good deal
 startled at this appearance, and began to form many
 different conjectures about the nature of it. Alas!
 thought I, this is some young creature, on whom
 nature

nature has unkindly fixed a blemish, which will not bear to be seen, or who has contracted some unhappy malady in her head, which has condemned her, perhaps for life, to this mortifying disguise. The ruin of that fine form too is probably produced by the same cause; she is become old before her time, and is sinking under the load of repining and despair. A confirmed *Ophthalmia*, is probably her complaint, which makes it necessary to exclude the light. For this her head has been blistered; and this great integument of muslin is to conceal the plasters and bandages which are necessary on the occasion. I concluded these reflections with a deep sigh, which drew her attention; and as she raised her head, by way of looking at me, I could perceive a small slit or opening in the bag, just sufficient for the purpose of breathing, and, through this, at a distance, the tip of a very white nose. She paid me with a very good grace for the Dictionary, half a quire of ruled letter paper, and the songs of the *Padlock*, and took her leave. I began to very anxious how she would find her way home; and indeed not without reason; for going out of the shop, she struck the side of her head violently against the door-case. I ran to her relief. The blow had driven back one of her winkers, and discovered an eye so bewitching, that it was humanity to hide it, tho' it were her only one. She took the accident patiently, as a necessary concomitant of her dress, and shutting up her face again, tripped away with great alertness.

I called immediately for my wife, and told her this strange occurrence. She burst into laughing at my ignorance, and informed me, that the phenome-

non

non which I had seen, was no other than a French night-cap, a favourite article of dress among the Ladies. It cost her, however, some very solemn assurances to convince me of the fact. " You confine
" yourself, said she, so much at home that you do
" not know what is worn. This fashion is universal
" from the highest to the lowest. About three
" days ago, a maid servant came to hire with me.
" She had a very ragged gown on her, and a half
" length apron of coarse kenting ; but on raising my
" eye, I perceived she had got the other half on her
" head in the shape of a French night-cap."

I am so much interested in every thing relative to the fair sex, that this narrative affected me extremely, and I went to bed in great perturbation of spirits. My sleep was very confused, and I dreamed of nothing all night, but death's heads, and Egyptian mummies.

Yet let me dislike this fashion as I may, I have so implicit an opinion, that the Ladies never adopt any measure, without very good reason, that I have endeavoured to view the subject in a favourable light ; and must confess that it discovers a singular degree of modesty and delicacy, not to be equalled in any other age or country.

I am apt to think that the hint came to us from the East, where, under the tyranny of man, the poor women are compelled to muffle up their faces whenever they appear abroad. In some places the lover never sees his mistress's countenance until they are married. But our Ladies go far beyond the original. In a country where female power prevails, they voluntarily withdraw their beauties from the light, and forego the pride of conquest, and the delight of
being

being admired, rather than expose the nakedness of their faces to the prying sensual eye of man. The austerity of their reserve is supported within doors and without, by night and by day, without any indulgence to relations, parents, or husbands. A gentleman assured me this morning, that he has not seen a single feature of his wife these two years, but once when he happened to catch her at her toilet, nor has he in all that time ever touched her lips, but through the medium of muslin or gauze.

This is a strain of purity beyond parallel. Indeed no devotees abroad can be more severely self-denying than our ladies. In the prime of life, they renounce the chearful ways of men, and immure themselves in a kind of moveable convent, where there are not even bars or lattices to give us a peep at them. We are become a nation of nuns, and every woman among us has taken the veil.

The roguish Spartan legislator, in order to get husbands for the girls, indulged them in having their garments conveniently slit and opened, so as to give the men a glimpse of their beauties as they moved. How different is the conduct of our spinsters! conscious of intrinsic merit, they scorn to captivate by any other means; and knowing our weak partiality for pretty features, will not allow us a single inch that may influence our choice. One universal blank, except in the understanding, is presented to the lover; and instead of passing compliments on the lips, the dimples, or the eyes of the fair recluse, he is under a necessity of directing them to the more valuable charms of her mind.

Nor is the invention without its policy. It will effectually conceal the depredations of time, and the approaches

approaches of old age. The wives will look as well at last as at first in their husband's eyes ; and the maidens will never be old ones, until they are quite old women. Indeed no change can possibly be perceived, until they begin to mump for want of teeth, or the head to noddle under its venerable burden.

As a man, however, I beg leave to become an advocate for my own sex. And I will be bold enough, in the first place, to assert and rely on it, that the face is a decent part, and has been ever so reputed and considered in these dominions. That the word *face* has always been in use amongst the strictest prudes, and ablest divines, which could not have been the case, had the idea been either indecent or indelicate ; and that the face is therefore, by prescription, privileged from concealment, confinement and suffocation.

I will go still farther and affirm that every subject of this realm has by common law a constitutional claim to the prospect of female faces. They are a kind of commonage on which every eye has a right to feed ; nor is there an article in *Magna Charta* or the BILL of RIGHTS for which we would sooner contend. But there seems indeed to be a general scheme against our liberties, evidently set on foot by foreign, arbitrary powers. A Spanish habit, the other day, was near depriving us of the arms, and the face is now usurped by a French night-cap. The civil power is however, still sufficient to redress us ; and I have seen an eminent opinion, that the writ *de Homine replegiando* will absolutely lie, and the sheriffs be thereby empowered to take the woman's person out of this illegal *dureffe*, and deliver it *puris naturalibus*, to her husband, parents, or guardians.

But

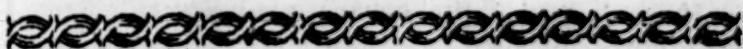
But as we desire no suits with the fair sex, but those of love, we would rather apply to their clemency than contest their power. We therefore request them to consider, that nothing under a capital offence can deserve a punishment like this. To take from us the *human face divine*, is to take all that makes existence here desirable. It is the extinction of the sun, and the return of chaos. We throw ourselves therefore at their feet, and join unanimously in the prayer of the Grecian hero, " that this cloud may be withdrawn, " and if we are to fall, let us meet our fate in the " fair light of day."

We know not of any object in the universe so rich in various beauty as a fine female face. It is the [most perfect production of symmetry and colouring, animated by expression, and touched with graces, which elude the power of words. It is, at the same time, so adjusted, that every part of it sets off the others, nor can we give up the smallest point without injuring the whole. How then can we think of parting with the principal features, or even the fine contour of the forehead, cheek, and temples, or the lovely back ground of hair which shades and finishes the piece ! These disguises may suit the lank swarthy jaws of the French, but among my fair countrywomen they are a sin against nature.

A reasonable compliance with the fashion, is a compliment due to society ; but women should also think of what is due to themselves. There cannot be a greater weakness than an eagerness to embrace every ugly and absurd invention. The rational use of dress is to improve the charms of nature. This contrivance, in all its sorts and sizes, disfigures or destroys them. The Ladies should in justice to their
good

good sense, unite with a proper spirit, and shew that they will not be made the dupes of fantastical milliners, nor tamely give up their natural beauties on every new importation of fluctuating follies.

L.



No. 5. Monday, April 9, 1770.

O Fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint ! VIRG.

RETURNING, in a very severe day lately, from the Custom House, where I had been to make an entry of some books, I was overtaken by a piercing shower of sleet and rain, which, as I had been foolish enough to leave my cloke at home, compleatly wetted me to the skin, before I got to the end of Paul-street. I was quite benumbed with cold, and had no small apprehensions of getting a bad fever. The storm was so violent, that I did not meet a single creature in the streets, until turning the corner near my own house, I stumbled against a wretched human being, almost naked, with two little infants in her arms, who were entirely so. My own condition gave me time to bestow no more than a passing look on them, as they lay under the drip of the pent-house, to which they had crawled for shelter. I could however perceive, that the little wretches seemed shrunk up, and almost insensible, and the mother had hardly strength enough to implore relief by an inarticulate sound, to which I did not find myself at that time much disposed to attend.

C

I got

I got home wet, comfortless, and out of temper ; however, after getting on dry clothes, and warming myself, I sat down with my family to a good dinner, and eat pretty heartily ; after which, to prevent accidents, I indulged myself with a bowl of generous warm punch. The powers of nature now began to return ; my apprehensions gradually subsided ; my mind came to rights, and I felt myself happy. Then, and not before, the image of what I had seen, recurred. I started up ; Good God, cried I, where is she ? My wife was frightened, Who ? what ? what do you mean ? The wretch, cried I, the beggar, my fellow creature, that lies perishing under the pent-house. Without saying more I ran out, and found her on the same spot. One of the infants seemed to be dead, but we contrived to recover it, and supplied the mother, to the best of our ability, with the means of prolonging her miserable existence.

After this I sat down in my shop, and began to ruminate, with a kind of painful satisfaction, on what had passed ; when an elderly gentleman came in, who, after taking his afternoon's coffee above stairs, generally comes to read with me for an hour or two. He seems to be a man of good sense, and an amiable disposition. I related to him what had passed ; at which he was a good deal affected. But surely, Sir, said I, there was great inconsistency, as well as ill-nature, in my not pitying the wretch at the instant when I so sensibly felt a share of the same calamity. Adversity is said to soften and humanize the heart ; yet I cannot say that I felt any humane sensations, until the uneasy ones were worn off, and succeeded by a chearful flow of spirits. He looked me full in the face. I do not know, Mr. FLYN, said he,
where

where you may have learned your philosophy ; but, if there be truth in nature, rest assured, that the first step to social virtue is inward happiness. Benevolence will never thrive under a lowring sky. I am well aware that the pain which we *have* felt, has a tendency to quicken our compassion for others. *Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*, says the Roman. The much greater poet before your door, chimes with him, *Sweet are the uses of adversity*. They both knew nature, and both were right ; for in the cases which they describe, the pain had been first removed, and had given place to ease ; than which I know of no greater felicity. Believe it as a fact, Mr. FLYN, that every species and degree of unhappiness, deducts in proportion from our philanthropy. And how can it be otherwise ? Put absolute pain out of the case, the gloomy, the splenetic, the morose, the envious, the discontented, do not even love themselves ; and while there is a civil war, or even murmurs at home, nature will never take a part in distresses abroad.

There is, continued he, a very sensible writer on this shelf, who, in his Essay on Fasting, observes, that it is a practice by no means naturally productive of a benevolent turn of mind : and that a rational and moderate enjoyment of the blessings of life, has a wonderful tendency to create and improve a good and beneficent disposition. I own, says he, I am always best pleased after a full meal ; and therefore best disposed to love God and my neighbour, which is the sum of both tables. He goes on to lay down a very pleasing system of morality, and recommends it to be happy within ourselves, in or-

der to be in a proper temper of heart for making others so.

I have no great liking to systems on a subject so various as human nature ; yet I am convinced that this theory in general is right. When all is not easy within, the heart is apt to shut against the concerns of others. A sourness arises, of a very unsocial nature. If we have any pity, it is for ourselves ; and we seem to think that our being fellow-sufferers is a full discharge of the debt of humanity. But when self-complacency applies its gentle influence, the heart softens and relaxes, and makes room for the effusions of benevolence. From a breast at ease, the first wish that seems to grow, is that of imparting happiness to others. The affections expand when there is no immediate pressure on their springs ; and we feel a kind of avaricious desire of enlarging our enjoyments, by banishing misery from the creation.

Here, continued he, laying his hand on *Thomson's* Seasons, here is a man who painted, as eminently as he felt, every fine sensation of the heart. A passage in his Autumn beautifully displays this turn of the mind. With every uneasy passion lulled to rest, he steals you into the sweet, serene, romantic haunt of the GENIUS of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY. At his approach the imagination warms, the soul dilates ; every good, every generous and tender sentiment crowds forward, and among the first,

The love of nature unconfined, and chief

Of human race ; THE LARGE AMBITIOUS WISH

TO MAKE THEM BLEST.

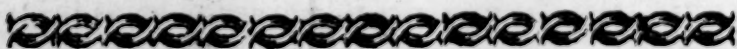
All these are the throbbings of a self-contented mind, raised into rapture by a contemplation on surrounding happiness.

happiness. Depend upon it, that every kind and social affection is related to the smiling family of pleasure.

But I ought to be more precise. My intention is, that, to love others, we must first be happy in ourselves. Yet you will say, that the rich or powerful are by no means eminent for their benevolence, and that the mere man of pleasure is too frequently callous to every thing besides. What then becomes of my theory? But understand me rightly. When I speak of happiness, it is conscious happiness that I mean. No other deserves the name. All else is a restless pursuit, in which new objects successively start, and there must ever be some great *desideratum*, which, by keeping up discontent, must keep down philanthropy. I fear there are many minds which have been prevented by the very advantages that surround them, from ever settling into self-enjoyment. The felicity to which I point can only be found in a mind that will be kind enough to itself, and just enough to its Creator, to turn its view frequently inward, and make a fair estimate of its own possessions. Without this, the greatest blessings of our nature will be overlooked; I mean those, which are every hour, every moment, indulged to us, and are not valued merely because they are poured on us in profusion. The pleasures administered by any single sense, are above the price of gold. Our stores are great, but reflection only can give them value. An habitual review of the fair circumstances of our lot, would give a perpetual relish to existence. It would produce not only a serenity, but also that active cheerfulness of heart which is so favourable to the interests of society. It would banish repining, listlessness, and

gloom, and fill the soul with a bright and steady sunshine, which is the proper climate of virtue, and particularly genial to the growth of benevolence.

I request, Sir, continued he, you will earnestly recommend this practice to your readers. It will neither retard any of the honest pursuits, nor interrupt the rational enjoyments of life ; but on the contrary will give spirit to the one, and a double relish to the other. Let every man daily review what he possesses ; let him turn a pitying eye on what others want. The blessings of life have a promiscuous glare of white, which makes them difficult to be counted, until laid on a dark foil ; and then we are astonished at their number. Our cup will be constantly kept full by the hand of Reflection, and its abundance will flow over to the relief of others. Every act of this kind must terminate in devotion. Struck with the idea of its own happiness, the soul melts naturally into gratitude to the GREAT GIVER, and tender affection to the general race of man. N.



No. 6. Thursday, April 12, 1770.

*O felix hominum genus,
Si vestros animos amor,
Quo cælum regitur, regat !*

BOETH :

MY last paper has produced me two letters, in a stile very different from each other, which I shall beg leave to present to my readers, giving the due precedence to my fair correspondent.

To

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,


 AM a girl of seventeen, tall, strait, and genteel, with a sweet face. I have a great stock of health and spirits, very indulgent parents, and a prospect of a good fortune. Yet, with all these, Mr. FLYN, I am very unhappy. The truth is, Sir, I want to be married; and that single deficiency destroys all the pleasure of my life. Your old gentleman's prescriptions I have tried to no purpose. Several times in the day I run over the long list of what I have; yet, in spite of me, my contemplations all terminate on what I have not. Reflecting on the wants of others only brings my own more strongly to my mind, and the sight of an old maid, so far from raising my compassion, or yielding me any comfort, frightens me out of my wits, lest I should become one of the dreary class. Well does your friend observe that the pleasures of a single sense are above the price of gold. Ah! Sir, he speaks from experience; and my imagination gives full credit to his assertion. But I have heard Mr. WALKER, the philosopher, say, that the senses are of no use to us, without the impulse of their corresponding objects. The eye can feel no joy in the dark, nor the ear in the midst of silence. This doctrine exactly suits my case. I have a vast quantity of affections about me, but no one to bestow them on; and love and tenderness enough to make twenty men happy, yet cannot meet with one in a humour to be made so.

This, Sir, is my hard situation. Your friend's maxims of happiness must be some way deficient, or my case a very singular one. I am satisfied that I should be the best natured, best tempered, most benevolent

volent creature upon earth, if I were but married ; but, if something is not soon done, the old maid will creep fast upon me, and I shall hate myself, and all the world. At all events, be kind enough to let him know, how I am circumstanced ; and tell him, that, if he does not either point out to me how to get a husband, or how to be easy without one, I shall disclaim him for ever as a monitor, and rest convinced, that he has either forgot, or never understood human nature.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

CLEORA.

To CLEORA.

MADAM,

The letter with which you have honoured me, brings to my recollection a wish which I have often formed, when I have been sitting pensively in my shop, which was, that I could, at pleasure, make every book on my shelves start up in the proper form of it's author, just as he was at the age of five and twenty, and still continue at my disposal. This would effectually secure to me the custom of the whole fair sex, and prevent any of my wares from lying on hands. Those that could not sell as books, may do very well as men ; and a very heavy performance may go off at a good price in the shape of a handsome young fellow. Were this the case, it would give me the greatest pleasure to lay the largest and most valuable folio in my house, at the feet of so much beauty, merit, and distress. But, as it is, I can only refer you to those places where such articles are daily exhibited. Notwithstanding the sprightly humour of your epistle, I am convinced that your good sense will not suffer you to
be

be precipitant in buying ; but that you will bestow a very serious perusal, before you honour any of them with a place in your cabinet. They are to be met with (to speak still in the way of my profession) of different sorts and sizes ; but indeed among my fellow citizens, mostly duodecimos. Many, I dare say, of real merit. Perhaps, a few who are little more than title page and blank paper. Take with you the opinion of a critic, for young readers are too apt to be pleased ; and you will think the delay in chusing, very amply repaid, by your meeting with such a composition, as will both entertain and improve you, and may be read over and over again with pleasure, to the end of your life.

I shall not fail to mention your case to my friend. But, in the mean time, let me take the liberty to observe, that, tho' seventeen may not be an age of patience, it is certainly not an age for despair. Your many excellences and advantages, cannot fail of soon securing your wish. Proceed to cultivate that good sense which you evidently possess. Attend to your health, spirits, and good temper, as three of the first of nature's blessings ; and enjoy freely the innocent delight arising from a consciousness of beauty ; on remembering, when you survey that lovely figure in your glass, to throw up a thought of thankfulness to HIM who formed it.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM FLYN.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

The sentiments of your friend in yesterday's paper, must be pleasing to every person who is acquainted

ed with the feelings of humanity. This indeed is a virtue, of which it may be said, in a peculiar manner, that *her ways are the ways of pleasantness*. It begins in self-complacency, affords a variety of the truest joys as we proceed, and leads directly to happiness hereafter. Our excellent *Fielding*, with his usual benignity, affirms, that of all prospects, that of happy human faces is the finest. How exquisitely pleasing then must it be, when we additionally feel the consciousness of having removed the cloud of misery, let in the sun-shine on the dreary landscape, and produced a vernal smile of gaiety, where all before was gloomy, cold, and comfortless ! Acts indeed of this nature are so amply rewarded at the time, that one would hardly think the additional motive of duty were necessary to enforce them.

It is recorded of an ancient emperor, that when jaded with the sameness of sensuality, he published great rewards for the invention of some new pleasure. Had he been possessed of that kind of mental sense which is so voluptuously gratified by the exercise of benevolence, it would have opened on him a scene of delights, incapable of cloying, and which, from his unlimited abilities for indulging in them, would have exalted him as high in happiness, as he was in power, above the rest of mankind.

In an age of epicurism like this, it is strange that this exquisite delicacy is so little understood, even among the connoisseurs and professors of pleasure. But it is still more so, that, among the thinking part of the world, so great an inattention should generally prevail to the wants and calamities of others. Under the pressure of pain, the anxiety of apprehension, or even the perplexities of business, our natural self-attention will

will unavoidably lessen our sensibility of foreign distress. But when all the comforts of life are in our hands, every uneasy idea removed, and the mind in a state of tranquil leisure, it is amazing that even the frequency of misery can reconcile us to the cries of want, or to the silent sorrow of those, who perish gradually in their wretched retreats, rather than be importunate for relief. I have often been assailed, in the midst of mirth and revelling, by the howling of a human being, lying under all the inclemency of the severest night; but, with much more wonder, I have known the like pass equally unregarded, in a company where serious attention seemed to prevail, and where I knew that humanity still resided, tho' it was become torpid from inaction.

The truth is, dissipated pleasures involve the mind in a hurry which excludes reflection, and a too frequent use of them consequentially produces an habitual selfishness. Nay even in sedate dispositions when the springs of pity have been, from any cause, denied their play, they insensibly lose their tone, and we come at last to look, with a listless indifference, on human calamities, as so many necessary evils, from which we are totally detached, and which it is not in our power either to prevent or relieve."

But neither heedless levity, nor calm insensibility, can really make us happy. The beauties of an *Elysium* would be lost on us, were we to run through them, in a rapid pursuit after some distant, still receding phantom or crawl along in a state of dozing inattention, to every thing but a few unimportant objects immediately before our feet. To be truly happy, we must reflect. If we reflect, we cannot but compare, and must consequently be struck with the
contrasted

contrasted view of our own felicity and the woe of others. This will awaken every tender sensation, and social sympathy will naturally arise from conscious happiness.

If such valuable effects are produced by a review of our present possessions, how infinitely must they increase, when we carry our thoughts beyond this spot, and open to them the delightful view of a happy eternity ! If our stores here are great, those that are in reserve for us are not to be measured by the imagination. These are contemplations which we cannot too frequently indulge. They open and enlarge the heart, raise us above every low, sordid, and selfish affection, and extend the circle of benevolence as wide as the creation.

Every word of our religion is benignity. And it is very observable, that the great founder of it, in establishing its authenticity, never displayed his power in any acts of mere ostentation. No removing of mountains, nor disturbing of the elements : but every miracle which he wrought, tended to relieve the pains, the diseases, and the distresses of human life ; nor was the course of nature ever interrupted, but with a view to the present as well as future happiness of man.

It seems peculiarly proper to give a scope to reflections of this kind at a time when we commemorate those great mysterious events, by which the clouds and darkness, which before hung over futurity, have been withdrawn, and the awfully-pleasing scene is laid open to our view. Devotion should now rise into fervency, and our activity in dispensing blessings, should evince how strongly we are affected by the great and numberless bounties bestowed upon ourselves. Where the obligations are infinite, and the

the benefactor infinitely above a possibility of repayment, an ardent gratitude in an honest breast might have been attended with an uneasy sensation. The goodness of Providence has prevented this. It has transferred the debt, and placed the wretched before us to receive it. To add to human happiness, or lessen the sum of calamity, is the most acceptable offering that can be made to that GREAT BEING who is BENEVOLENCE itself.

I am, Sir, &c.

Y



No. 7.

Monday, April 16, 1770.

Neque enim lex æquior ulla est

Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.

OVID.

✱✱✱ HAVING received many valuable favours
 ✱✱ H ✱✱ from my correspondents, which I shall
 ✱✱ ✱✱ lay before my readers from time to time,
 ✱✱ ✱✱ I select for this day's paper the following
 letter, which, as it contains a very curious piece of history, will, I doubt not, contribute much to their entertainment.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

The horrid crime of taking away a man's life by poison, which has been lately attempted in this city, and the extraordinary manner in which it was discovered,

D.

vered,

vered, brought to my mind a number of singular instances where the executions of such designs were providentially prevented, and the guilty punished by the very means intended to destroy others. Amongst those there occurred to me a very curious one in the history of the illustrious family of the MEDICI, which was transcribed from the manuscript in the great library at Florence, and, having never been published, I think, deserves a place in your instructive and valuable paper.

About the end of the 15th century, THOMAS BUONAVENTURI, a young Florentine, of a creditable family, but without fortune, went to live with a merchant of the same country, who had settled at Venice. The merchant's house was opposite to the back-door of one that belonged to a noble Venetian, called BARTHELEMO CAPELLO. In this family lived a young lady of great beauty, whose name was BIANCA. She was watched with great circumspection, as the custom of the country is, yet BUONAVENTURI frequently saw her at her window, and though he had no hopes of a nearer interview, yet, by a natural and almost necessary impulse, he did all that could be done in such circumstances to express the passion with which she had inspired him. He was young and amiable, and she very soon ceased to be indifferent, so that after a long negotiation, the particulars of which are not related, the lovers found means to accomplish their wishes, and were privately married. BIANCA went every night, after the family had retired and was asleep, to BUONAVENTURI's chamber in the merchant's house, by means of the little back-door, which she left ajar, and by which she returned before day without being seen by any body.

After

After this had continued some time, custom made her less cautious, and one night she stayed with her husband 'till the morning was further advanced than usual. A baker's boy, who was going by with bread, perceived the back door, by which BIANCA had come out, to be open, and supposing this had happened by accident, shut it. The lady arrived a few minutes afterwards and found it fast. In the consternation which this accident produced, she returned to the house she had just quitted, and was let in by her husband, to whom she related what had happened. As the safety of both was in danger, they retired to the house of another Florentine, where they remained concealed, 'till they found an opportunity of escaping to Florence. In this city they lived for some time in great privacy, fearing the republick of Venice should, at the solicitations of CAPELLO, have had them pursued.

FRANCIS MARIA, the great Duke of Tuscany at that time, was a native of France, son of COSMO the 1st, and father of MARY DE MEDICI. He had married JANE of Austria, daughter of the Emperor FERDINAND, and widow of the King of Hungary. She was a princess of great virtues, but, being at that time past her youth, the duke neglected her for other women. One of the officers of his court was the confidant of his pleasures, who had a wife no less zealous to make herself useful.

The arrival of the fair Venetian was soon known in Florence. The report of her adventure and of her beauty excited the duke's curiosity, and he resolved to spare no pains to gratify it. He used to walk every day before the house where she lived, and, upon seeing her at her window, he became violently enamoured.

His confident was immediately employed, and he engaged his wife to assist in the project, who began her manœuvres by sending her a message that she had something of consequence to communicate to her, and for that purpose invited her to dinner. BUONAVENTURI was some time in suspense whether he should suffer his wife to accept the invitation, but the rank of the lady, and his want of some powerful protection, overcame his doubts. BIANCA was received with the greatest kindness and most flattering attention ; she was prevailed on to relate the story of her distresses, and was heard with an appearance of the most tender concern ; she was asked if she had no desire to make her court to the grand duke, who on his part was impatient to become acquainted with her, having already found an opportunity to see and admire her.

Frailty, thy name is woman

BIANCA had neither fortitude nor virtue to resist the temptation, and the duke coming in at the instant, the liberality of his offers, and his promising to advance the husband, gained him a complete victory.

The husband did not think it prudent to break a connection, which might be so advantageous to him, and matters were soon settled to the satisfaction of all parties. The duke gave them a magnificent house near the bridge over the Arno, called *Ponte della Trinita* (which house is now *il Palazzo Riccardi*.) and was to be admitted at all hours, without any interruption from the husband. BUONAVENTURI solaced himself for the loss of BIANCA by forming new connections ; and associated with the nobility ; but becoming, from his change of fortune, insolent and presumptuous,

tuous, and having insisted one day on an interview with his wife, when it was not agreeable to her, he was the same night by her order assassinated.

The only obstacle to the complete enjoyment of her wishes being thus removed, she lost all reserve, and appeared in public with a magnificent equipage, setting honour and shame at defiance. JANE, the great duchess, was extremely mortified at the conduct of the duke, and provoked at the pride of her rival, but suppressed her grief, 'till at length it put an end to her life.

The death of the grand duchess opened new views to the ambition of BIANCA, who had acquired such an ascendancy over the duke, that he was wholly subservient to her will, and she now exerted all her art to induce him to marry her. The cardinal FERDINAND DE MEDICI, who was next heir to the dukedom, if his brother died without issue, opposed this marriage in vain, and BIANCA in a short time became grand duchess of Tuscany.

After some time, she wished much for a child who might inherit the grand duke's dominions. She had mass's said, and astrologers consulted; but these and many other expedients proving ineffectual, she resolved to feign pregnancy, and introduce a spurious child, of which she would at least have the honour. To assist her in the execution of this project, she applied to a cordelier of the monastery of *Ogni sancti*, who readily undertaking the affair, she feigned nausea and the usual symptoms of pregnancy, took to her bed, and received the compliments of the court. Her pretended reckoning being out, she suddenly alarmed her people in the middle of the night, complained of

D 3

labour

labour pains, and enquired impatiently for her confessor.

The cardinal, who suspected her artifices, had her watched so diligently, that he knew of all her motions, and as soon as he was informed that her confessor was sent for, repaired to her antichamber, in which he walked backwards and forwards, repeating his breviary. The duchess, hearing he was there, sent him a message, intreating that he would retire, because she could not bear that he should hear the cries that might be forced from her by her pains. The cardinal answered "Let her highness think only of her own business as I do of mine." As soon as the confessor arrived, the cardinal ran to him, crying out "welcome, my dear father, the grand duchess is in labour and has great need of your assistance," at the same time catching him in his arms, and embracing him, he perceived a jolly boy, just born, which the good father had got in his sleeve. He took the child from him, and cried out, loud enough to be heard by the duchess, "God be praised, the princess is happily delivered of a son," at the same time shewing him to all who were present.

The grand duchess, enraged to distraction at this insult, determined to be revenged of the cardinal, and she soon got an opportunity. The duchess, and cardinal, were on a country party at *Poggio Caiano*, one of the duke's villas ; the cardinal was very fond of *Blanc manger*, and the duchess had poison mixed in a dish of it, and placed near him at dinner ; but he, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations of the duchess, would not taste of it. "Well, said the duke if the cardinal will not eat of it, I will," and what was remarkable, tho' he never liked it before, he took a large

large quantity of it on his plate and eat it. The duchess from her agitation lost her speech, and in despair, snatched the remainder of the poisoned dish, eat it, and both she and the duke died together, on the 21st of October 1587. The cardinal succeeded to the dukedom, by the name of FERDINAND the 1st, and reigned thirty years.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

Z.



No. 8. Thursday April 19, 1770.

*Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.*

HOR.

✱✱✱ DO not believe there is such another inventive faculty as mine to be met with. I ✱✱ It dashes away like a young hound, overruns the scent, and can hardly be brought to try back. It mounts like a cannon-ball at its first projection, and misses all the point-blank objects. This was always my case, but never in so eminent a degree as since I have applied myself closely to literature. I have now acquired a kind of volatile stupidity, which cannot see any thing that lies immediately in its way, nor will condescend to look for it, where it is likely to be found. So great a variety of other men's

men's thoughts possess my head, that, be the subject ever so simple, twenty authors at least crowd immediately to give their advice on it, and soon make it the most complicated affair in the world. This indeed amuses the imagination, but never leads me to my point, and I am so dazzled with the glare of the many crossing lights around me, that I cannot see the object which I look for.

There is in one of *Hogarth's* prints the figure of a machine for drawing corks, in which all the mechanic powers are elaborately combined. I have heard an artist say, that he could finish one of those, from the plan, for about thirty guineas, and that it would perform the operation in somewhat less than seven minutes and a half. If I had been set to contrive a method for opening a bottle, I am convinced this scheme would have occurred to me sooner than the common cork-screw. Such is my wayward turn of mind; nor shall I ever be cured of it, until I get my imagination bitten by the mathematics, and taught to move with steadiness and composure.

Yet I suspect that some degree of this unfortunate disposition must have always prevailed. What else could have been the cause of the lateness of discovery, and the slowness of improvement of arts and sciences? Of this my own profession is a striking instance. Printing should, one would imagine, have immediately succeeded to letters. It is a contrivance of the greatest simplicity; frequent occurrences in common life might have given the hint; and what is still more extraordinary, the art of taking impressions, in various modes, was perfectly understood for many ages, while this invaluable *Deſideratum* lay unobserved by the eye of genius, under all the meridian lustre of literature.

I have

I have seen a game of chess very cunningly lost, when the moving of a single pawn would have won it. Many a victory has probably been thrown away by some similar complication of scheme. Physic and chirurgery too, I am told, have been frequently infected by this passion for being unnecessarily ingenious. There seems in short to be an ambitious propensity in the mind, which keeps it above attending to the simplest means, tho' they are always the best, and pays no regard to nature merely because she is obvious.

But I ramble from my purpose. In my second paper, the reader left me in the utmost perplexity how to contrive, with propriety and taste, a reservoir for any favours that may be sent to me. Sitting yesterday thoughtfully in my shop, and biting my nails at the disappointment of all my laboured designs, I happened to cast my eye on a wooden print of a ship bound to Philadelphia, which was pasted on the door-case. My point was gained at once. That which my utmost efforts failed to accomplish, offered itself to me in an instant. Where have been my thoughts, cried I, straying after lion's heads and antiques, when this plain and easy vehicle of intelligence has been overlooked! A ship is evidently the thing; it is the natural machine for importation, and, in a trading city, has a peculiar propriety for my purpose. To make any one but an author sensible of my joy, is impossible. I started up, shut my shop, ordered a good supper, and sent directly for a workman to consult with on the subject.

The result of my deliberations is this. My vessel will be put to-morrow on the stocks, and shall be completely finished, launched, and rigged some time before

before the twentieth of June next, so as to come to her moorings in the Exchange Coffee-house on that day, and be ready to take in freight. She is to be called the LITERARY PACKET-BOAT, but whether she is to be snow, brig, or sloop, I have not yet absolutely determined ; nor indeed is it very material which, as her run will be but short ; for, blow the weather as it may, she shall make two trips in every week. Her burthen will be but small, as she is not intended for lumber, or any bulky commodity, but merely for silk, indigo, spices, cochineal and specie, where much value lies within a narrow compass. Her lading is to be put into her hold, and shall be regularly discharged on every Tuesday and Friday, by means of a loose plank in her bottom, of which I shall keep the key, and under the inspection of the waiter at the bar, whom I have appointed my deputy for that purpose.

As this, however, is a branch of business entirely new among us, it is necessary that I should premise to the public the terms on which it is to be carried on. Be it therefore known, that I do, by my own sole legislative authority, enact, and establish the following code of revenue laws, which I think will be found to be much more simple, and infinitely more indulgent to the trader, than any yet known among us.

It being the grand object of my concern, to give life and spirit to this infant commerce, I do publish and declare, that every article of useful information, or innocent amusement, shall be freely admitted, without any tax, duty or impost whatsoever. All illustrations of valuable truth, criticisms on any of the polite arts, and well-natured observations on life and manners, are commodities which may be assured of a kind reception. The manufactures of France, Spain, or Italy,

Italy, shall also come under this general encouragement, provided they are made up in English package. Nor shall poetry, if it be in any sort merchantable, fail to meet with that indulgence which is due to the ancient, tho' neglected produce of this island.

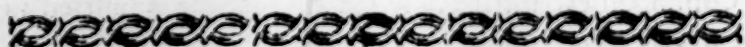
On the other hand, I am under a necessity of absolutely prohibiting every article, that may tend to bring discredit on a fair and honest trade. Under this I particularly mean all politicks whatsoever, both foreign and domestic; all controversial points of religion; all scandal, ill-nature and indelicacy; and above all, that vilest of commodities, personal reflection, or allusion, however distant or disguised, which, coming from that worst of pestilential places, a malevolent and cankered mind, is pregnant with infection the most fatal to society. All and every of these I do hereby declare to be contraband, and confiscate, and condemn them to be burned by the seizing officer.

The public need not, however, be apprehensive of any rigour or severity in the execution of these laws. Commodities, intrinsically good, shall be admitted to entry, tho' they may happen to be inelegantly made up; and I will undertake that my deputy shall be active in his duty, tho' I have ordered him to take no fees. There is indeed one powerful reason for depending on my indulgent treatment; which is, that, contrary to all other revenue cases, it is not my interest either to seize, or to condemn. My own dignity and the riches of my literary dominion, depend on the industry of the ingenious, and a lively importation of their respective manufactures.

The alacrity which I have already met with, shews me that the spirit of traffick abounds among us, and that it wanted nothing but a market to encourage

courage it. Of all *Speculations*, mine are the safest to engage in; and I therefore expect that persons of all professions will find leisure to deal in some little ventures. I should be particularly happy in receiving any manufactures from the hands of the ladies. The peculiar fancy of design, the fineness of the texture, and elegance of finishing, will throw the greatest credit on my scheme. I shall also hope that the gentlemen of that sacred order, for which I have the sincerest respect, will condescend to assist one, who, in a subordinate degree, is engaged in the same cause with themselves, and whose greatest ambition is to contribute to the increase of man's genuine riches, to wit, HONOUR, VIRTUE and RELIGION.

I shall add no more on this head than to observe, that, as the outlet of my vessel will be very expensive, I shall hope that my friends will exert themselves, and enable me, by their kind assiduity, to carry my new design into execution. N.



No. 9. Monday, April 23, 1770.

*Truncus iners jacui, species et inutile signum,
Nec satis exactum est, corpus an umbra forem.*

OVID.

✱✱✱ HERE are in life several cases of real distress, so complicated with ridiculous circumstances, that they will force a smile from the best natured person in the world. I think I don't want humanity myself, and yet

yet I have seen a particular friend come tumbling down a whole flight of stairs with so peculiar an air, such a kind of *Je ne sçai quoi*, that my laughter was irresistible, tho' the event might have been a broken neck. I remember the picture of an old gouty gentleman taking a flying leap out of the window of his litter (occasioned by the stumbling of the foremost mule) with all the expedition of SULLY going thro' a hoghead, which never failed of producing laughter.

This predominance of the ridiculous over the benevolent, may seem, at first view, not very favourable to human nature: yet I am inclined to believe, that it is no other than an habitual remnant of childhood; a stage of life in which the risible side of every incident turns uppermost, and the want of reflection and experience precludes a due estimation of the pain which is felt by the sufferer. Our inattention to this article increases in proportion to the novelty and variety with which the occurrence is attended. The imagination, being highly amused, will not permit our social feelings to interfere, and make the case (as they are always inclined to do) our own. We can laugh heartily at Harlequin's being tickled to death. In short, we see things, on such occasions, but in one light, and all the contortions of real anguish produce no other effect, than that of genuine humour.

I was led into these reflections by reading the ~~nineteenth~~ ^{nine-} number of the Spectator (referred to in the following letter) in which there is the highest description of ridiculous distress I ever met with; I mean the unfortunate adventure of Monsieur PONTIGNAN, which I would advise my readers to peruse, before they read the letter which I here present them

E

with.

790th A

with. It is difficult to determine which to prefer, PONTIGNAN's night or RODRIGO's. The young fellows will probably be divided. The robust will think the former a very hell. For my part, who am five and forty, I would not be in either of their situations to gain the whole sex: but, if I were under the necessity of doing penance, it should rather be between my two fair tormentors, than shrinking on a bed-post from the touch of a jealous Don.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

You may remember in the ~~nineteenth~~ number of the Spectator, the account given of the torments M. PONTIGNAN underwent for a whole night by the contrivance of two malicious girls, in revenge for his having made love to them both at the same time.

I met not long ago, among some Spanish manuscripts which accidentally fell into my hands, a story of the sufferings of a gentleman for one night only, and that on a love affair, which exceeded those all to nothing. I wish I may be able to do justice to the original; but, poor as the translation may be, I am sure it will afford some entertainment to your readers, and may serve, when you have not leisure to compose a Speculation, to fill up the front of your paper.

Don LUYs, a gentleman of many accomplishments, but slender fortune, had a long time paid his addresses to a lady of great wit and beauty, and was shortly to have been joined to her in marriage; had not her parents, from mercenary views and the allure-ment of a title, married her to an old nobleman, who had a magnificent seat on the banks of the river not far from Valladolid. Some considerable time after, she wrote a letter to her former lover, signifying how
much

much against her inclination her marriage with the Count was, and that she was his, and would be so to the end of her life. She likewise informed him, that her husband had set out that morning on a long journey, and desired he would come at night to a certain place near her house, accompanied by his friend Don RODRIGO only. Don LUYs was out of his wits, and believed the whole to be a dream, but recovering from his transports a little, and knowing the handwriting, he repaired to me, and we both set out for the appointed place.

We had not been long there, when about 11 o'clock an old woman came up, and desired us to follow her. The night was dark, and she conveyed us with great privacy into a chamber of the palace, where the Countess presently made her appearance, and received us with great demonstrations of joy. After having made a few short compliments upon the pleasure she had in seeing us, she addressed me in the following manner; "Don RODRIGO, the time we have to enjoy this opportunity, you will presently see, can be but short. You know with what ties of friendship you are bound to Don LUYs, and if they were to cease, I would expect that on my account you would grant me one request."

"Know then, the Count my husband, in consequence of being taken ill on the road, is returned, without having finished his journey, and finding himself quite jaded, is gone to bed, where I have left him fast asleep. But, because it may so happen that he should awake, and stretching out a leg or an arm towards my part of the bed, and not finding me there, I should run the greatest danger of being detected, all I desire is, that while Don LUYs and I are entertaining one another

ther with a little chat (which cannot be above a quarter of an hour) you will go to bed in my place, and I can assure you that you will run no sort of hazard ; for, besides that the Count is old, he hardly ever awakes in the night, unless (for a wonder) he turns once, and then falls to sleep immediately again."

Heavens ! what a reasonable request was this of the Countess, to put myself into such imminent danger ! However, as I considered that my refusal would carry all the marks of pusillanimity with it, and be inconsistent with the obligations of friendship that subsisted between Don Luys and me ; I told her she might dispose of me as she pleased, but begged she would not keep me long in that dangerous situation, as I engaged in it merely for their sakes. They both promised me, and even swore, that they would not keep me there for more than half an hour at the farthest.

The Countess then put a night-dress of her own on me, and led me to her bed-chamber, where she made me go to bed, and then retired. There was not the least glimmering of light ; all was dark as hell, and every thing in profound silence. I fixed myself close on the bed-post, where I remained without so much as stirring a finger : not a quarter, nor a half, but more than five long hours, in short 'till it was just day. Let any one consider himself in my situation for so long a time. What care that I should not be known ! What dread lest I should be discovered ; the consequence of which would have been instant death : for though I might have been able to cope with the old Count, how could I, naked and unarmed, escape from his numerous domesticks !

But these were not the only sufferings I endured, for Don Luys and the Countess laughed and talked all this
time

time so loud that I could plainly hear them as I lay ; which gave me continual apprehensions lest the Count should hear them too, and, in the situation I was in, I durst not call to them to speak softly. My anger at their indiscretion was so great, that I bit my fingers ends for very spight.

At length, finding the day coming on apace, they came hand in hand into the room with a light, frisking and skipping, and making a great noise with their feet as well as their tongues. I now began to imagine that they were become intoxicated and mad with pleasure, so that I grew concerned for their misfortunes as well as my own, as the infamy and punishment must light equally upon us all. In this situation I had a thousand imaginations in my head, none of which could stand me in the least stead. In the midst of this conflict they came close to the bed, and the Countess drew back the curtain, so that we could plainly see one another.

I was now quite beside myself, and would have fled, had I known whither : but I was quickly relieved from my apprehensions, for the Countess lifting up the bed-clothes, shewed me that I had not the old Count by my side, but a young damsel, a sister of her's, as lovely as VENUS herself. My shame and confusion were so great at the trick that was put upon me, that I was not able to speak a word, nor knew what to do, but bounce up in my smock, and run to look for my clothes."

E 3

X.



No. 10.

Thursday, April 26, 1770.

In nova fert Animus mutatas dicere formas

Corpora ———

OVID.

✱✱✱ I ✱✱✱ T always gives me an extreme degree of concern, when I am under a necessity of touching on any subject which is not perfectly agreeable to my fair readers, and especially to the younger part of them. Nothing hurts me so sensibly as any contrariety between their practice and my own opinion; and I begin to distrust my judgment, my taste, nay my very senses, when I perceive any thing in their conduct that carries the least appearance of impropriety. Yet, as I have no other medium to see through but my faculties, such as they are, I should be unpardonable if I omitted to point out any thing which may seem to me injurious to their welfare; and it would be but a bad proof of my regard, were I to neglect their interests, from an apprehension of their displeasure. Fully convinced, however, of my insufficiency, I shall always assert with diffidence, and argue only to be confuted.

I thought this apology necessary to introduce the following genuine letter which I have received from a gentleman of worth and fortune in the county of *Meath*, with whom I had formerly the honour of being well acquainted.

Dear FLYN,

DUBLIN, April 7, 1770.

“ I thank you for the papers you have sent me, which I approve of extremely, and congratulate you on

on the general approbation and encouragement which your plan has met with from the public.

I have been in this disagreeable town near two months. The affair that brought me hither has something whimsical in the event, which perhaps may furnish you with a hint for a speculation. My eldest Son *Jack* being two and twenty, it became the first desire of my heart to see him well married, and I employed a friend here to look out accordingly. He soon mentioned to me a scheme which promised to answer all our wishes; a very good family, a decent fortune, and the girl not only happy in her character, but a great beauty besides, and a celebrated toast. This last piece of information gave much more pleasure to *Jack* than to me, and made him very impatient to set out. The evening after our arrival, we went with my friend to be introduced. The father has been dead these three years. We were received with great politeness by the mother, who is a very fine woman of about six and thirty. A groupe of five younger females were sitting at the other end of the room, hard at work with their shuttles, and peeping at each other through their monstrous caps. I observed, they were all shockingly round shouldered; as bad as the witches in *Macbeth*; but one in particular was quite humped. She was doubled together like a millipede or woodlouse, when it is touched. Her head came almost to her knees; the shoulder-points met before; bosom there was none; but the swelling roundness, which nature meant to place there, was transferred, with interest, to her back. This, it seems, was the toast, and this graceful attitude, the very height of the fashion. I found

found afterwards that two years ago she was a tall, strait well made girl; but, by dint of application, had arrived at this state of perfection, for which she was the envy of all her acquaintance. Ah! thought I, at the first glance, Madam Deformity, you shall never breed for my family. The result, in short, was this. *Jack*, who liked her very well in every other instance, became free enough in a few days, to railly her on the subject, and mentioned her mother as an example. This gave her great offence, and produced many sarcasms on his ignorance of fashion, ease, and the line of beauty. But *Jack*, who thought the natural perpendicular had more beauty, in this case, than the artificial curve, ventured to support his opinion; until, by constantly dwelling on the contrast, he fell fairly in love with the mother. Her face is nothing the worse for the wear; and her neck and bosom are extremely fine. She is a good deal in the old fashioned stile, as the girls call it; that is, her person is gracefully erect, her address unaffected, and her mind informed. He asked my consent, which I heartily gave him, for she is young enough to bring me a grandson. After some solicitations she acceded, and they are to be married tomorrow. Miss is to be her mamma's bride-maid, and we shall take her, very much in the dumps, to the country, to try if good air and exercise, joined to a total removal from fashion, can help to restore her to her natural form.

I am, &c.

I am much indebted to my friend for this anecdote, which perhaps may operate more powerfully than any thing that could be said on the subject. It is indeed very difficult to offer any argument with success, when

when reason is so polite as to submit itself implicitly to fashion, and the very passions are so strangely misplaced, that distortion is become the object of vanity. A few more incidents of this kind may alarm our young Ladies. Jealousy may effect the cure, where all other means are insufficient, and they may be animated to regain their form by an apprehension of being disgracefully rivalled by their mothers:

I have read that the Bramins of *India*, in the severity of their devotion, load their necks with heavy clogs of timber, which keep them constantly bent almost to the ground. Others of them remain, for a length of time, with their necks tied to their heels, until the whole body is confirmed in that shape, and the man is metamorphosed into a monster. Had our Ladies the same motive, their merit would really be little less. For, as nature plainly did not intend them for grazing, the muscles of the neck cannot, I should think, be prevailed on to comply with this distention, without considerable uneasiness. The lungs too, from the contraction of the chest, must be distressed for want of room, and the organs of digestion lye under a painful pressure. But all this is borne, because it is the mode; in complaisance to which, the human form, *Godlike erect*, is exchanged for the proneness of inferior animals, and a fine woman is literally turned into one of the *ANTHROPOPHAGI* mentioned by *OTHELLO*, *whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders*.

The inhabitants near the *Alps*, are, from the use of snow-water, universally affected with great schirrous tumours in the neck, which are called *goters*. These grow to a monstrous size, and yet the poor people, with a rational kind of policy, endeavour to draw comfort from unavoidable evil, and esteem them as very great

great ornaments. I am convinced it is from hence that our ladies have borrowed the thought. Their industrious dislocation of the neck has answered all the purposes of snow-water, and produced those brawny excrescences which, in *Alto Relievo*, decorate the shoulders of every fashionable fair one that we meet.

Yet I fear our ideas of beauty are too obstinately fixed, to be easily reconciled to these acquired goters, be the practice ever so universal, and that it will be difficult to bring us to perceive that graceful ease resulting from this attitude, which the acuter view of the ladies can discern. On the contrary, it appears to us to be the most laboured and constrained position that can well be imagined. A gentleman of my acquaintance, whose similes are strong but coarse, says, that a lady of fashionable carriage, gives him the very same idea of ease, with a man in the pillory, a trussed fowl, or a skewered rabbit. The truth is, we have not been accustomed to see the words *easy* and *natural* disunited. All the imitative arts, and every species of composition, seem to regard them as inseparable. From this theory, (be it true or false) we are induced to fancy, that the neck, when left in the erect state of nature, is more at liberty, and capable of more grace, than when stiffened into a state of protrusion ; and that the face has a greater power and variety of expression when the head is permitted to play freely on it's natural pivot, than when it is forced forward, and rivetted down on the breast. Our feelings confess a line of beauty (and a bewitching one !) in a fine flowing neck and swelling bosom but *Hogarth* himself could not shew it to us in a hump ; nor can we be persuaded but that (to adopt a thought of *Cowley's*) a woman's person will do infinitely more execution in the shape of Cupid's arrow than his bow. My

My fair readers should consider, that, tho' some little affectations may be inoffensive, nay perhaps, in some few hands, may even please, yet where they tend, as in this case to fix a real imperfection, they become dangerous. Fashions are fluctuating; and if flat shoulders should again come into vogue, some of them may be fairly taken in. The celestial Goddess may, in her monthly progress, repair her gibbous form, but our mortal ones will infallibly carry theirs to the grave.

The intellect in ruins is a painful sight, and next to it is the human form debased. The blemishes of nature, and the effects of accident, demand our pity; the consequences of inattention may be viewed with indulgence; but a studied depravation of shape, arising from affectation, will generally, I fear, excite less favourable sentiments. The effect cannot fail to disgust, nor the cause to be despised.

F.



No. II. Monday, April 30, 1770.

*Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo* VIRG.

To Mr. FLYN,

SIR,

✱✱✱✱ AM by profession a critic, and have had
✱✱ I ✱✱ the honour of an intimacy with the great-
✱✱✱✱ est wits of both sexes in the kingdom.
✱✱✱✱ On coming to this city, I was a good deal
surprised at the neglect with which some of our great
modern

modern writers have been treated, and the little taste which generally prevails here for those peculiar beauties of style and sentiment, for which those extraordinary geniuses are in other places so much celebrated. I therefore hope my time will not be misemployed, if I lay myself out to improve the public, through the channel of your paper, by pointing out the specific excellences of our most eminent authors, and shewing clearly their superiority to those antients, for whom, from the prejudice of education, too many still retain a blind implicit affection and respect. For let your pedants say what they will, is Thucydides to be compared to Dr. *Smollet*, Euripides to Mr. *Home*, or Mr. *Murphy*; Homer to *Macpherson*; or Plato to the divine author of the *Rambler*?

As a specimen of my abilities, I shall first indulge my fair readers with a letter in the *Richardsonian*, or, novel style: the principal requisites in which are, an easy flowing chit chat, such as people of fashion talk, with now and then a stroke of the pathetic or sentimental, and an utter neglect of stops, the idle distinctions of which it would be unpolite to trouble them with, but in their place, dashes, which alone serve for them all.

Miss HARRIET SELWYN to LUCY Miss THOMPSON.

Selwyn-house. Wednesday.

Half an hour after Ten.

‘ MY DEAR GIRL,

‘ I am just preparing for the feast and ball Sir
 ‘ Harry is to give to day to the whole country—I
 ‘ am dressed in the flowered lutestring you say be-
 ‘ comes me so well—It *really* is a genteel thing—
 ‘ Molly has tiffed me out to great advantage—I like
 ‘ French night-caps *prodigiously*—Don’t you—They
 set

' set off a long lank yellow visage *wonderfully*—
' My mamma and I go in the chaise and Mr. O'Fla-
' herty escorts us—Rap—Rap—Rap—Here he comes.



' No—he is not come—'Twas a false alarm—Don't
' take it into your head now that I am in love with
' the man—To be sure I feel something of a *fluttera-*
' *tion* about me when he squeezes my hand—



Quarter past E'even

' He is come indeed—And with him Miss Manly rid-
' ing single—she pretends to wit but tis only pertness—
' Lord how she looks in her blue *cloth* habit—The
' sight of it is enough to stifle one this hot weather.
' There's Miss Taunton—conceited thing—She
' thinks she's *handsome*—In her old fashioned brown
' silk and green flounces—What a fright—

' I tell you who's to be *there*—Lady Betty and
' the two Miss Grevilles and Miss Meredith and
' Mrs. Reeves and Miss Pomfret and Miss Jarvis
' and my cousin Dixon and Mr. Bramber and Mr.
' Watson—How I run on—Ought'nt I to be
' ashamed of myself—So you ought—And so I am
' my dear—My grandmamma calls me—



Ten o'clock at night.

' What a fright I am in—O my dear dear girl—I
' shall never forget it—O men! men! what *sad* crea-
' tures you are—

' Sir Harry's a very sensible man—He made me
' several compliments at dinner and I cou'd'nt you
' know avoid paying all my attention to *him*—This
' made Mr. O'Flaherty quite jealous and he was so

' much out of temper that he snuffed and snubbed
 ' every body and was particularly snappish to Mr.
 ' Mc. Gregor an exciseman that sat opposite to him
 ' they began their nasty politicks before we left the
 ' room——My mind mis-gave me that they'd quarrel
 ' and just so it happened, for we had hardly sweet-
 ' ened our tea when we heard high words and pro-
 ' digious noises in the next room—We all went to
 ' see what was the matter when—horrid sight—poor
 ' Mr. O'Flaherty had one of his eyes almost beat out
 ' of his head and Mr. Mc. Gregor lay stretched on
 ' the floor just for all the world like a corpse——
 ' Pity me my dear creature—I fainted away—and
 ' don't know how I got home—'

The next species of writing is the *Macphersonic*,
 and is the most difficult of all. Yet let none despair,
 for I am possessed of certain rules, which will enable
 any person, with ut the least genius, to write a whole
 epic poem in the space of a week besides fragments;
 while sipping a dish of coffee. Here I can't help
 confuting a vulgar error, that poetry should be in-
 telligible. It should be quite the contrary, for no-
 thing adds so much to the terrific and sublime as not
 knowing what the poet would be at. But this I shall
 prove beyond contradiction in a New Art of Poetry
 which I intend to publish, and to which I must refer
 you for the receipt of making night-scenes, moon-light
 scenes, love-scenes, ghost-scenes, death-scenes, com-
 pound epithets, similes and battles. And in the mean
 time I shall take part of the above story and turn it
 into a fragment of Gallic Poetry, calling Mc. Gregor
 by his own name, and changing O'Flaherty into Der-
 mot.

F R A G M E N T.

' The gates of the East are barred on the sun's
 eagle

' eagle eye. Slow rises the gray-bosomed mist from
' the wood-skirted vale of Glaunaglogh. Wide o'er
' the stream is poured the vapour dark and stinking,
' and the moon, like a rich cheese, faint glimmers
' through its folds.

' Why wakes Gregor? red-haired Gregor son of
' Fergus? As the fat haggis, when boiling in an ear-
' then pot, rolls here and there, inquiet rolls, and
' dashes all about the greasy wave, so the son of Fer-
' gus, by wooly blanket covered, tossed and tumbled,
' and thro' his red locks the breezes of the night whi-
' stled.

' Through the dusky night Fergus the warrior
' stands before him, the Highland chief with all his
' ghastly wounds. Awake O'Gregor. A ghost I
' come, like the shrill bagpipe's voice to warn thee of
' thy danger. Beware of morrow's feast. Beware
' of blue eyed Dermot, son of Conar. He spoke
' and passed away from Gregor's opening eyes.

' As th' elastic air, in costive bowels pent, rough-
' roaring rumbles, so moaned and groaned the chief.

' In clouds arose the eastern light, and so did Gre-
' gor. Fixed on his staff he pensive leans, deep-mu-
' sing on the heath, and rolls his side-long-looking
' eyes askant. Shall air-formed ghosts appall the
' son of Fergus? No! away thou shade! All further
' thoughts away! To th' hall I'll go, tho' Conar's
' son with all his host be there.

' So spoke the son of Fergus, and valour in his
' breast glowed like a burning coal. Stately he
' stepped along the heath, and white-breasted hair-
' footed Bran, the prince of curs, howled as he went.

' The feast is spread, and joy brightens the faces of

' the guest. The bounding doe her ruby haunch
 ' affords, and steams of roasted veal, with sweetest
 ' stuffing filled, perfume the air. The rocky *Kil-*
 ' *finnan* supplied her juicy mutton, nor was there
 ' wanting there the brown and crisped piggy riggy,
 ' The sounds of harp and bagpipe filled the air, and
 ' th' echoing hall resounded.

The manuscript is torn in this place.

' His red right hand armed with an empty vase,
 ' like flaming meteor, the valiant Dermot now up-
 ' lifted, which descending with redoubled force,
 ' knocked down the son of Fergus.

' As the tall oak, which, high on the moss-tufted
 ' top of *Kilfenora*, has long withstood the blustering
 ' force of adverse winds, when undermined by rushing
 ' cataracts, falls, it falls with horrid crash, and all the
 ' vale resounds, so fell the valiant GREGOR, and the
 ' bawbees rattled in his pocket."———

I shall take my leave for the present, and, if I find that my scheme of criticism is well received, you shall soon hear again from me on the subject.

I am, Sir, yours,

M.

C R I T O.



No. 12. Thursday May 3, 1770.

——— *Fas est et ab Hoste doceri.*

OVID.

* * * * * HE following letter being on a sub-
 * T * * * ject rather too delicate for me to de-
 * * * * * cide on, I shall submit it, without
 * * * * * any sentiments of my own, to the con-
 sideration of my readers.

To

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

The interests of society have been considerably injured by the injudicious conduct of some of our moral writers. They have laid down many general positions of right and wrong, without any accurate distinction of their boundaries, and given authoritative precepts for human conduct, without sufficiently attending to human nature. In attempting to remove the disease, they have tampered too much with the constitution, and instead of trying the lenient arts of cure, they have frequently made short work, and directly prescribed amputation.

In one important instance, this error has particularly appeared. The fair part of the creation are formed with a propensity to dress, and elegance, to gaiety, tenderness and love. This disposition is their proper characteristic, and is given them for the best purposes. It is the source of all their influence on earth, and of the highest joys which man can possibly taste on this side of the grave. The little excesses of it are undoubtedly foibles, but the want of it is a capital imperfection. Yet, either from spleen, apathy, or affectation, these grave censors have laboured to destroy it in the gross, and have employed for that purpose all the solemnity of learning, and the smartness of ridicule. Every instance of attention to personal attractions, and the minute, but powerful, articles of decoration, is condemned as unpardonable vanity and folly. The tender insinuations, and exquisite blandishments of love, are, according to them, no better than indelicacy or immodesty. Nature, in short, is shewn to be entirely wrong, and her finest endowments

ments are set at variance with virtue and good sense.

These documents have, I fear, been particularly injurious to the married state. Women have been led by them into false ideas of themselves, as well as of the other sex, and have been discouraged from the use of those engaging qualities which secure the willing captive in his chains, and from exerting those little tenderesses without which no real happiness can be found. It is much easier to despise than to practice, so that lessons like these have flattered at once their indolence and their ambition. Desirous of being thought above the common character of the sex, superior to trifles, levity and weakness, and refined into sentimental purity, they have been too easily argued into a contempt of those powerful attractions, which have still the most difficult and essential part of their task to perform.

Yet the facts of which they most complain, should, one would imagine, shew them their mistake; I mean the many instances of superior, nay, unbounded, dominion possessed by those females who associate with our sex without the sanction of law. But, from a partiality too natural, tho' they see and feel the effects, they cannot divine the cause. Convinced that they are right themselves, they look for it in the depravity of man's disposition, and think he is managed by arts which lie out of the province of modesty; that he sees peculiar charms in vice, and is governed not so much by the woman as the wanton.

Could they but personally observe the conduct
of

of these their formidable rivals, they would soon be undeceived. Were they to look behind the curtain, they would see every thing effected by the most natural means, without the aid of any magic, but that which the sex in general possess. They would be astonished to find that all these mighty powers lie easily within their own reach, and that the whole secret consists in the proper use of those qualities, which they had thrown aside as useless, or condemned as improper. The nature of man would be fairly laid open to their view, and they would learn to touch the springs by which he is actuated. Their knowledge would be founded on experiment, and could, with a slight variation, be adapted to the amiable purposes of virtue.

Scenes of this kind would shew them woman in her natural state of superiority; and an amazing one it is! Without strength, property, or dominion, they are all laid at her feet. Weak, tender, and timid, she moves fleets and armies with a nod. Independent of all human laws, she rules the makers of those laws. Her influence is all self-centered, and she has only to call it judiciously into action. She stands the most eminent instance in nature, of a gentle force setting a mighty body into motion. She is a combination of mechanic powers beyond any of ARCHIMEDES, and can move the world by a hair, without stirring out of her bed-chamber.

This is the general prerogative of the sex, and only more conspicuous in one part of it, because necessity forces into action those qualities by which it is supported. Every woman is formed for dominion, and to submit to it is the pride and happiness of man.

Not

Not the ungenerous dominion of the shrew, but that gentle, yet unlimited, influence over the affections arising from their numberless, nameless, bewitching powers. These are by no means peculiar to vice ; she seems rather to have stolen them from virtue, when in a fit of remissness ; for, to give poignancy to her joys, she is obliged to hide her own features, and assume the air, the language, and the inviting reluctance of her rival. Man loves not vice ; he only seeks for happiness ; and, from an honest instinctive gratitude in his nature, repays it, wherever found, with affection, tenderness, almost with adoration. Would virtue but display the banner of pleasure, the whole male world would go over to her party.

But as custom denies the ladies this scene of observation, they must resort to their own imaginations. We feel, but we cannot describe, the powers by which they subdue, captivate, and command. They are too subtle to be clothed in words, and pass directly to the heart, too rapid even for perusal. They operate indeed like spells or charms, and raise the most unaccountable, as well as most delightful sympathy that the human frame can feel.

The prettiest allegory in the world is that of the girdle of *Venus*. Our excellent moralist, Mr. Stevens, in his Essay on Heads, exhibits it under the single appellation of *Good humour*. This is undoubtedly the ground ; but he has omitted the embroidery, which is thus beautifully attempted by HOMER, or rather by MR. POPE ; tho' I could wish he had not omitted the *molli baci* of TASSO, for they seem to be essentially necessary.

*In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm ;*

Fond

*Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire ;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.*

I would recommend the whole passage, as both amusing and instructive, to the perusal of my fair married readers. Proposing only, that, instead of occasionally borrowing this bewitching ornament from *Venus*, they should wrest it from her as their property, and wear it by night as well as by day.

I never knew a lady without a competency of pride or ambition. Two noble qualities, if they were called in from trifling pursuits, and employed on the valuable purposes of nature. Pride then would blush at their being excelled, by the lowest of the sex, in that art which does honour to woman, and indeed to human nature, the art of pleasing ; and ambition would reject every degree of dominion inferior to that unbounded one, which the exertion of this art must necessarily confer.

It is far from my intention to insist on the trite, and, I hope, unnecessary topics of neatness and good temper. There is but little merit in not being a savage or a flatterer. Something more than negatives is necessary to my plan. It is a noble point gained to command esteem ; but man is a multifarious animal, and it is paying him much too high a compliment, to treat him as a Being consisting only of spirit, or capable of subsisting merely on spiritual food. The senses, the passions, the imagination all expect their share. Every art of elegance, every power of endearment, should therefore be exerted without reserve. Nothing should be deemed trifling that leads to happiness, nor should coldness or austerity be indulged, under

der the specious name of delicacy. Marriage would then get rid of the dull idea which custom too frequently annexes to it, and appear in the inviting form of an union of the sexes, under the protection of God and man, not only for mutual comfort and support, but also for the full and free enjoyment of every tenderness, and indulgence of every rapture, which their natures are formed to give and to receive.

I beg leave to call upon the ladies to do themselves due honour, and assert their rank in the creation. Common compliment really strains but little, when it calls them angels. They are intrusted with the happiness of the world, and all the stores of pleasure are in their hands. Man is thrown dependent on their bounty, and implores their kindness as the great palliative of pain, the reward, the over-payment, for all the toils, the dangers, and the vicissitudes of life. Where he has renounced all other sources of joy but one, it were cruel, ungenerous, and unjust to make him a loser by his virtue. Amidst the hurry of artificial pleasures, let not nature be overlooked, nor her gentle dictates disregarded, but let it be the pride and happiness of every married woman to make her husband a VIRTUOUS VOLUPTUARY.

I am, Sir, &c.

PHILOGYNES.

Y.



No. 13 Monday May 7, 1770.

Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis

CICERO.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

THOUGH I was never bred to the profession of physic, I have read most of the celebrated authors in that science, and, I am sorry to say it, have found nothing in them but uncertainty. As to the innumerable medicines recommended in them, which to the destruction of the human species, are still to be found in the shop of the apothecary, they are absolute poisons; and if any person could be found who would venture to stem the torrent of popular prejudice, and banish them entirely, together with the pernicious tribe of Physicians, Surgeons, and Mea-midwives, he would contribute exceedingly to the saving the lives of his majesty's good subjects, and deserve a statue to his memory with the glorious title of PATER PATRIÆ.

This I hope will be effected by my new practice of physic, which, after many years study, I have at length discovered, and as all my labours have been calculated for the service of the public, I shall be ready, upon proper, parliamentary encouragement, to disclose. In the mean time, as I cannot avoid acknowledging my obligations to the ancients, I shall mention some remedies used by them, together with the extraordinary cures mentioned in most of the writers

ters of antiquity, which will give a sufficient notion of my method to every person of sense.

PLINY tells of one PHALEREUS, who had an imposthume in his lungs, and whose life was despaired of. He was cured by getting himself run thro' the body. There can be no objection to so easy a remedy for so desperate a disorder.

The same author mentions that a friend of his was cured of a desperate cough by another's spitting in his face.

The great LUCULLUS was cured of an obstinate deafness by his wife's breaking his head with a joint-stool, for staying too long at a tavern.

It is well known, that AULUS GELLIUS, and many others relate, that the pain of the gout was relieved by playing a certain tune on the *tibia duplex*, the music of which is unfortunately lost, and MONTAIGNE mentions, that a gentleman of his acquaintance always got ease in the fit, by cursing the *Bologna* sausages, neat's tongues and gammons, that his physicians told him were the cause of it.

ATHENÆUS mentions, that many persons were cured of an habitual costiveness, by getting a good drubbing, and being put into great bodily fear.

Mr. BOYLE mentions the prodigious effect of the sound of a bagpipe, as a diuretic. I should recommend it to be tried in fits of the gravel, and suppressions of urine.

One of the latter Greek historians informs us, that the emperor PALÆOLOGUS the second was sick, and kept his bed for a twelvemonth together, of a disease for which his physicians could scarce find a name, and much less, medicines to cure; but when
all

all despaired of his recovery, an *old woman* told the empress, that if she made it her business to vex and anger the emperor to some purpose, and would pursue that method continually, it would restore him to his former health. That sex (says the scandalous historian) being generally provided with such a remedy, the empress applied it immediately, and to such a degree, as to suffer nothing to be done that he commanded; but so crossed and vexed him in every thing that the continual torment forced him at length into a sweat, by which means the natural heat being stirred up, and augmented by ill-usage, it perfectly dissipated and discharged the offending humours which occasioned his sickness, and the emperor perfectly recovered, survived this distemper twenty years, and continued in health till he was sixty.

I need say nothing in recommendation of this medicine, as it is so easily applied, and so readily found in almost every house, that it may well be called *medicina universalis domestica*.

But enough of the material part of us. I leave all further discussion of such matters to vulgar physicians. I fly at higher gamet.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

I can; for, besides the *nostrums* I possess for the cure of bodily disorders, I have, by intense application, discovered many invaluable medicines for the diseases of the mind.

Here again I am considerably indebted to the an-

cients for several hints, and particularly for the use of *Hellebore*, which I have prepared in a variety of shapes, to be given in a variety of forms, according to the different symptoms and indications of *that* madness which is the universal disorder of mankind. By some small alteration in the various processes through which it goes, I can apply it as a *cathartic*, *narcotic*, *alterative*, &c.

In the first shape as an *Evacuant* it will infallibly cure the malady of *discontent*, a disorder that commonly arises from a *Plethora* of happiness, which so oppresses the brain that the nerves become insensible to every pleasing impulse, are continually kept in an uneasy kind of vibration, and thrown into spasms of anxiety by the common and unavoidable accidents of life.

As a *Narcotic* it is the most precious and universal medicine in nature. Nine tenths of the evils of human life must yield to the force of its operation. It effectually removes that painful irritability which is the attendant on cultivated minds and extensive benevolence, and infallibly produces that delightful serenity of selfishness, which could see the whole creation go to ruins without a pitying thought.

As an *alterative* or sweetener there is no medicine like it. It purifies the blood and juices from those acrid and venomous particles, which produce the disorders called envy and malice. It corrects the gall in a very particular manner, in so much that a lady whose case was very deplorable, and who was in a bad habit of mind by constantly speaking ill of her acquaintance, was perfectly cured, and her words have ever since breathed the spirit of universal charity.

The only exception to the success of this almost universal medicine is in one disorder, and that is *Avarice*, which increases in the same *ratio* as the vigour of the heart abates, and will not, by any method, be brought to yield to it. This is indeed a disease which is terminated only by death.

I have also regained the long lost art of adding charms to my medicines, the certain *verba & voces*, which operate in a manner known only to adepts, and can furnish the ladies with some secret, but certain methods of producing and preserving love in the other sex, which at the same time have, I must own, but little effect without their powerful auxiliaries, good humour, good nature and delicacy.

You'll say the case of the gentlemen will be exceedingly hard, if, whilst I supply the ladies with such irresistible powers, I should not also furnish an antidote. I will not say with the satyrists,

An antidote in female caprice lies,
Kind Heaven! against the poison of their eyes.

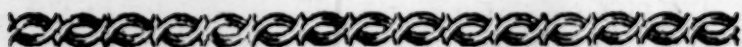
But conclude with this hint to the ladies, that *wit* is disgusting without *good nature*, that *beauty* is unamiable without *good humour*, and that nothing extinguishes *desire* like *indelicacy*.

I am Sir,

Your most humble servant,

PSYCHIATROS.

Z.



No. 14

Thursday, May, 10, 1770.

O curvæ in terras animæ, et cælestium inanes!

PERSIUS.

✱✱✱ T is a pleasure to me to find that I have
✱✱ I ✱✱ been so much on my guard as to have
✱✱ ✱✱ informed my readers in the first number of
✱✱ ✱✱ my Speculations, that being always cu-
rious, and sometimes idle, I have frequently had re-
course to the inside of the books, with which I have
been all my life surrounded, not without gleaning
considerably as I passed. I acknowledged, at the same
time, that my ideas were very miscellaneous, and not
as regularly classed as in more scholastic heads,
because I have only skimmed the surface of things,
and in some instances, I fear, adopted first impressi-
ons without allowing sufficient room for reason or re-
flexion,

Warped by Mr. HOBBS and other writers, whose
pages I had turned over, I believed there was not in
human nature, strictly speaking, what we understand
by the word *Benevolence*. I judged all our tender
feelings, and corresponding humane actions to arise
from *self-love*, and to terminate in *complacency*: nay,
in such proportion as a man appeared individually cha-
ritable, or more generally useful, so far I declared,
and ventured to publish him less or more selfish;
not considering that self-love, to be regular, must
be the effect and not the cause of benevolence.

So

So far was I transported by my acquired and improved sentiments on this head, that I, some weeks ago, intended to publish proposals for printing by subscription an Essay I had written, with the specious title of "*The Prodigal Son; or Benevolence returned to the Mansion of Self love.*"

To my sensible dispassionate friend who, according to his daily custom, comes to my shop, I shewed my proposals; and for his opinion, enthusiastically produced my first sheets, which he seemed to receive with a considerable degree of satisfaction. Whilst he was perusing them, I discovered on his face strong marks of internal agitation, which I flattered myself had arisen from the pleasure my pages afforded him, and hence was not in the least doubtful of having secured the approbation and encouragement of a respectable character; when, lo! he suddenly, as unexpectedly, flung my copy from him, as far as the limits of my shop would allow, and with vehemence of expression exclaimed, "Is it possible, Mr. FLYN, that you—can any man seriously adopt opinions so repugnant to the sensations of almost every social being, so injurious to the dignity of human nature, too much, alas! discoloured in itself!"

Thunderstruck by expressions so humiliating and contrary to my expectation, I lost, for a time, the power of speech—I could not make any reply: He on the contrary, availing himself of the pause of astonishment, sternly said "Man, Sir, is naturally a beneficent creature, and benevolent propensities seem to spring, even without culture, from his heart. The worst of tempers, the most abandoned of beings, in many instances, bear testimony of

this assertion; for even among such you may, not infrequently, discover Benevolence. But you, influenced, I presume, by the consideration of what unthinking misguided men may sometimes do, have ventured to establish a standard of what mankind should always invariably do; otherwise you could not have represented us to so much disadvantage, so little, so sordid, so odious.

You did not allow yourself time to consider that we are the creatures of a God immensely great! infinitely good! of power unlimited, of plenitude without measure! *benevolence* itself, and, of all beings, the most beneficent! Creatures, I say, of a God who, in his goodness and inscrutable design, was graciously pleased to make man after his own likeness, to enrich him (*Divinae particula auræ*) with a spark of his own divine nature, and so to adorn him with a participation of his most lovely attribute *benevolence*. An emanation, apparently necessary to the support and well being of the various subordinate orders among men, established by him on this our earth, from considerations, no doubt, infinitely wise.

To any one who, without bias, takes a nearer view of human nature, it will, I think, appear pretty evidently, that there lurks in the heart of every man an actuating principle nearly allied to, and easily excited by self-love. I mean *pride*: a passion which, when kept under such due subjection as to be directed only to its proper objects, is, no doubt, of infinite use to every individual: but we find that being universally the most easily offended of all our affections, and indeed almost irresistibly cogent, it will not tamely submit to the smallest injury of misrepresentation, or even suspicion.

Should

Should your pages, of most pernicious tendency, spread abroad and infect the minds of the multitude, GOD only knows when or where the ill effects of the contagion would cease! for tho' I may venture to prophecy that there will never be wanting, in this city, some men of open, generous, god-like tempers who will be always ready to dry up the galling tear of distress, and constantly engage themselves in the noblest of employments, that of seeking out, and circulating relief and comfort among their indigent fellow-beings; yet I should apprehend that the greater number would be withheld from the generous exertion of their benevolent propensities, by a spark of *pride*, impatient of having their benefactions charged with the odious imputation of selfishness: whilst the contracted heartless misers would hug themselves in the comfortable reflection, of having the bulk of the people linked with them in brutal insensibility.

On saying these words, he turned round, the better to conceal the big tear which was ready to start from his eye, and, after a few minutes silence, told me that he found himself irresistibly inclined to communicate to me a part of his own history, notwithstanding the pain it should give him; requested I would do him the justice to believe that Philanthropy, and not a desire of vain glory, was extorting a recital of facts, which he always wished to conceal from the world, amply satisfied in the reflection of their having passed in the review of that GREAT EYE from which no thought, nor extent of action, with all its circumstances, can be hidden; and hoped that I would be able to draw inferences from his little picture which in the end must dispose me to judge more favourably of the motives of human actions.

I think it unnecessary, said he, to give you an
account

account of the many perplexing difficulties thro' which I struggled in the early part of my life, before it had pleased Providence to conduct me into the lovely paths of virtue and successful industry. A detail of those will probably furnish you with materials for a future speculation.

It is sufficient, on this occasion, to inform you that I have, for so time past, been able to lay by one hundred pounds per annum, after comfortably supplying my own occasions in such decent and frugal manner as always best suited my inclination. It is from hence that I date the commencement of my most happy days, for (although I was always inclined to relieve my distressed neighbour, as much as my ability would allow) it was only then I was first blessed with the means of practising with a liberal hand, the lessons of benevolence which my untutored heart had dictated almost as early as the first dawning of my reason.

In a word, my savings have been regularly disposed of, in the relief of the many indigent sufferers, whom either chance or private intelligence had pointed out as proper objects ; and this with as little partiality or distinction, as the nature of my design could admit of. 'Tis true, indeed, I used every method in my power to distinguish between the real object and the impostor ; between the honest man borne down with the unavoidable misfortunes of life, and the incorrigible reprobate who had reduced himself to ruin, by an obstinate course of irregularities ; between the industrious man who, if he had something to work upon, would provide for himself and his helpless family, and the sottish drone on whom a piece of gold would rather entail unhappiness, by furnishing the

means

means of gratifying his sensual appetites, to the considerable injury of himself, and scandal of society; between the pining infirm beings who, ashamed to beg, confine themselves in their wretched mansions of misery, the most affecting pictures of distress! And the sturdy vagrants who daily infest our doors; a numerous sect, whom no consideration can force from the trade of idleness and begging, no temptation allure to suitable industry.

These distinctions, however necessary, have, I confess, sometimes exposed me to some little inconveniences, which, tho' far from being very disagreeable to me, might possibly give offence to many others. For instance, I have been often pointed out in the streets as an hard-hearted uncharitable fellow, and have heard a sturdy beggar desire another, whom I happened to repulse, never to expect charity from my hand, for, said he "That man has no bowels—He never gives any thing to the poor." The tenor of my practice, indeed, might have furnished cause for the sturdy fellow's opinion of me, as I have always studiously endeavoured to conceal myself, as much as possible, from the partakers of my bounty; and in this scheme succeeded so well, that I have been, not infrequently, jostled by men, and treated with opprobrious language by women who, but a few days before, were removed from loathsome prisons, or unexpectedly furnished with the necessaries of life at my expence.

This always pleased me, and never in the least diminished the unspeakable comfort I had often experienced, in the reflection of having been the instrument of once suppressing the sigh of distress, or promoting the smile of relief unexpected: sensations rising in an heart at ease in its inclosure, happily expanding

ing itself to correspond with its connate impression and the divine precept of its Creator.

I never, indeed, sought after objects to give me that pain, which, thro' necessity, I must selfishly remove, nor has all the good I have been able to do, in this way, been sufficient to curdle one drop of the *milk of my blood*, whereby an obstruction might be formed, and the farther operation of benevolent functions impeded, perhaps totally prevented. What impelled me? I say, pure BENEVOLENCE.

“ What by this name, then shall be understood?
What, but the glorious lust of doing good.
The heart that finds it happiness to please,
Can feel another's pain and taste his ease.
The cheek that with another's joy can glow,
Turn pale, and sicken with another's woe;
Free from contempt and envy, he who deems
Justly of life's two opposite extremes:
Who to make all, and each man, truly blest,
Does all he can, and wishes all the rest.”

FIELDING.

Should you, Mr. FLYN, or any man, attempt to depreciate benevolence, that noble offspring of a well-tempered heart, and to charge its divine impulses with the foul imputation of selfishness, you will, believe me, do more mischief than you are aware of. For my part, pride will rise up in contradiction to your system, will sour my nature, and absolutely transform me into an unfeeling relentless being. I shall be forced to put off my natural disposition, and instead of being easy, tranquil and decently gay, shall become restless, dissatisfied and morose. You have been misled, Mr. FLYN. You have adopted maxims not founded in fact. Consult your own heart,

heart, and it will confute your doctrine. To degrade our noblest motives of action, is to lower us below the brutes, to loosen the amiable connections of society, and blaspheme the SOVEREIGN GOODNESS which has formed our natures.

A



No. 15. Monday, May 14, 1770.

*Nec minor est virtus, quam quærere, parta tueri;
Casus inest illic, hoc erit artis opus.*

OVID.

YESTERDAY evening, the old Gentleman whom I have already introduced to my readers, came into my shop as usual, and taking up my twelfth Speculation, read it through with great attention. This, says he, stopping his hand against the counter, is a sensible fellow, and takes the subject in the right light. I have been often amazed, Mr. FLYN, at seeing good writers bear so injudiciously hard against little female foibles. Excesses of a nature, so robust as that of man, may be lopped away without mercy; but a woman should be pruned like a peach-tree. There is, in truth, so much that is excellent, and so little that is faulty in them, that it is dangerous to attempt a change. None but a mad man would injure the delicate colours of a rich flower-knot, in order to eradicate a few microscopical weeds. Women have a sensibility which, if hurt, may check them in the

the right path, or turn them into a wrong one. Male critics should therefore be very delicate in prescribing rules to them. After their general principles are well formed, it is, in my opinion, safer to give their little specific propensities free play.

I love this PHILOGYNES, continued he, for his warm attachment to the sex. If there be such a thing in nature as an insensibility of their charms, the possessor has no reason to be vain of it. For my part, poor DRYDEN's case is mine.

*Old as I am, for Ladies loves unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.*

Even at my time of life, it refreshes the imagination, and diffuses a kind of vernal chearfulness over every idea. It's efficacy is indeed so irresistible, that women have, in my opinion, most of the moral, and much of the natural evil of the world to account for. The potency of their influence may prevent the one, and disarm the latter of its sting. How superstition could be so stupid as to attribute witchery to hags, hardly human, is amazing; but it is no more than a natural truth to say, that every amiable woman is a forcerefs; fascination is in her eye, magic in her smile, and a legion of little demons in her touch. When virtue deigns to assume the enchanted wand, the arts of CIRCE are reversed; man starts from the brute into his proper nature, and rises into refinement and bliss.

Story-telling, Sir, is the vice of age; yet I cannot avoid relating a real fact to illustrate my opinion. The persons are an amiable and respectable pair, who live at this day in the North of the kingdom, and whom I have known since their infancy.

ARISTUS

ARISTUS came into life with every advantage. His estate was a clear 2000*l.* a year ; his constitution excellent, and his person very handsome. A liberal education had afforded him a large share of knowledge, and his strong understanding had made it all his own. His principles, well turned by nature, had been formed by the strictest rules of honour, virtue, and religion. Add to all these, the attractions of the sweetest temper, great vivacity, and a fine address, and you have a sketch of ARISTUS's picture.

Nothing could bid fairer for happiness than such an outset. Great were the expectations of his friends. But I, who knew him best, could see, through all his excellences, a weak part which made me fear for him. Joined to a general social affection, and an uncommon tenderness of heart, he possessed a sensibility of female charms which carried him almost to enthusiasm. It was easy to perceive the rock on which this habit of mind, aided by the vigour of a genial constitution, would inevitably hurry him ; and I saw clearly that, with a firmness which no violence could shake, a judgment not to be deceived by man, and morals which the world's riches could not vitiate, my friend was doomed to be the dupe, the absolute slave of female dominion.

I met him in London on his return from the tour of Europe. He came back enriched with every valuable acquisition, and his solid understanding polished into genuine elegance. But the pleasure of our interview was not a little abated on my finding that he had brought over with him a lady, with whom he had formed a connection at Paris, and from whom I saw but little prospect of his ever being released. DUFRESNOY had every gift of nature and art that was
H necessary

necessary for such a conquest. Besides a considerable share of well-improved good sense, she had great sweetness of temper, and an unaffected desire to please. To a very beautiful person was added a perfect knowledge of all the arts of decoration. She had a tenderness of aspect and manner very hard to be resisted, and a modest elegance of address, which flattered his delicacy, and threw a veil over the very nature of vice.

In her fetters I found him, nor could any influence of mine, nor indeed any human means, but her own mercenary mind, have ever set him free. Some time after my return to Dublin, I learned, that her repeated infidelities had at last broken his chain. I thought this a good time to remonstrate, but, before my letter reached him, his unruly leading passion had resumed it's sway, and thrown him into the bondage of an eminent actress, rather celebrated for address than charms, but whose great proficiency in artifice promised to be more dangerous than even the beauty of DUFRESNOY.

But I must bring you to my heroine. AMANDA'S family and fortune were good. Her person extremely fine, and her face, tho' far from regular, the most attractive that I ever saw. Besides the finest teeth, and a mouth about which ten thousand graces revell'd, she had a pair of the most charming bright blue eyes, full of all the bewitching softness peculiar to that colour. Her spirits were excellent; her temper sweet; and, added to every polite accomplishment, she possessed a good understanding, and an affectionate heart. Such a girl could not fail of admirers. She had indeed, before the age of twenty, declined several offers, which, in the language of the world, were prodigious great ones.

I fre-

I frequently escorted her to the Play-House, where we were one night, when, to my great surprize, ARISTUS entered the box, not many hours arrived from England. We met with mutual joy ; but I soon perceived his attention stealing from me to another object. AMANDA struck him, and I thought I could see by her that he was the man. The next morning disclosed his intentions. I opposed them strongly, and pictured him to himself with a friendly severity. But he pleaded so well, and urged so forcibly that both reformation and happiness depended on AMANDA, that I was obliged to submit. I carried his message, but at the same time honestly exhibited his character. The mother hesitated ; AMANDA was referred to as decisive. With the most modest candour she declared, that she saw some strong lines of constancy in the portrait, on which she would venture to rely, and was willing to run the risque. They were married soon after, and went down to his seat.

A perverse turn in my own affairs carried me about this time abroad. The pain of a ten years absence was however a good deal lessened by the regular accounts I received of my amiable friends being compleatly happy. Last November I landed in Dublin, and, hearing they were in the country, set out thither immediately.

I got there the second day about three, and was shewn into a parlour, where I found my fair friend at work, her eldest girl reading to her, and two sweet little boys playing on the carpet. Our first salutes were hardly over, when ARISTUS flew into the room, and hung upon my neck. Words were not necessary to tell me their mutual happiness. I have seldom felt more joy. Dinner was now served, and, the first hur-

ry of spirits subsiding, my attention was attracted by AMANDA. The ladies may laugh, perhaps not believe me, when I say, that, tho' the day was extremely wet, and no prospect of any company, she was very elegantly dressed. The whole had an unstudied air, yet I could see that the minutest article was carefully adjusted. I was particularly struck, when she drew off her gloves, with a pair of rich diamond bracelets, which he had presented to her a few days before. Love had diffused an exquisite tenderness over her features; and an habitual wish of pleasing, animated by success, had so pointed every charm, that, tho' she had been frequently a mother, she was a much finer woman than when I left her. My spirits were raised. I shared sincerely in their happiness. The harpsichord succeeded our tea, and I found her improved into a capital performer. She gave us some of *Handel's* finest airs. The enraptured ARISTUS gazed like a lover; his enamoured view ran over all her charms; her bright eye, full of sensibility; her lips, breathing sweets, and emitting the finest tones; her elegant fingers flying through all the complicated turns of harmony, and her dangerous bosom swelling with expression. I am sixty five, Mr. FLYN, yet I found it convenient to peruse some good prints that were hanging near me. Indeed, my worthy friends seemed to have been married but ten days instead of ten years. I withdrew before supper.

A month's stay in this pleasing retreat gave me hourly occasions of admiring her. Joined to a steady uniformity of purpose, she contrived to throw such an amazing variety into her dress, her manner, the disposition of our hours, and all her little schemes of amusement, that inconstancy itself would have doated

on her. By always turning the bright side of domestic life to her husband, she preserved herself from dwelling on the dark one. A chearful alacrity in her œconomy made it perceivable only by the effects; and, tho' they lived remarkably well, she had nearly cleared off a debt of six thousand pounds, incurred by his indiscretion, before he could conceive it possible. Indeed I wondered not at his being happy. He possessed all that DUFRESNOY or A—— could give, and more; he had it pure and unalloyed; with a worthy heart besides, which neither of them had to bestow.

The morning I came away, meeting her alone in the garden, I could not avoid some well-deserved compliments on her conduct. 'I know, my dear Sir, said she, you were in pain for me; but, with vanity I say it, I found the task full as easy as I imagined. My ARISTUS had too many virtues to be lost. Heaven was pleased to give me a person that he liked; all the rest depended on myself. I resolved that my appearance should not be impaired by my own fault; my temper I could trust to; and I felt a lively affection, which, I hoped, would supply the place of better abilities, and dictate, as I went along, the means of making him happy. To please and be pleased are, in reality, the mutual cause and effect of each other; so that my labour is a round of pleasure. The business of my toilet, being habitual, is easy, nay agreeable. I regard my glass as a friend who daily gives me new hints for pleasing the man I love. To you Sir, I will own, that I *love* him, in the full extent of the word, with the ardor which he deserves; with the ardor which he requires. Had he met

' with only the cold return of esteem, ARISTUS
' would have been far from happy.'

' Happiness like mine, continued she, would be
' more general, would women but observe two max-
' ims. One is, never to attempt an opposition to
' nature, but gently to lead it right by flattering the
' ruling propensity. The other, never to contemn
' small matters as trifles, for by them only can their
' purpose be effected. There is no such thing as a
' trifle. Minuteneffes form the magazine of female
' power. Connubial joy is accomplished somewhat
' like a little dotted picture. Each single touch is
' too fine to produce a visible effect ; yet, from their
' frequency, the portrait soon begins to open on the
' view, and shews how judiciously and happily the
' pencil was applied.

F.



No. 16. Thursday, May 17, 1770.

*Proprium prudentiæ conciliare sibi animos hominum &
ad usus suos adjungere.*

CICERO.

THE daily experience of every man who
T converses with the world, shews him that
the esteem of others is necessary to his
own happiness, that the greatest abilities,
the most extensive learning, and uncommon virtues
are not sufficient to procure that esteem, and that
there is something still wanting, to the attainment of
which the principal efforts of precept and education
are from our earliest infancy directed. I shall lay be-
fore

fore my readers some detached thoughts on this important accomplishment, which is no other than what is commonly called GOOD BREEDING or POLITENESS, the great bond of society ; indeed without it no society can subsist.

POLITENESS is that mutual deference and respect, which leads us to resign our inclinations to those with whom we converse, and to restrain and conceal that presumption and arrogance so natural to the human mind ; or, in other words, it is the sacrifice of our self love to that of others. Thus, as we are by nature proud and selfish, and apt to assume a preference above others, a well bred man behaves with the utmost deference to the rest of the company and yields the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In the same manner, whenever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, it is the part of good manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus whispering in company is impolite, in the highest degree, because every other person in the room will be uneasy at it, as he must naturally suspect that he is the subject of the discourse, and that it must necessarily be to his disadvantage, otherwise what was said might have been told openly. Old men know their infirmities, and dread the contempt of youth. Well-educated youth therefore redouble the instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection. Hence, in all polite countries they receive the highest civilities and are intitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own house, and his guests are subject to his authority. He therefore sits at the lower end of the table,

is attentive to the wants of every one, and gives himself all the trouble. But here it must be observed that he must do this without betraying too visible an affectation, or imposing too much constraint on his guests. Hence the proverb, "There's more politeness where there's least ceremony," and as the French say, you may be sure you are in the house of an ill-bred person *quand on est gêné*, when one is not perfectly at his ease, or oppressed with awkward civilities.

But this modern politeness, which is so ornamental, is very apt to run into affectation and foppery, disguise and insincerity, as is the case with the French; and that simplicity of manners, which the English affect so much, and which is naturally so amiable, is equally apt, under the name of honest bluntness and sincerity, to degenerate into the extreme of rusticity and barbarism. There is a very ridiculous instance of the first in the French phraseology. It would be rude in the highest degree to say, *C'est un beau chien, Madame*, 'Tis a fine dog, madam. You must always say, *Madame, c'est un beau chien*, Madam, 'tis a fine dog. They conceive I suppose that there is a great indelicacy in putting the *dog* before the *lady*.

The Chinese reckon politeness amongst the cardinal virtues, and that none in that vast empire should be ignorant of the laws of decorum, they have a Code for that purpose, framed by the Mandarins of the first class, called, if I remember right, *Whang-tang li*. It is a very large work, and contains an exact account of all the various inflections of the body, movements, gestures, and salutations to be used on different occasions, together with the number of times they should be performed at accidental meetings, whether

whether in the street, at the Pagoda, or upon making a visit to another ; all the various compliments to be paid at marriage visits, lying-in visits, and funeral visits, together with the different ceremonies according to the difference in the quality of the persons visiting and visited. This the Chinese ladies make their daughters get by heart, and take as much pains about it as our ancestors used in teaching them their catechism, or the modern mothers in imprinting on their memory the cases in *Hoyle*.

There must indeed be something very arbitrary in politeness, and the rules of it must vary according to the different customs and manners of nations. From this circumstance arises one of the advantages of travelling, a necessity of accommodating one's self to forms extremely different from those of a person's native country, which by the collision wears off those angular asperities to which man is naturally inclined, and produces that *politura*, from which idea our English word POLITENESS got it's name.

I shall mention some singular customs of certain nations, which as differing from ours, may appear absurd and ridiculous, but upon reflection will probably be thought to have their foundation, in nature at least, if not in reason. In Turkey, Syria, Egypt, and all the East, people often have their dinner spread on carpets before the door of their houses, and any person whoever, that passes by, may sit down and partake of the fare. If he were to pull out his purse, and offer to pay for his dinner, it would be looked upon as such an affront to the master of the house, that his life would be in danger. How different are our customs ! we pay for our dinner, even at the houses of our friends.

In the Northern parts of Germany, upon the arrival of a stranger at a Gentleman's house, the lady produces a pint glass which she fills with brandy, and this is called "The welcome-bumper." She takes it off, and fills it again for the stranger, who would be looked upon as very rude, if he were to leave a single drop behind him.

In Transylvania the ladies salute the gentlemen, and the gentlemen stand unmoveable till they approach them. In Hungary upon a stranger's arrival the young ladies crowd round him in order to pull off his boots, which he must permit without any opposition. In Tartary when a stranger lies in any person's house, the mistress goes to bed to him to keep him warm, and it would be accounted exceedingly barbarous if he were to refuse it, be she ever so old and ugly.

Many other extraordinary customs of different nations may be collected from the writings of travellers; which kind of reading I must, by the way, recommend, as tending in a great degree to correct a confined way of thinking, the unavoidable consequence of a contracted education, to extend a person's views, and counteract the little selfishness of human nature.

Propriety of behaviour is an essential part of politeness, I mean that decency of carriage which is suitable to the rank, age, sex, &c. The violation of this rule exposes a person to many ridiculous situations, destroys that dignity of character which every one should endeavour to preserve, and never fails to make him contemptible in the eyes of others.

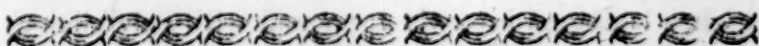
Politeness should not be dispensed with even between the oldest and the dearest friends, and that familiarity which is usual between such, should be always

ways accompanied with good-breeding, particularly in the presence of others. Many instances occur, where the strictest friendship has been destroyed, or it's warmth at least considerably abated, when under pretence of behaving to one another with freedom and *sans facon*, it has insensibly been changed into incivility and rudeness.

There is one situation in friendship where good breeding is of the greatest consequence, when is necessary a man should be informed of something that it will be useful to him he should know, but which must be disagreeable. It is one of the duties of friendship to acquaint him with it, and politeness assists a man in acquitting himself of it with success, and enables him to correct the faults of his friend without debasing him in his own eyes.

Some other general rules on this subject, with a comparison of the politeness of the antients and moderns, the present state of it in different countries, with an enquiry into the causes of it's flourishing in some governments more than others, and a discussion of the question, what soils are most favourable to its rise and growth, shall be the subject of future Speculations.

Z.



No. 17. Monday, May 12, 1770.

—*Serpentum major concordia : parcit*

Cognatis maculis fimi is fera ——— Juv.

✱✱✱ HAD, until lately, two neighbours, in
✱✱ whose intimacy I was extremely happy.
✱✱ I ✱✱ The one was a barber, a smart, sensible,
✱✱✱ little fellow, but somewhat too quick and
cholerick

cholerick. The other, by vocation a taylor, was a man of a large athletic make, with great solemnity of voice and aspect, but a disposition rather inclined to the imperious. We kept up a club, for some time, with three or four others, where we spent our evenings very cheerfully, chatting over the small occurrences of the day, and each of us indulging the inoffensive importance of the other, by an unaffected attention to his little tale.

But about a year ago, my two friends unfortunately happened to turn their thoughts to state affairs, and enlisted themselves on opposite sides of the question. The tonsor became a violent *Wilkite*, and the other a determined *Butean*. As they both unluckily could read, every spare shilling was laid out in news papers and pamphlets, and our peaceful little society soon became the scene of dispute, animosity, and rancour. The patriot was quite a master at all the weapons of CATO SENIOR, and JUNIOR, BRUTUS, LUCIUS, DECIMUS, DECIUS, PUBLIUS, GRACCHUS, ATTICUS, and, above all, the formidable JUNIUS. The courtier stood firm, chiefly on the support of the invincible JOHNSON, whose phraseology he could brandish with the greatest ease, and was never so happy as when laying on his little antagonist with polysyllables as long as his measure. Abuse, at the same time flew thick about, and the obliging epithets of Sectary, and Rebel, Jacobite and Slave, formed no small share of the conversation.

Unfortunately for me, who stood neuter, I experimentally perceived that their very professions became at last infected by their politics. As party-zeal increased, I found myself gradually tightened in my clothes by the one, and was hardly ever shaved with-
out

out an ugly cut from the other. One day, a pair of breeches was brought me by the former, hardly wide enough for a child, but, in spite of all my remonstrances, my worthy friend crammed me into them by force. When I complained that I had not liberty to move, he flew into a rage. Liberty says he, what's that? Would you have them like Dutch trowsers? I see your cursed republicana principles, Sir, and must tell you I desire no such customers.—Away he flung, and, at that instant, my other friend came to shave me. He talked himself into a ferment while he was making the lather, and, by the time he arrived at my nose, was so fired with the idea of some sanguinary measures, that he brought away with a jerk a considerable slice of my left nostril. I now thought it high time to break off my acquaintance with both. Soon after, my friend the taylor, on reading his Majesty's answer to the city remonstrance, tossed up his head, with an air of sympathetic dignity, so violently against the rafter, that he fractured his scull; and my little barber, after celebrating Mr. *Wilkes's* enlargement, fell over the quay with 45 bumpers of punch in his stomach, and broke his leg. The two politicians are now in the infirmary, and our club is dissolved.

For my own part, I have ever observed in private life the same rule which I have laid down as an author, that of keeping my political sentiments to myself. I am conscious that I am one of the many thousands, who have neither property, connections, nor interest, sufficient to make them of any weight in the scale. The very nature of well ordered society precludes a person of my retired station, (at least in this part of the world) from every degree of political im-

portance. As I can therefore be of no use to either party, I chose to hold my tongue about both, and turn my attention to the only method in which I can possibly serve the public, which is, by being assiduous in my profession, and providing for my family.

Let me not, however, be understood as intending to ridicule or condemn a rational and proper solicitude with regard to public agitations. Such doctrines are as ill founded as they are trite; they have been generally inculcated by design, and too easily received by indolence or weakness. Nothing but the extremity of dulness can make any man insensible or indifferent about events in which every one is concerned. The general scheme of nature so connects us, that, when the greater wheels are in any sort embarrassed, it is impossible but that the other movements, howsoever distant or minute, must be proportionably affected. The divisions among the Great may indeed arise from various causes, which neither party chuses to avow; but, be their motives what they may, every member of the state must feel the effects. Every thinking man must therefore catch the alarm, and take an interested part, either on one side or the other, as his reason, or perhaps his prejudices, may lead him. Nor do I mean to censure the public avowal of those sentiments on any occasion when it can be useful. In a free country, (and all parties agree in wishing ours to continue so) this is every man's right; and where he imagines he can promote the general weal, by openly espousing the claims of either the crown or the people, it becomes his duty to obey the dictates of his judgment.

The object of my view is to restrain that unhappy propensity to political altercation, which is too frequently

quently indulged, to the great annoyance of private society. We are very apt to bring into company a fulness of party-zeal, that leaves no vacancy for those general topics, and pleasing sentiments, which form the delight of social intercourse. An assertion once made cannot fail to meet an opponent. Debates insensibly arise which produce animosity, but never conviction. Each combatant looks eagerly round for arguments, which serve only to root him more firmly in his prejudices. The happiness of individuals is sacrificed without a possibility of public advantage; and it often happens, that an intimacy, perhaps a friendship, which was the pleasing growth of many years, is, in one rash hour, irretrievably blasted.

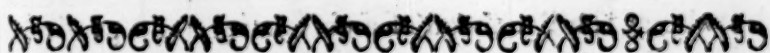
An eminent writer has asserted, that no topics, but religion or government, deserve a wise man's attention. This position goes a little too far. It cannot be denied that they are matters of the first importance, and, in their proper time and place, deserve the utmost efforts of the human mind. But I will venture to affirm, that they are the two most unfit subjects in the world for private society, and that, by being introduced into it, they injure the very intent of their institution. The one, designed to make us happy here, destroys that mutual good-will without which no happiness can exist. The other becomes the source of all those uncharitable vices which it is intended to subdue. But state-affairs are peculiarly improper on such occasions; for a clashing of temporal interests arises from an opposition of political principles; even property itself is considered as in danger, and each disputant looks at last on his adversary, as his natural and determined foe.

One of my predecessors prescribes, for persons of a disputatious temperament, the *Skiomachia*, or duel

with one's own shadow, by which the noxious particles in the blood may be evaporated, before the patient comes into company. I approve much of this remedy in the political spleen which I am at present treating of; but I would recommend, as a preparative, an emetic, to carry off that redundancy of bile, which intermixes with all the juices, affects the tongue, the eye, and the head, and inbitters every sentiment of the heart. For this I do not know a more proper medicine, than an extract from the several writings on both sides, which are impregnated with a sufficiency of falsehood, calumny, and malice, to produce a very effectual *Nausea*.

The wisdom of Providence has made us all dependent on each other, for the enjoyments as well as the necessities of life. Pleasures, commonly so called, are, in their very nature, short and fleeting; but a social intercourse, regulated by politeness, and animated by candor cheerfulness, and good will, is a repast that never cloy, and may be justly numbered among the first of human blessings. In this little retired corner of the world, we lie in a peculiar manner at the mercy of each other. The highest rank among us exceeds not the line of middle-life, which is the station adapted, above all others, to enjoy the sweets of friendly society, and has none of those outlying resources of artificial pleasure, which are within the reach of grandeur and dissipation. We are all chained, as it were, to the same galley, by our several professions and attachments, and have therefore one common interest in making each other happy. We cannot indeed afford to part with a single intimate, or friend, nor can we lose the smile of complacency, or the look of kindness to which we have been accustomed, without a sensible diminution of our felicity. Sufficiently

ently numerous alas! are the little competitions, strifes, and jealousies which already divide mankind, and painful enough are the strokes of fate, which daily destroy our tenderest connections. Let us not industriously add to inevitable ills, nor take pains to discolour a life abundantly checkered by nature. Let us leave our prejudices in our closets, and meet each other with a friendly eye and a dispassionate heart; as Beings, connected by one common nature, one country, and one general religion, which, we all allow, however we may differ on the minuter articles, inculcates charity, benevolence, and mutual love as it's favourite duties, and in every page re-iterates the angelic sounds of ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN... Y.



No. 18. Thursday, May, 24, 1770.

Ut jugulent homines, surgunt de nocte. —

HOR.

As a Printer, I am exceedingly zealous for the honour of my fraternity, and therefore was highly pleased some time ago on finding that my brother BUSTEED had, with a degree of indignation truly laudable, refused to publish in his Chronicle the relation of a supposed dream, calculated to throw infamy and ridicule upon some very respectable and amiable characters in this city. His upright and beneficent intentions were however, in some measure, defeated by the shame-proof perseverance of the ill-designing scribbler, who

anxious to usher his base-born brat into light, contrived by some stratagem or another, to steal it into a corner of the FREEMAN'S JOURNAL. But his triumph was only the triumph of a day, for on receiving immediately after, from the same hand, a fresh packet of scandal and stupidity, the conductors of that excellent paper, ashamed of their first condescension, rejected it with scorn, and thus consigned to oblivion a performance, which, together with its author, ought never to have emerged from it.

Why the same generous and judicious motive did not operate as forcibly on my brother the FREEMAN, upon a late occasion, when he had it in his power to have turned aside the shaft of malice, basely, and indeed cruelly levelled, not only at the character, but also at the livelihood of a certain reverend gentleman amongst us, I cannot take upon me to determine; but must suppose, as the former is, throughout all his pages, a warm friend to virtue, and an almost enthusiastic admirer of propriety, his honest zeal was here imposed upon by the specious insinuations of morals-mending hypocrisy, and so inflamed by the exaggerated tale as to make him forget, for an instant, the amiable, the God-like attribute of mercy, in order to exercise only the more austere one of avenging justice.

He who lives by the press cannot surely be suspected of wishing to see the liberty of it abridged: on the contrary, I swear by my dear, dear types, and my still dearer speculations, I have ever been, and ever shall continue a most strenuous advocate for it, as well from principle, as from interest. Let it then, I say, be free and uncontrouled, to appeal to Kings respectfully, to arraign corruption boldly, to point out real grievances, and to indicate the means of redressing them.*

them. Let it be free to punish guilt with deserved infamy, to reward virtue with well-earned praise, to open for the learned the mine of science, and to call forth for the tasteful all the flowers of polite literature. In the page of this day, let sober morality deliver it's improving lessons, and in that of to-morrow, let sprightly wit and liberal humour pursue a more pleasing path of reformation, laugh our follies into sense, and check our deviations into order.

Such are the glorious privileges of the press, such the tasks to which, I apprehend, it should be always confined. A field, wide enough for the admission of all useful knowledge, of all elegant entertainment, and which under a judicious cultivation, can never fail to yield a rich harvest of profit and delight. Yet, thro' what fatality it happens I know not, but, (with grief, with shame I speak it) this most excellent institution, so noble in itself, so extensively beneficial in it's consequences, is every day prostituted to the basest of purposes, even to that of becoming the dull vehicle of anonymous scandal; which, widely different from kind admonition, or wholesome reproof, those real friends, who strike but to heal, and inflict a momentary anguish only to effect a lasting cure, resembles rather the nightly ruffian, who stalks abroad merely to kill, and counts his trophies by his murders.

To me, who read much, and reflect not a little, it appears that characters vicious in the gross, as they are the proper, so they have always been the constant objects of satyr; for as to those in which the good predominates, tho' not unmixed, I have ever thought them entitled to indulgence, if not to commiseration, as being the fatal, but necessary consequences of the
fallen

fallen state of human nature ; a consideration which, I find, has wonderfully sweetened my temper, in itself rather peevish, and has rendered me, notwithstanding the awful severity of my countenance, one of the best humoured, most forgiving, and even accomodating beings to the infirmities of my fellow creatures that ever yet existed. In this happy frame of mind, I view myself with pleasure, as acting under the united influence of religion and reason, of virtue and common sense ; for where is the man, who, knowing himself, will presume to say that he is without fault ? where is the friend in whom some failing does not appear even to the amiably-partial eye of affection ? the greatest genius is often subject to weaknesses unknown to more confined understandings, and the best of dispositions are, not infrequently, attended with peculiarities, which may be easily caricatured by the hand of ridicule. But shall this be done ? shall all the worth of man centered in EUGENIUS, all the perfections and graces of woman meeting in ASPASIA, not secure them from the rage of scribbling malice, or be able to obtain indulgence for those lesser foibles, which are not so much their faults, as the frailties of humanity ? and shall the characters of HILARIO and AMANDA become the sport of every dunce who can spell, because DICAX has been base enough to call in print the wit and humour of the one, ribaldry, and the innocent unsuspecting freedom of the other, lewdness ? forbid it christian charity ! forbid it justice ! forbid it every endearing tie of social, pleasurable intercourse !

In common conversation the shrewd remark and humorous description are readily forgiven, even by those who are the objects of them, especially when the manner

ner is liberal, and the intention not to expose. In such cases, the joke ends at the breaking up of the company, nor does the sting often last longer ; but the press is always formidable, as it not only disseminates, but gives a species of immortality to the reproach it first conveyed, and the boy licks the scandal which had been read to him by his grand-fire. For this reason, I have ever thought there was a wide difference between occasional reproof and public reprehension. By the former, thousands have been reclaimed from their errors, by the latter, an infinitely greater number has been plunged into the depths of the most abandoned profligacy. From a consciousness of being exposed, that delicate sense of shame, the best preservative against vice, insensibly wears off, and the man, or woman, who is thus gibbeted up to public censure, generally becomes so hardened from provocation and despair, as in the end to deserve it. Of this the Decemvirs, those wise legislators of ancient Rome, seemed properly convinced, when they framed that excellent law of the Twelve Tables, whereby all defamatory writings were forbidden under the severest penalties, even at an æra when Roman liberty flourished most ; and every person acquainted with the literary history of France, well knows that the admirable LA BRUYERE, that great observer of nature, and painter of manners, who, in his *Characters*, lashed the vices and follies of his countrymen, with a view to their amendment, (in which he wonderfully succeeded) could never once be prevailed upon by the inquisitive, not only to publish, but even to afford the most distant hint of the names of any who had sat for pictures so little flattering ; rightly judging, that he who meant to reform mankind, should not begin by offending them.

We

We read in ancient history, that the Cretans enacted a law forbidding the use of arms to slaves, and in general to all persons of low birth and education. I could wish something of the kind were to take place amongst us with respect to the matter under consideration, and that the privilege of animadverting in print upon our neighbours were confined to those, whose good hearts and good breeding might, in some measure, insure to us that they would not make an improper use of it. We should not then see the peace of a worthy family wantonly destroyed, or the big tear called into the eye of beauty in distress, of innocence unprotected, merely to gratify the malevolence of slander. The fair, in particular, to attack whom it is cowardice, and to offend, cruelty, would then be spared, and, instead of severities, would invariably receive from us the most cordial tribute of tenderness, attention and gratitude, as due to that amiable part of the creation, to which we are so largely indebted for every refinement of our manners, for every heightening of our enjoyments.

To these arguments, which I think sufficient to check the rage of murdering upon paper, I must beg leave to add, that this species of composition seems to me to do as little honour to the head as to the heart of the writer, since to be just to a man's merit, is a much more difficult task than to espy and blazon his oddities. For the former, some knowledge of men, and perhaps of books, may be necessary, but as to the latter, nothing more is requisite than a tolerable share of that kind of malignity which is so natural to a little mind, and a thorough acquaintance with all the various modes of abusing, reviling, &c. which may, I apprehend, be acquired at any wrangle, or quarrel about

bout town; for the same measure of understanding will surely answer to call a Gentleman either a coxcomb or a clown, and a Lady either a demirep or a w—e.

I shall therefore dismiss this paper, by giving it, as my opinion, to my readers, that as we all have faults of our own, so we should not only in kindness, but even in prudence, draw a veil, whenever we can, over those of our neighbour, if we expect to be forgiven ourselves. In particular, the lesser failings of the WORRY should never be exposed—and this I think so reasonable on all sides, that the indulgence, which I thus freely extend to others, I shall in return lay claim to for myself. From my friends and the public I shall hope for that countenance and encouragement, which are so necessary to cherish and strengthen an infant undertaking, and to the true critic I shall trust for that enlightened candour, which is ever ready to allow for difficulties, and to overlook small blemishes whenever it can, at all, commend. This will be to temper justice with mercy, and is a duty we are all held to, nor will those who REASON and who FEEL find any hardship in fulfilling it. I speak not particularly towards me, who am only an insignificant individual, but towards that GREAT COMMUNITY around them, the members of which they are COMMANDED, not only to BEAR with, but also TO LOVE EVEN AS THEMSELVES.



No. 19 Monday May 28, 1770.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.

VIRG.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,



 N return for the entertainment and instruction I have received from your speculations, I send you, as an illustration to your essay on politeness, a detail of the occurrences of a day I spent on a visit to an old friend during a late tour to the North of Ireland, which I had undertaken by the advice of my physicians, in order to get rid of a great debility of the nerves, and a troublesome asthma. My sufferings on the occasion were complicated and various, but the impression they left on both mind and body has been so lasting, that I am afraid it will end but with my life, and therefore am certain that I shall not omit the minutest circumstance of the extraordinary accidents that befell me, which will, I hope be a sufficient warning to all persons of delicate nerves, to prevent them from unadvisedly falling into the same misfortunes.

I entered the court-yard at the instant my friend had returned from a fox-chase with a numerous suite of country gentlemen, who had been partakers of the sport. I scarce knew where I was, when I found myself suddenly straitened for want of breath. My friend it seems had thrown his arms round my neck, and kissed me into a suffocation. As soon as I had

with

with some difficulty escaped this danger, I was introduced to all his brother sportsmen, and obliged to undergo a repetition of the same ceremony with every one of them, so that by the time it was over, I not only found a fit of the asthma coming upon me, but, after the pains I had taken at the inn to dress myself in the best manner, my face was so begrimed with dust and sweat, and my shirt was so dirtied, that I was obliged to put on a clean one, and wash myself all over before I was in a condition to be introduced to the ladies of the family.

As my spirits are exceedingly weak, they were vastly ruffled by so rude an encounter, but, as I was going up stairs, I flattered myself I should find more politeness in the drawing-room. Upon my entrance I saw the lady of the house with a very numerous family about her, consisting not only of her own children (and she had been very fruitful,) but the whole generation of dependents, cousins, aunts, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers, who had been assembled for the purpose of a christening, and formed such a motley group that I could not help laughing. I saluted my friend's wife, and his eldest daughter, a fine girl, but was a good deal disconcerted at being obliged to kiss all the children, no less than eleven in number, not omitting the sucking infant. I stepped a few paces back in order to recover myself, and take a little breath, congratulating myself not a little on the manner in which I had executed this necessary operation, when, to my great confusion and terror, I found that my friend had grasped me hard by the wrist, and was preparing, with savage cruelty, to lead me round the room, and force me to receive the embraces of those horrid figures of dried parchment.

*Who looked not like th' inhabitants of earth
But yet were on it ; who should be women,
And yet their beards forbade me to interpret
That they were so.*

The oldest of the ladies, a little deformed woman, with a crutch, in an elbow chair, who had taken it into her head that I was some distant relation to her, thought proper to be more particular in her civilities to me on that account, and accordingly threw her withered arms round my neck ; but unfortunately for me, the instant she applied her skinny lips to mine, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing. I struggled hard and made many efforts to disengage myself, but all in vain ; some sudden convulsion had taken possession of her arms, and I was obliged to remain in that horrible situation till the fit was over.

You will easily conceive that this last accident alone was sufficient to throw me into a copious perspiration. I was really near fainting, and was just going to intreat that the windows should be opened to give me a little air, when, notwithstanding my remonstrances, I was thrust into the chair next to a blazing fire, for as I was a stranger I must be put into the warmest place, and I must be cold after my ride. As it was impossible for any human being to remain many minutes in so hot an atmosphere, I gave myself up for a gone man, and calmly resigned myself to my fate, when fortunately the dinner was announced. I expected some ceremony amongst the ladies upon this occasion, but, to do them justice, they were not more than ten minutes in adjusting the important matter of precedence and left the room. I was preparing to follow them, when my ears were assailed with
a confused

a confused noise of *Sir, you're next the door ; Sir, I'll follow you ; By no means, Sir ; Not at all, Sir.* As I imagined this great point would not be determined in less than an hour, and would have been again repeated below stairs at the parlour door, I bethought myself of a stratagem, and advancing to the top of the stairs, cried out, *Gentlemen the venison will be good for nothing ;* this took effect indeed, but, unfortunately for me, they rushed out all together in a body, and, as I was foremost, I was thrown down stairs and got a violent contusion on my forehead. A never-failing family-plaster was applied by the good old ladies as soon as possible, but before my friend had called us each by his name, and seated us at table according to our rank, the dinner in reality was good for nothing.

I was seated at table very happily, as I thought, between the mistress of the house and her eldest daughter, and, as being the greatest stranger, was helped first, but by no means to my liking, for though I desired a piece of a leg of mutton near the handle, I was told that was only fit for the dogs, and the whole joint was cut up in order to furnish me with the knuckle-bone and pope's eye. I called for bread repeatedly, but as the whole company had begun hob or-nobbing, the servants could not attend me, or did not hear me. At last, being naturally passionate, I resolved to exert the whole force of my lungs in calling once more, but, lifting up my head for that purpose, with some violence, I struck it against a salver of wine, that the servant awkwardly held over me, and all the wine, glasses, &c. showered down on me in a torrent ; part of it filled my plate, and the rest was expended on my pea-green coat which I

have never been able to appear in since. I then requested the drumstick of a turkey, but to no purpose, no body could possibly eat of it, but was helped to the breast, of which I could not taste, as the daughter had taken great pains to bruise the liver in the sauce, in spite of all I could say. I cast my eye on a loin of veal, and flattered myself I should be able to make my dinner of it, as the outside, which I don't like, was all cut off. After many apologies that he had not reserved a bit of the brown for me, my friend helped me to the kidney, with all the fat upon it. As my appetite had somewhat increased from the delay, I was beginning to eat with some precipitation, when the mother and daughter, both at the same time, poured a deluge of melted butter on my plate, which overflowing absolutely ruined my best pair of breeches. At that very instant two plates of roast venison, with currant jelly sauce, which had been handed at different sides all round the table, with *'Sir, I beg you'll take it Sir ; I'm in no hurry ; Sir, 'tis time enough,* happened to strike together just under my nose, broke to pieces, and destroyed a white sattin waistcoat I had got made for the expedition, besides irrecoverably staining a pair of ruffles, worked on purpose for me by my cousin Jenny.

From the prodigious agitation of my spirits I became very thirsty and called for some bottled beer, which I had heard much commended ; one of the old ladies wisely observed that it was too windy, and that she never tasted it in a genteel company for fear of certain indecent effects. I called for cyder, another lady told me, she had always found it too rough for her bowels, but they all unanimously agreed that as I looked pale and weakly, I must drink wine and water.

water. To this I was obliged to submit, tho' with great reluctance, as I think it the worst mixture in the world.

By this time my appetite grew exceeding sharp, and as I had resolved not to lose my dinner entirely, I seized upon a pigeon that was near me, and was on the point of putting a bit into my mouth, when, as if from a conspiracy to starve me, every person at the table roared out, *Sir I drink your health; Sir, my humble service to you.* I had already been hob-or-nob'd two and twenty times, and every body had drunk my health thirteen times, and as I found this was still to be repeated, I laid down my knife and fork, and the rest of the dinner I spent entirely in returning the compliment with *Sir, I thank you*, and cursed most heartily in my own mind both *Love and Friendship*.

The water was served, and the mistress of the house waited till every body had washed their mouths and spit about, to make the usual concluding speech of assuring the company, that *nobody had eat a bit that day, and that she was sorry she had not got something that they could have liked.* They assured her in their turn that they had eat monstrously and prodigiously; which was true in fact, as was evident from their sweaty countenances, which the ladies endeavoured to cool by pulling their fans out of their pockets, and the gentlemen by opening their waistcoats, and the bosoms of their shirts.

The ladies retired, and the piper was introduced. I soon grew heartily sick of wine, noise and nonsense, and would have left the room, but to my great mortification found the door locked. I prayed and intreated but to no purpose, my disappointment pro-

duced a hearty laugh, and my friend made me sit down again, assuring me, to my great comfort, that nobody had ever dined with him that did not get a hearty bottle, or in other words, was made dead drunk. The best wine loses its flavour in bad company. It had also lost its usual effect on me, for in proportion as the company grew outrageously merry I sunk into extreme stupidity. However, my friend falling asleep soon after, I took the advantage of it, stole the key of the door out of his pocket, and set myself at liberty.

The fatigues of the day had so exhausted my strength and spirits, that I had much ado to creep up stairs to bed. In the way I met the mistress of the house, who told me that she had ordered the state-bed for me. Upon enquiry I found that by lying in state I should infallibly get the rheumatism, as the bed had not been lain in for nine months, but I was obliged to acquiesce, and went to bed, having requested that there should be no fire in the room for fear of the asthma, and taken particular care to draw back the curtains. My excessive weariness soon set me to sleep, but I had not been long in that situation when I awoke, with great terror, in a state of suffocation. It was some time before I could recollect myself enough to find out the cause, which was a great smoke. I thought the house might have been on fire, and was leaping out of bed in a great hurry, but found the bed was closed on all sides and barred my passage, nor could I get even a hand out to ring the bell. My amazement was excessive, as I could not conceive the reason of my confinement, but I was soon let into the cause of it by the lady of the house, whom the noise I made had brought into
the

the room. She told me, that for fear I should get cold, she had got a fire made in the room, and as she could not conceive how any mortal could lie with the curtains open, she and her maid had been employed an hour in pinning them up.

I left the inhospitable mansion early in the morning, thanking my stars that I had escaped from a family in which I had not for the whole time done any thing but what was disagreeable to me, and where I had literally been almost killed with kindness.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

M.

TIM. TENDER.



No. 20. Thursday, May 31, 1770.

— *Rure vacuo potitur, et aperto æthere*

Innocuus errat ———

SEN. Hipp.

✱✱✱✱✱ I ✱✱✱✱✱ Rose very early the other morning in order to set about a speculation; but finding myself much indisposed, I threw away my pen, and determined to unbend my mind by walking into the country, and devoting that one day entirely to dissipation and amusement. Accordingly I took my route southward, that I might the better lose myself in scenes compleatly retired, and leave behind me every trace of the river below the town, which, however beautiful to the eye, keeps up in the mind an idea of business and hurry, that to me seems totally inconsistent with rural imagery.

There are few persons better fitted to enjoy a scheme of this kind than I am. The nerves of my imagination

imagination (if I may use the phrase) are uncommonly sensitive to the change of seasons. The return of this delightful month always brings with it a peculiar suite of ideas which I have no language to express. In winter, I feel every avenue to the fancy as it were frozen and blocked up, except when occasionally relaxed by an artificial thaw of chearful society, or when I am carried into a more genial climate by the gentle conveyance of a book. But at this time I grow young again. My mind partakes in the general renovation of nature. It unbinds and opens with the earth at the sun's return, and becomes enamelled with ten thousand flowery ideas for which I have no name.

The truth is, that in the early part of life, when the imagination is warm and active, and apt to animate every object about us with those gay tints which no pencil but it's own can impart, my hours were spent more among books than men. Works of fancy were principally my amusement, and associations of pleasing images, beyond the extent of nature, were formed, which will hold their place when the mind is rendered, by time and common life, too gross and inert to combine any more. This happy circumstance detaches me, in a great measure, from dull realities, and sets me free from the narrow circle of reason and the senses. Those only who are in this valuable secret can conceive the boundless entertainment which it affords. It deals entirely in metamorphoses, and varies every shape to it's own liking with the utmost facility. It raises images too fine and fickle to abide the mental analysis of LOCKE, and tinges them with colours of which the laborious sagacity of NEWTON never dreamed.

Full

Full of this happy disposition I got out of the town just as the sun began to shew the edge of his magnificent surface above the hill, and in a few minutes, his whole orb was in view in all it's grandeur. To a person generally confined in town such a prospect is singularly striking. My attention was immediately arrested, and I stood for some time to admire this first object of inanimate creation, with a kind of mixed delight, which a contemplative mind can conceive better than I can describe. Is it not amazing, thought I, that so many who are indulged with opportunities of enjoying this unequalled scene, shall prefer to it the feverish bed of sloth, and never see it in their lives ; or, if seen, regard it only as the source of private profit by it's influence on the earth, or the mechanical measurer of that time which they shamefully misemploy ! the idolatry of the poor *Persian* is religion when compared with such insensibility !

But recollecting the purpose of the day, I broke from my reverie, and pursued my way through all the freshness of the morning, with a delicious chearfulness of spirits, turning into every by-path that offered, until, about seven o'clock, I found myself in a lovely spot, surrounded with every circumstance of rural beauty. It lay on an easy slope, but retired under the projection of a hill, and commanded an extensive view. I threw myself on a tuft to enjoy the scene. The spires of the town rose faintly at a distance, and, with the ear of fancy, I could

Hear, and but bear, the human tempest roar.

Vernal pleasures, in all their youthful forms, crowded about me. The infant verdure of the trees and grass still retained the lovely varnish of the dew. Round all the hills the rich flowering furze ran like a vein of gold.

gold. The air was alive with native music; and from the wildings and hawthorns came, in every breeze, a fragrance more deliciously reviving than all the sweets of the garden. My powers became all relaxed with pleasure, and I lay dissolved in luxury more soft and refined than ever *Asiatic* art produced. Every sense was gratified, and fancy called up all her airy train. The images of playful, vacant childhood first recurred, when I sported as innocent and heedless as the lambs that were frisking round me. When the quickness of young sensibility gave a poignancy to the most confined enjoyments, and the simplest objects were pleasing, because they were new. These soon gave place to all the various forms of poetic fiction, which had entered the mind with the first rudiments of learning, and were cherished there, for their elegance, by progressive reason; and to these succeeded the more gay and captivating pictures of romance, not only the favourites of the fancy, but endeared to ripening manhood by their secret connection with the passions. I became, in short, involved in a series of the sweetest deceptions that can be imagined, and in a thousand scenes both of the tender, and the marvellous, which, if I could describe them, I should, to avoid the charge of insanity, conceal.

From this pleasant dream I was awakened by the sprightly voice of mirth and music. It happened to be a holiday, and the young people of the neighbourhood had assembled in their best dresses, decorated with the gayest ribbons and flowers, to pay their annual tribute to the season, and were marching down the hill in very pretty array, to the sound of the merry pipe, in order to celebrate their rites on the banks of a little river which ran below. My temper
of

of mind was exactly fitted for such an adventure, and I hastily joined the happy party, resolved to take a share in the sports and frolics of the day. A sweet smiling girl of seventeen, full of native beauty, offered me her hand with so much modest grace, that, tho' I was a good deal out of practice, I could not possibly refuse. We had not danced long when a groupe of ladies, from an adjacent seat, were drawn toward us by the noise of our merriment, and honoured us with their presence, bringing with them all the radiance of polished beauty, to heighten the gaiety of our simple scene. One particularly seemed to be *HEBE* herself, come down in all the bloom of youthful lustre, to preside over the revels of her own season. A cold repast was soon after, by their direction, spread for us on the grass, where we feasted with a joy not generally found at sumptuous tables, attended by sound health, gay laughter, and untaught politeness. Our sports were afterwards renewed, diversified with many interludes of rural courtship, which the genial season never fails to inspire, and it was *very* amusing to observe the various little arts of pleasing, which love suggested to the un-instructed heart, and the soft respect with which it tempered all the glowing ardors of nature. The western sky now began to declare the sun's approach, and the company were reposing on the grass in a state of pleasing languor; when we were suddenly regaled, from the hill above, with two fine French horns, which sweetly saluted the declining day, and filled all the plain with the most exquisite tenderness of harmony.

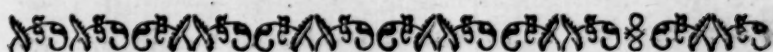
A thinking mind, surrounded with pleasures, is apt to run into reflections on their instability. This train
of

of ideas is very observable in all the descriptions of the spring which are left us by the Roman poets, and was probably the cause why the *Feralia*, or festivals of DEATH, were celebrated immediately after those of VENUS and PAN, about this very time of the year.

My spring of life, thought I, is past, for ever. My summer too is far advanced, and begins to assume the faded hue of autumn. Life alas! moves not in a circle with the seasons, but each successive moment bears us still farther from our first point, leaves light, and love, and gaiety behind, and hurries us, through the increasing shade of time, into the mysterious gloom of eternity. Am I not to look backward? I had barely a glimpse of youth, when it was passed. Before inattention allowed me to enjoy, or perceive, the day, the sun began to sink from the meridian. Yet my fancy is still fondly impressed with the idea of it's lustre; and wishes to invert it's progress. Busy Reflection tells me what good I might have done, what joys I have neglected, and slow Experience points out to me those errors, which Time forbids me to retrieve. It is vain to look back. I am carried along in the irresistible vortex of existence. The lessening objects behind seem to bid me an eternal farewell, and Pleasure, the great aim and end of Being, has eluded my grasp, and smiles at my disappointment. But am I formed for no more? Does the future afford no resource? Adieu, ye fleeting, pleasing phantoms! my course lies forward. As ye recede, new, and much brighter, objects open on my eye; and I go on with a cheerful confidence, that THE HAND which gave me Being, will crown it with an eternal SPRING.

N.

No.



No. 21. Monday, June 4, 1770.

————— *Semita certe*
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

JUV.

*✱✱✱ ORAD, surnamed AL ACBAR, or the
 ✱✱ M ✱✱ Great, son of SOLIMAN the magnificent,
 ✱✱ ✱✱ the delight of all hearts, the rose of the
 ✱✱ ✱✱ garden, the ruby of the world, the won-
 der of princes, and the conqueror of the earth, as-
 cended the throne of his father at the age of eighteen.
 Health sparkled in his eye, the flower of beauty
 bloomed on his countenance, and the vigour of
 youth shot through his veins. Undebauched by the
 effeminacy of a seraglio, his youth had been spent
 in warlike exercises, to dart the swift javelin, throw
 the spear, tame the fiery steed of *Caramania*, follow
 the swift hare up the snowy sides of *Caucasus* and
 chase the panting deer over the flowery plains of *Sa-*
marcand.

HAMET, the companion of his youthful pleasures,
 was the first to fall prostrate before the throne.
 "Accept, said he, great Caliph, the obeisance of
 "the lowest of thy slaves, thy faithful HAMET.
 "Shower down honours and riches on others, HAMET
 "only asks to live in the favour of the emperor of
 "the east, to exist but in the smiles of him, at whose
 "nod monarchs tremble, and whose majesty like
 "the sun illuminates the world." The ear of MO-
 RAD was open to flattery, he raised him from the
 L ground

ground, gave him the command of his armies, bestowed upon him immense treasures, and in the ardour of youthful affection soon made him Visir.

HAMET took pains to engage the king in pleasures of all kinds, to divert his mind from the cares of dominion. The nobles were denied access to him; the people were oppressed, yet dared not complain. whilst the emperor lay sunk in indolence and inactive in the lap of pleasure.

MORAD lay down to rest and thus he cried, "O friendship, thou balm of life, without thee even royalty is a torment. The government of the east would to me be insupportable. My faithful HAMET has alone taken the burthen on his shoulders, and with anxious care directs the helm of state, that I should be at ease and happy. In friendship alone is happiness. Happy am I that have such a friend. What is the wealth of the Indies without it! It is more worth than the gold of the *Ganges* or the diamonds of *Golconda*." He then resolved to confer new honours and more riches on his favourite and fell asleep. The Hermit of *Damascus*, the wise *Saadi*, appeared to him in a dream, and thus he spoke. "Rash and unthinking youth. Thou art not fit to govern. Know that thy faithful HAMET is a traitor. He has formed a conspiracy to dethrone thee. See him this instant with a poniard at thy breast. Awake, or live no more." He awoke, and his dream was verified. The faithless HAMET had lifted his hand to deprive his master of life. The emperor rushed on him, seized his poniard and with it stabbed him to the heart. New conspiracies were formed, as the evil government introduced by the favourite still continued.

The

The unhappy MORAD had no friend. He sunk into despair and refused his food.

MIRZA, the chief of the black eunuchs, thus addressed the emperor. "Greatest of mortals, waste not thy life in fruitless complaints. Behold the gifts which nature has lavished for thy use. Thy seraglio is filled with the fairest of women. The sweetest flowers of the universe wait thy wishes. The lively and accomplished Greek, the black-eyed Circassian, the blue-eyed Georgian and melting daughter of the Nile, all attend thy pleasure. Hear the voice of ZAIRA more sweet than the nightingale, whose eyes are brighter than the pearls of *Africa*, and whose breath is sweeter than the perfumes of *Arabia*. Hear how she sings and melts the soul to madness."

"Happy youth, favoured of Heaven, whilst the wanton spring of health pours upon you her blooming honours, let not glory seduce you with her delusive blaze to pass in troubles and perils this delicious season, the prime of life. Wisdom points out the road to pleasure. Nature beckons you to follow her in that smooth and flowery path. Will you shut your ears to their commanding voice? Will you harden your heart to their soft allurements? Oh! deluded mortal, thus to lose your youth, to throw away so invaluable a present, to trifle with so perishable a blessing!"

MORAD could no longer withstand the melody of the siren's voice, or resist the call of pleasure. He had the whole seraglio brought into his presence, his appetite was provoked with unbounded variety, and the ministers of his wishes ransacked all nature to add poignancy to his enjoyment. When

thus he cried, " For ever let me spread my limbs on
" this bed of roses ; and thus, thus for ever feel the
" delicious moments with soft and downy steps
" glide along. See, the fair *AYESHA*, with a smile
" that diffuses sun-shine on the heavens and the
" earth, presents me with delicious fruits, whilst the
" rapturous *FATIMA* pours the most fragrant oils
" on my head."

But alas ! nature was soon exhausted, the roses lost their hue, the fruit its flavour, and the beauties of the east, who had intoxicated his senses with such delight, solicited in vain his sated appetite. The richest wines were called for, the most exhilarating potions were mixed, his lamps scattered costly perfumes, and nature seemed again restored. *MORAD* exclaimed " Wine thou greatest of blessings, thou
" gift of Providence, how hast thou cheered my
" sickning soul ; thy sprightly vapours play about
" my heart ; thou hast restored to the rose its hue,
" and to the fruit its flavour. Thou hast enabled
" me again to renew the feast, with which, from too
" much enjoyment, my senses were nearly sated ;
" with thy assistance will my life pass in endless pleasure."

MORAD's constitution, tho' strong as the mountain-cedar, was soon debilitated by excess ; his cheeks, tho' blooming as the vernal rose, lost their colour ; his piercing eyes were deprived of their brightness, and a torpid numbness seized those limbs, that once could tear asunder the jaws of the lion. His mind was corroded with the agony of discontent ; his heart, which before panted with the raptures of joy, scarce animated the distempered machine, and the dark clouds of despair threw the shades of death over every object.

" HEALTH,

“ HEALTH, most desirable of all the Almighty’s
 “ gifts, with thee may I pass the remaining part of
 “ my life, nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy
 “ residence. For whatever there is of pleasure in
 “ wealth, in sovereign command, the highest summit
 “ of human enjoyment, or in the extasies of love
 “ whatever delight or solace is granted by the Deity
 “ to soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent
 “ of happiness, all those joys expand themselves and
 “ flourish, in thy presence blooms the spring of plea-
 “ sure, and without thee no man is happy.”

Thus said MORAD, pining in the bed of disease,
 and sent far and near for the sages of physick. The
 pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of *Ara-
 bia* were distilled, and the restorative powers of all
 nature were employed to add new vigour to his
 nerves, and fresh balsam to his blood. The most
 potent remedies were used, but found ineffectual,
 and the art of the physicians was baffled.

MORAD, in hopeless anguish, exclaimed against Pro-
 vidence. “ Is man then only put into this world to
 “ be the sport of superior beings? Are the pleasures
 “ of this life thrown in our way, decked out in the
 “ most enticing colours, only to lead us into pain
 “ and misery? Are our enjoyments heightened to
 “ rapture but to make that misery less supportable?
 “ I was once happy in friendship; my friend proved
 “ faithless. My seraglio was filled with the choicest
 “ beauties of the universe, but in their embraces
 “ lurked decrepitude and disease. The most delici-
 “ ous wines and reviving cordials were ready to re-
 “ new the sickening appetite, and prevent the ap-
 “ proaches of satiey; but at the bottom of the exhila-
 “ rating bowl lay death.”

He seized a dagger and had almost plunged it into his breast, when the palace shook from its foundation, and, in the midst of thunder, appeared ASHARITH, the angel of health, and these words pierced the ears of the astonished MORAD.

“ Cease, short-sighted mortal, to arraign the decrees of the Almighty. Thou complainest unjustly. Thy friend was faithless. No friendship can be lasting that is not founded in virtue. The great Author of all Things, who is Benevolence itself, has given to man the pleasures of sense to add to his happiness. To enjoy is to obey ; but the abuse of his best gifts has hurried thee into distemper and premature old age. Thou hast still many years of life allowed thee, and may’st still be happy ; but not in the excesses of sensuality or the intemperance of riot.

“ VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW.

Z.



No. 22. Thursday, June 7, 1770.

*Fungar vice Cotis*_____

HOR.

✱✱✱✱ Feel myself much in the same situation as
 ✱✱ 1 ✱✱ a person, who had, for some important
 ✱✱ ✱✱ purpose, boldly undertaken a long journey
 ✱✱✱✱ over a steep and difficult mountain,
 through an unbeaten narrow road, beset with rocks
 and brambles, and every sort of impediment, but had,
 by the dint of spirit and perseverance, got safe through
 all

all, and arrived at the top of the eminence, from whence he sees nothing but a gentle declivity, and a fine champain country before him. I design this paper therefore as a kind of breathing-place, where I may stand for a while, and look back, with a secret exultation, at what I have passed, and throw my eye forward on the pleasing prospect of my future road. My readers will, I hope, excuse me if, after having come thus far for their sakes, and being determined, on the same motive, to proceed without farther delay, I dedicate this one essay to my own indulgence, and relieve my fatigue with a little repast of egotism.

Old ISAAC BICKERSTAFF was the first that struck out this method of instructing and amusing the public. He was succeeded by the Gentleman who wrote the SPECTATOR, a very modest man, with a short face, which he inherited from his mother. This great writer had some private reasons for concealing his name; but these being now at an end, I find myself at liberty to inform the world, that he also was a BICKERSTAFF, and nephew to ISAAC. Another old fellow, his second cousin by the female line, then took up the pen, and supported the GUARDIAN, for a considerable time, with almost equal applause. But here was a full stop; and, for above half a century, this art, like some other curious ones, has seemed to be totally lost and extinct, notwithstanding several ingenious efforts to revive it.

I must now honestly confess that I should not have undertaken the task, but for one little circumstance which gave me a strong presentiment of success. This species of writing was evidently a family-gift, and, tho' I was too modest in my first paper to say any thing about it, the fact is, that I am pretty nearly allied

ed in blood to all the beforementioned persons. The case was this.

JENNY DISTAFF, who was half-sister to old Mr. BICKERSTAFF, and assisted him in his lucubrations, was married to Mr. PLUMTREE, an eminent trader, with whom she lived fifteen years, and left one daughter. This young lady, who inherited all her mother's abilities, became the wife of a gentleman of the Middle-temple, who, dying soon after, left her at the age of eighteen, a disconsolate widow, with a large fortune. Her grief on the occasion would probably have killed her, but that my grandfather, a handsome black man of six feet two inches, happened luckily to be just then in London, and was, after a solicitation of very near a fortnight, admitted to condole with her for life. They soon after came over to *Ireland*, where he being engaged in pleasures, and she in books, the fortune was soon dissipated, and very little left for me besides the spare body, long visage, and small lively eyes of the BICKERSTAFFS, together with that knack of essay-writing, which our family seem to monopolize by a patent from nature.

These instincts are really very unaccountable. I had no sooner resolved to write, than I fell into the track as naturally as a duck will swim. And yet I could not for my life teach another the art. It is a sort of handiness of the intellect, which it is impossible to communicate. Indeed we seem to have a kind of touch with the pen, as peculiar to our house, as that for curing the evil was said to be to another line. It often gives me great amusement to review the many efforts which have been made to imitate us, and observe with how much pains some sensible writers have kept
clear

clear of the very point which they wanted to hit. These attempts have however produced several valuable discourses, tho' hardly one single essay. The truth is, they have been all written *in vita Minervæ*, and want that inexplicable something, which must ever distinguish the TATLERS, SPECTATORS, GUARDIANS, and my SPECULATIONS.

Writers of all ages have been permitted to glory in having gone spiritedly out of the common path, and excelled in a kind of composition unknown to their time and country. I think I may be allowed some vanity on this head. Even our metropolis, tho' the residence of literature, has not produced a single person who could periodically entertain the public, without the aid of politics or personal satire. And I am the happier at my success, because it occurs at a crisis, when public matters seem to engross the attention of almost every one, and party papers are the favourite kind of reading. It is therefore not a little to my praise that I have gained an audience amidst the general clamor, and found such numbers who can relish a plain dish of innocent entertainment, without any of the seasoning of political acrimony. This however, I must gratefully acknowledge, reflects at least as much honour on their taste, as on my performances.

As I mean in this paper to point out every thing that can possibly enhance my own merit as an author, let me put my reader in mind of my difficulties. The scene where all writings of value in this way have appeared, has been *London*, a little world in itself, and abounding more in extraordinary incidents, and various characters than all the rest of the globe. The invention there can never be distressed, and pictures
of

of curious occurrences or amusing particularities may be freely drawn, without a possibility of guessing from whence they were taken. In this our little sphere every thing is the reverse. We are all here known to every one, and not a single feature could be stolen, without holding up the whole original to public view. Nay, I own it is with fear that I sometimes venture to draw a general portrait from the world at large, lest, from some unforeseen circumstance, it may be applied to an individual among ourselves. Besides, writing is there a kind of trade, pursued by men who have nothing else to do, and who, by associating together, and communicating mutual hints, keep alive that intellectual warmth which is necessary to a good production. I need not tell my readers how much I am deficient in the article of leisure. My interruptions will not indeed, at any time, allow me a chain of thought of two minutes long, except when I steal it from my rest. Nothing but my family-facility could bear me through ; and I can farther with great truth affirm, that I have not been assisted by any one friend, who is not engaged in the hurry of a public profession.

Yet I beg it may be observed that, tho' thus limited in subjects, straitened in invention, and confined in time, I have ventured my works into the world without the aid of any kind of decoration. The old gentleman who often visits me, and knows a good deal of mankind, has formed a notion, that nine out of ten are governed by little prejudices. ' An
' eminent name, says he, awes a reader into a resolu-
' tion to be pleased ; but one of less note inclines
' him to run over the performance with a contemp-
' tuous inattention, or encourages him to claim a
superiority

' superiority, and commence critic. Publish there-
 ' fore your speculations, as the work of some con-
 ' ceale! *Literati*, and give them some important title.
 ' Let them come out by themselves, with an air of
 ' consequence. The sure method to meet with de-
 ' ference, is to claim it. Let the eye be pleased; the
 ' paper and type of the finest kind; and above all, do
 ' not degrade your productions by a place in a com-
 ' mon News-paper. I know the world, Mr. FLYN;
 ' believe me the way to get through it is by forcing
 ' respect, and rising on the indolence of some, and the
 ' ignorance of others, by a pompous out-side, and per-
 ' severing self-sufficiency.'

This was his advice at my first setting out. I
 thanked him, but begged leave to decline it. I will
 trust, said I, to the good sense and candor of my rea-
 ders. The little arts of a writer I disclaim. No con-
 trivance of the press can give value to absurdity or
 dulness; and if my works cannot support themselves,
 I am contented they should fall. No false ornaments
 shall (if I can avoid it) load either my sentiments or
 style. I will endeavour to shun being abstruse, poeti-
 cal, or important on common subjects, and preserve
 an uniform simplicity, except where the occasion calls
 naturally on me to rise. Every reader of taste well
 knows, that a transposition or creation of words, a
 constant use of metaphor, and a profusion of epithets,
 are within the reach of any ordinary genius, and that
 it is much easier to write a RAMBLER than a SPEC-
 TATOR. Lace and embroidery are a good disguise
 for the defects of shape; but I will follow the fashion
 of my family, and, in compliment to the public, will
 take the pains to be plain. My works shall go, with-
 out any increase of price, as an amusing prelude to
 the

the news of the day, and I have no apprehension that any one will be weak enough to value them the less. Nor will I conceal my name. A discerning mind will examine into merit detached from little circumstances; it will consider, not who writes, but what is written, and set an equal value on good sense, whether it be published under the name of FLYN or of ADDISON.

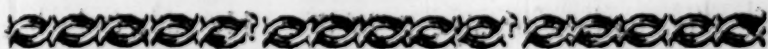
To find my confidence in my readers not ill-founded, gives me unspeakable pride, and animates me to go through any difficulties to please them. My assistants are increasing, my best materials untouched, and I feel an ardent, honest ambition, for future as well as present applause. Yet I sincerely desire to have sharers in my fame. Learning, taste, and knowledge of human nature, lie hoarded in many private repositories about me, which I wish to draw out for the general good. An entire essay is not required. The diamond's value lies in a small compass, and a single hint may be pregnant with a thousand rich deductions. From persons of genius in the country, I should expect considerable aid. Their leisure, retirement, and the scenes about them, should naturally (I imagine) dispose them to revive their early reading, indulge the fancy, and amuse a heavy hour in putting their thoughts together on some elegant or instructive subject. But, from the gentlemen of the sacred order, my hopes are particularly sanguine. Composition is to them habitual, and must consequently be easy. They know the various nature of man; that

A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies;
and so may an essay. Some of those valuable lessons which are heard but by few, and by them not always with due attention, may captivate the fancy in a new and more airy dress, and by this general conveyance diffuse

diffuse their influence through the community at large. I am convinced it is as much their desire, as their duty, to do good, and that they will therefore embrace every opportunity of effecting it, tho' not exactly in the track of their profession!

Some wag will probably say, that I have not only taken a meal, but also a nap, after my fatigue; but I promised in the beginning of this paper to be dull, and as it relates all to myself, I have a right to be so. One yawn and a stretch, and away I go forward with double spirit on the service of the public, my ever kind and affectionate masters.

W.



No. 23. Monday, June 11, 1770.

— — — Quo fit, ut omnis

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita — — —

Hox.

* * * S I was sitting the other day in my shop,
* A * meditating on the subject of a new Spe-
* * culation, a servant, on horseback, in gen-
* * teel livery, stopped at the door, with a
packet in his hand, which he said his young mistress
had ordered him to deliver to no person but myself.
I seized it with transport, and as this is but the second
favour I have been honoured with from the Ladies,
shall postpone all other matters to obey the com-
mands of the gay CLARINDA.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

You have solicited the correspondence of most ranks of people, and among the rest of the Ladies; but I don't find that more than one single female has condescended to put down her thoughts on paper, and send them to you. I am not at all surprized at it; and if you can bear that a woman should venture to find fault with your Speculations, and what is more, have the presumption to give you advice, you shall know the reason. I shall first however premise, with a very grave writer of your sex, "that women, as they have more delicate passions than men, have a more delicate taste in dress, equipage and the ornaments of life. He adds (which I give you as a hint) any excellency in these hits their taste much sooner than ours, and when you please their taste, you soon engage their affections."

Most periodical writers, since the time of the SPECTATORS, TATLERS, and GUARDIANS, have taken those esteemed writers for their model, without considering that a few years make a great alteration, not only in the external part, the customs and fashions, but in the manners of a people. To talk in our way, is it to be imagined, that a full perriwig down to the waist, a gold snuff-box, and an amber-headed cane, with stockings rolled above the knees, would now captivate the affections of even a girl at a boarding-school? And yet those, in the time of the SPECTATOR, about the year 1711, were the necessary appurtenances to the person of every man of fashion. It would be tedious to descend to particulars, but let any person pick out Mr. ADDISON's, and a few other papers from that collection, and the remainder will

will be equally unedifying and uninteresting. The TATLER was originally, like your SPECULATIONS, at the head of a news-paper, containing, amongst other particulars, a recital of the motions of the allied army and *Marlborough's* battles, and affords as little instruction and entertainment as the London Gazette of fifty years ago. The GUARDIAN indeed is much superior to the last, but is liable to the same censure of being obsolete, and I am certain Lady *Lizard's* tea table has no resemblance at present to any party in the three kingdoms. I shall set this matter in a stronger light by inclosing the occurrences of a day, as registered by my poor mother in her pocket-book, when a girl, and as a contrast to it, shall add a journal, actually taken down at my request by a young lady, who went to Cork last assizes, in order, as she said, *to improve herself by seeing the world.*

July 24th, 1736.

FIVE O'CLOCK. Get up an hour sooner than usual to distil surfeit-water. Say my prayers. Finish one of papa's new shirts. *Mem.* To send to Cork for seven pound of raisins, and the *New Whole Duty of Man.*

SIX O'CLOCK. The poor of the parish come for medicines. Give out of the store-room seven vomits, nine purges, three bottles of Grandinamma's water, and a pint of sack. *Mem.* To carry two shillings from Mamma to Dick the shoemaker's wife, who is going to lie-in.

SEVEN. Breakfast. A card from Mr. *Tomkins* to let us know he will do himself the pleasure of dining with us. The match debated the whole time of breakfast. Papa says, if he finds him a man of good morals, he'll not differ about settlement. Ordered

136 THE MODERN MONITOR; No. 23.
never to be alone with him, or give him the least encouragement, till the writings are drawn.

EIGHT. Read the Psalms and chapters of the day. Teach brother Tommy his catechism. *Mem.* Little Jeany has got as far as N in her sampler.

NINE. Clear-starch linen for the next week.

TEN. Go to see the shoemaker's wife. The family in great distress. Give them a shilling out of my own pocket.

ELEVEN. Sit down to work at the fire-screen in cross-stitch.

TWELVE. Am desired by Mamma to make a custard pudding, to shew Mr. Tomkins what I can do.

ONE. Too much brandy in the pudding. Mr. T. praises some hare of my potting. I like him very well, but must not let him know it by any means. *Mem.* The gooseberry wine almost out. Mislaid the key of the corner cupboard.

FOUR. Miss W. and her lover come to tea. Promise her our receipt for pickling cucumbers green. *Mem.* Mrs. Homely's plaister for burns, a good thing to have in the house. Syrup of garlick good for a cough.

EIGHT. Supper. My brother tells me that Mr. T. is a great rake, that Betty, the farmer's daughter, is with child by him, and that she is starving, as he refuses to give her any thing for her support. *Mem.* To send her the money I had laid up to buy a new gown, and never to see his face again.

Saturday. March, 1770.

TWO O'CLOCK. Just arrived in town. Have hardly time to put off my riding dress, huddle on my things,

things, and get into a condition to go to the milliner's, mercer's, &c. after dinner. Have no appetite.

FOUR. Send for Mr. THORNE and Mrs. WILLIAMSON. Much disappointed. THORNE sends me word that I can't have him to crepe my hair till Sunday night at 12 o'clock.

FIVE. Going out with Miss Trolly. She tells me *Coque de Perle* necklace and ear-rings are in high fashion. *Mem.* To teize my Mamma till I get them. Arrive at Fanny's. *Mém.* Fanny the first milliner in the world. Ordered immediately a cane hat lined with cherry coloured persians, with blond lace and ribbon, for walking the streets and paying morning visits. *Mem.* To bespeak two pair of white shoes with red heels and red binding. Advised to have a St. Teresa of white farfnet and blond lace, as 'tis the newest taste. Ordered it immediately. *Mem.* Blond lace ruffles with a great slope vastly genteel. Shall be uneasy till I get them.

EIGHT. Go home for fear I should miss Mr. COLBERT. He advises me, as I am a little round shouldered to have my stays made very high behind. He says 'tis quite the thing to have them so. I desired him to make them low before as it shews the bosom to great advantage.

SUNDAY. Eleven o'Clock. Did't sleep. Lie so long abed thinking of the pleasures of the week to come, that 'tis too late to go to church. Dress time enough to walk on the Mall.

ONE. Miss Trapes-it calls upon me to walk. Go to Mrs. Gadabout to engage her to matronize us at the assembly to-morrow night. Mr. ——— walked with us. An acquaintance of Miss Trapes-it. A

handsome well-made man, and improves upon acquaintance. He takes great notice of me, and tells Miss Trapes-it that I'm a prodigious fine girl. Miss Trapes-it jealous, and wants to go home, says she's tired of hobbling over the stones. I resolve to walk. She complains of a head-ach. *Mem.* To get a calash of green Persian.

SEVEN. Walk the Mall. Engross all Mr. —'s conversation.

ELEVEN. Desire Molly to wake me at two in the morning to have my hair creped. It is only to take up four hours and a quarter.

MONDAY. Two in the morning. THORNE comes. Read *The Lovers* while my head is dressing. "Our passions irresistible." A sweet book!

SEVEN. My hair finished. *Mem.* THORNE the greatest hair-dresser in the world. Only 432 black pins in it. No other could do it with less than 446.

ELEVEN. Go shopping with Mrs. Gadabout. Take the round of the milliners. Bespeak a peek-cap of blond lace with a grenadier cawl. A beautiful clouded lutestring at Brown and Ludlam's. Resolved to have it. 'Tis much genteeler than Miss Flutter's.

TWELVE. Had a glance of Mr. —. They tell me he has ruined a great many women. Charming creature! *Mem.* To dance with him to-night, if I can.

ONE. Quite fatigued with tumbling over silks. My new negligee tried on. Mrs. WILLIAMSON the most tasty mantua-maker in Europe. *Mem.* No genteel person is seen at the assembly before ten.

Pay two and twenty visits before the assembly. Mr. — engaged to dance with Miss Rantum. I wonder

wonder at his taste. She looks very ugly. Mortified. Head-ach. Go home before two.

I shall make no comment on the foregoing, but inform you that I write, at the desire of many of your subscribers, to put you in mind, that your predecessors of famous memory, with all their gravity, bestowed considerable pains, not only in reforming the manners but the dresses of both sexes; but in your twenty numbers you hav'nt any thing fashionable, but a single paper upon a French cap, that no genteel body wears at present. For shame, Mr. FLYN, pay some attention to the Ladies, or we shall be very angry in good earnest. At your first setting out I took you to be a sprightly young fellow of six and twenty, but you're grown so grave and sententious of late that I figure you to myself as starch a personage as my grandfather; and really I would as soon take up a sermon as one of your Speculations.

All that we desire is, that you would now and then devote a paper to the fashions, which will be of particular use to us who live in the country, and give us some notion of the state of dress in Cork, especially before every assizes; for we cut such awkward figures, unless we are in town a week sooner, that we are ashamed to appear in polite company. Besides the instruction this would convey, there is no person of any taste but must find more entertainment in hearing of an alteration in the flounces of a petticoat than of a change in the Ministry; of the arrival of a cargo of millinary goods from Bristol than of wheat from North-America, or of the prices of the last new silks than of Full-bounds to the country.

I hope you will take this matter into your consideration, and strike out something pretty on the subject, which

which will much oblige many of your female subscribers, and particularly

—your friend and well-wisher,

CLARINDA.

P. S. What would you think of a *Coterie* or of a Committee of Modes, or even of a Female Parliament? If such a thing should be introduced, I beg your vote and interest."

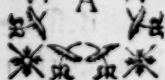
As I value the approbation of my fair readers more than can be expressed, I shall give the present state of the fashions in a future Speculation, and shall, from time to time, take notice of any considerable revolutions in them, with that care and fidelity which the importance of the subject deserves.



No. 25. Monday, June 18, 1770.

Strenua nos exercet inertia — — — HOR.

FEW days ago the following letter came
to me from the Post-office.



To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

' I am not ashamed to confess myself one of that happy class of females who have thank Heaven! escaped all connections with your sex ; by which means I have kept my fortune comfortably to myself, and preserved an excellent stock of health and spirits to the age of sixty-eight. I live just to my own liking, and go occasionally into the world, in order to be
' amused

' amused with the manifold follies of this truly fri-
 ' volous age. Most of them indeed are subjects for
 ' laughter; but there is one that puts me quite out
 ' of patience. Go where I will, every woman I
 ' meet, from little Miss up to her great-grandmother,
 ' is dressed out with her knotting-bag, and is so af-
 ' fectedly busy with her shuttle, and so important
 ' about doing nothing, that they fret me to a degree
 ' not very consistent with my health. Young, raw
 ' arms, and old withered ones are all in motion toge-
 ' ther, with so many gestures and grimaces, and turns
 ' of the head and eyes, that it is one general convul-
 ' sion through the company, as if they had got St.
 ' Vitus's dance. When a lady comes into a room,
 ' you would swear, by the great satchel on her arm,
 ' that she had brought her provisions with her.
 ' The shuttle pops out between the courses, after
 ' every sip of tea, and every deal of the cards. I
 ' could forgive chits for any nonsense, but for stayed
 ' matrons to commence children again, and bring
 ' their play-things into company, is not to be borne.
 ' I remember, not very long ago, when women were
 ' not ashamed to cut out a shirt or a smock, or make
 ' caps, or knit stockings. But these occupations
 ' are now, it seems, only fit for the *Canaille*, and mil-
 ' linary things can be had from the shop, at not
 ' above four times the price they could be made for.
 ' What, in the name of goodness, do they mean by
 ' it? Is it to pass for real industry, in an age when
 ' the very word is laughed at, and all the trash they
 ' make in the year is not worth two pence? Or is it
 ' to display their hands and arms, when nine out of
 ' ten would be better concealed? I don't believe
 ' they know themselves; but it is the fashion, and to
 ' be the fashion it can't be too foolish. You, Mr.

FLYN,

' FLYN, have, with great decorum and success, ani-
 ' madverted on their caps and shoulders. Let me
 ' request you will not let this go unnoticed, and you
 ' will oblige,

Sir, your constant Reader, and humble Servant,

TABITHA SWANSKIN.

I am much obliged to Miss *Swanskin* for her cor-
 respondence; but, on a close consideration of the sub-
 ject, I really think there is more to be said in favour
 of this fashion than she seems to imagine.

I admire it, in the first place, for it's innocent sim-
 plicity. It is pure nature, a little, and but a little,
 improved by art. We may observe that one of the
 first efforts toward action in the infant state, is that
 of tying knots on little shreds, and bits of packthread.
 These knots are, by the help of maturer reason, only
 more regularly and closely arranged, and the shuttle
 is introduced to give a facility of execution; but the
 sameness of idea, and strict unity of design are still
 preserved, and form a striking instance of true taste,
 in an age when false refinement too generally prevails.

In the next place, that it is a profitable species of
 industry, I can demonstrate from experiment. I made
 my wife, who is very expert at her shuttle, take a
 yard of thread, and sit down to knot it, chatting to
 me at the same time, so as to preserve a middle rate
 of velocity. It was finished in ten minutes, and pro-
 duced a quarter of a yard of knotting; so that, in an
 hour, one yard and a half may be easily manufac-
 tured. Now, supposing a lady, on a moderate ave-
 rage, to work 11 hours out of the 24, there will be
 a produce of sixteen yards and a half *per diem*. Out
 of the 365 days we will deduct 52 Sundays, and there
 will remain 313 effective days, which will produce no
 less

less than $5164\frac{1}{2}$ yards of knotting, which at the rate of six yards a penny, will amount to the gross sum of £3: 11s. : $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ nearly, *per annum.*

Then, to examine the *per contra*, I made her weigh out, and measure a quarter of an ounce of *Smith's* five shilling thread, which ran to 69 yards and a half, so that the pound must have contained 4448 yards. Now in order to knot this thread, it must be doubled; the $5164\frac{1}{2}$ yards of knotting finished in the year, must therefore consume 41316 yards of thread, which, according to the above proportion, will be something more than nine pounds and a quarter. The first cost of this is £2: 6s: $3d.$ which deducted from the above gross sum of £3: 11s. $8\frac{1}{2}d.$ leaves, to the fair Manufacturer, a net profit of one pound five shillings and five pence halfpenny for the work of the year, or rather, of only three thousand four hundred and forty three hours.

It has puzzled some persons to conceive, what becomes of the great quantity of this commodity which is made in this city and it's environs; For, supposing but five thousand females daily employed, which is a low calculation, there must be annually manufactured no less than twenty five million, eight hundred and twenty two thousand, five hundred yards; so that after ornamenting all the toilets, bed-quilts and curtains, and festooning those under-garments which are cruelly hidden from our sight, a vast redundancy must still be left. I am very happy to have it in my power to solve this mystery, and assure the public, that the violence of industry which is to be met with in every house, is not without it's meaning. The truth is that a society is already formed, and a warehouse preparing for the reception

reception of this manufacture; in consequence of which, a large export trade will soon be opened with *France* and the *West-India* islands, so that the balance will be turned in our favour, and every gentleman will shortly drink his rum and claret out of the industry of his wife and daughters.

But the circumstance that charms me most in the invention is it's elegance. I cannot but think that shirts and smocks are rather unfit for any woman of delicacy to handle. As to millinary matters, perhaps some trifle may be saved; but surely it is a strong proof of humanity to keep from interfering with the business of those, who have no other way to get their bread. Indeed all kinds of needle-work, like poring over books, help to doze the spirits, and ruin those fine eyes which were formed for nobler purposes. But as to knitting, I can hardly think my fair correspondent is serious. When a young Queen of *Spain* was going home after her nuptials, she passed through a little town remarkable for making stockings. A deputation from the poor people immediately waited on her, to beseech her acceptance of some of their finest manufacture; but the Duke de ALVA, who escorted her, turned them from her presence in a rage; *Know*, says he, *base peasants, that a Queen of Spain has no legs.*

All raillery aside, I can see more art in this fashion than men are generally aware of. Besides displaying the polished roundness of the arm, the whiteness of the hand, and the lustre of the diamond rings, it may be often brought to act in concert with the eyes, and give additional force to their expression. The shuttle is an easy-flowing object, to which the eye may at pleasure remove with propriety and grace, and helps

to give an air of nature to those quick transitions and subtil glances, which shoot like lightening to the heart. A look thrown gently downward on the knot, has all the bewitching effect of genuine modesty, and the very eye-lid may do execution. Sweetly rising again, attended with a smile, it pours a volley of charms on the lover; and even a pretty struggle with some little inequality in the thread, may express that alluring kind of inattention, which has no small effect on our unaccountable natures.

There is an inimitable scene of this kind in the *Egaremens de Cœur*, where the beautiful DE LURSAY, to compleat all her attractions, throws herself into the graceful attitude of knotting; under which advantage she plays off every irresistible little art of refined coquetry. The whole picture, with the awkward address of MEILCOUR, *Vous faites donc des nœuds, Madame*, is exquisitely wrought, and finished with a dangerous degree of elegance. The use of this little implement is, in short, more powerful and various than even that of the fan, so much celebrated by one of my predecessors. It takes away the air of still-life, which is apt to attend a state of formal inaction, and brings into play those innumerable little graces, which, without some degree of gentle motion, must lie totally concealed.

But I must request my fair readers to observe, that all the effects of this graceful amusement are lost by its being too constantly exhibited. PENELOPE's web was not more endless than the industry of some of our Ladies; so that, without rising in the night to undo their work, they may safely promise a disagreeable lover to be kind, *when they have finished their*

N

knotting.

knotting. An insipid sameness must ever displease, and too eager and undistinguishing a passion for every little modish invention, conveys no favourable idea of the understanding. Good sense will allow small matters no more than their value, and an innocent and engaging relaxation may, as a business, become contemptible.

I will farther venture to affirm, that it is not every woman who can knot, that is qualified to wield the shuttle. An expression of sentiment can only arise from an informed mind; and the same little movements, which are capable of displaying grace, are equally adapted to betray inanity. An improved understanding, and cultivated taste, will inspire the whole form, give a dignity to trifles, and communicate meaning even to the fingers ends. These maxims I particularly recommend to the consideration of the younger part of the sex. While they labour to enrich the curtain and the toilet, the mind ought not, surely, to remain unfurnished. They should consider, that all their future value in life depends on the due application of their present hours, and always remember, that MINERVA, who was the inventress of the shuttle, was also the goddess of WISDOM.

F.



No. 26. Thursday, June 21, 1770.

Est MODUS in rebus.

HOR.

 N obedience to the commands of my fair correspondent CLARINDA, I shall endeavour in this Speculation to pursue her idea of a FEMALE PARLIAMENT; which must be productive of the best consequences to the public

public in general, and to the polite world in particular. I am confident that none of my readers entertain the least doubt of its utility ; but to silence all cavillers, I shall mention a few circumstances, which will put the matter out of dispute.

It is well known, that violent animosities have arisen between ladies from an inattention to, or a neglect of, that capital article amongst well-bred people; *the proper times of paying and returning visits* ; and when once the female part of families are engaged in a quarrel, the male are seldom permitted to remain neuter. From this source spring numberless dissensions, jealousies and discontents, which increasing in virulence in proportion as their sphere is expanded, the relations, friends, and acquaintance on both sides take up the matter, the quarrel is carried on with endless acrimony and altercation, and the most melancholy consequences, not only duels ensue, but caps are torn, and faces are scratched with unrelenting cruelty. All this may be prevented by an act of the Female Parliament, regulating the time in which visits should be returned, if the parties mean to keep up an acquaintance, and in what circumstances a Lady may be allowed to have herself denied to another. A young Lady has often missed a good match by having an unfashionable cap on, or having her hair improperly dressed at the Assembly ; and it is equally certain, that many a Gentleman's heart hath been captivated by something inexpressible, a *je ne scai quoi*, or nameless grace ; but which in reality has been nothing more than her having put on a ribbon, of a colour properly adapted to improve the transparency of her complexion, or add life to her eyes. As this in a great measure must depend on the good taste of

the milliner, and as many defects in the shape may be remedied by the address of a good staymaker, or mantuamaker, a committee should be appointed to examine into the merits and abilities of all milliners, mantuamakers, staymakers and hairdressers, and none be employed by any person of fashion, unless they can produce a certificate, not only of the said examination, but of their being approved of, which should be properly attested by the Clerk of the house.

The Gentlemen may laugh at me, when I talk of serious consequences attending the omission of what they vainly say are of little importance ; but not only hearts, but battles, husbands and kingdoms have been lost, and the greatest revolutions in states have been brought about, by matters of the same nature. The Dutchess of Marlborough was Groom of the Stole to Queen Anne, and her principal favourite, while the Duke, her husband, was gathering laurels in the Netherlands. The Tories, who wished for peace, endeavoured in vain to destroy his interest with the Queen ; it was too powerfully supported by his Dutchess. A trifling accident brought about what they so ardently desired. The Queen and the Dutchess had given orders at the same time for a pair of new-fashioned gloves. The Dutchess, who was impatient for hers, went to the glover's, and almost by force carried off the pair that was intended for the Queen ; to which she added the imprudence of appearing in them that evening, at a ball where the Queen was expected. The moment the Queen entered the room the gloves caught her eyes, and turning about to Lady Masham, she said, that the insolence of the Dutchess was not to be endured. This Lady, who was the greatest enemy to the favourite, took

took advantage of the opportunity, and aggravated matters so much that the Dutchess was disgraced, and the Duke recalled; with him fell the Whig party, and that of the Emperor's allies and to this pair of gloves, by a series of events may be attributed, as *Voltaire* observes, the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of Great Britain.

I propose, that there should be two Houses of Parliament, an upper and a lower one. The upper to consist of married women only, who are to consult and determine on the most serious and important subjects, such as trespasses against the rules of politeness, breaches of decorum, immoralities; in short, to act as a supreme COURT of HONOUR. They are to choose for their Speaker, the woman of most good sense and elegance of taste, in the city of Cork, and its environs. It may be thought perhaps, that there would be many candidates for this honourable employment, but I venture to say there will be no opposition; for envy itself must allow, that one certain Lady would carry it, *Nem. Con.* The young unmarried Ladies, of whom the lower house is to be composed, are to determine all matters of ceremony, visits, &c. and to be supreme arbiters of the fashions. In other cases an appeal will be admitted against their judgment to the upper house, whose sentence must be final. They are to choose for their Speaker, the young Lady of the most beauty in the city or county of Cork. *Detur pulchriori.* There would be a world of candidates, and undoubtedly a great number equally deserving. In a case of this difficulty, I believe the Ladies must have recourse to the Gentlemen, who are indisputably the best judges of beauty in the other sex; but, as there would inevitably be great difference in their opinions on this occasion, it must

be left to the determination of one, who should be chosen by ballot. Happy will the *Paris* be, who is to present the golden apple.

The Assembly-room will serve exceedingly well for the purpose. The lower house, as being most numerous, to sit in the dancing room, the upper house in the card room. The ticket-room, and tea-rooms are best adapted for committees. Both houses should sit a month before the assizes, and a standing committee should meet every day in the assize week.

Under the sanction of both honourable houses, I intend publishing once a month a paper on a new plan, in the following manner.

THE
Ladies and Gentlemens GAZETTE ;
OR
POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

[Published by Authority.]

Veneris, 24 Die Augusti, 1770.

THE Upper House proceeded on "the bill for inflicting pains and penalties on Gentlemen who appear drunk at the Assembly."

Mr. — being accused by two Members of the Lower-house, of indecency in conversation, was brought to the bar of the house, in custody of the Usher of the Black Rod, when the accusation being fully proved, he was dismissed, after asking pardon on his knees.

The great cause between Mrs. —, and Mrs. —, put off 'till the Assizes.

The

The House adjourned until Friday, 10 o'clock.

The Lower-house took into consideration the length of the trains of negligees.

Ordered that Mrs. *Williamson* attend the house on Wednesday next.

Mr. *Thorne* waited in the lobby, with an account of the fashion of dressing hair last imported from Paris.

Ordered that it lie on the table for the consideration of the Members.

Mrs. *Roche* attended with the last new night-cap.

Referred to a committee of the whole house.

A motion was made and the question put, that "the bill for restraining the quantity of blonde lace and ribbon in hats," be read a second time.

It passed in the negative.

Ordered that leave be given to bring in heads of a bill for regulating the length of visits in assize-time, and that Miss —, Miss —, and Miss — do prepare and bring in the same.

A complaint was made by Miss —, against Mrs. —, a Member of the Upper-house, that Mrs. —, did not return her visit in four months, and then accused Miss — of rudeness for not being at home to her.

A conference desired with the Upper-house.

Ordered, That *William Flyn* do print the votes of this House, and that no other person do presume to print the same.

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated July 23.

"The Ladies wear their hair in a frizzed toupee, with upright buckles on the temples, without much powder. The hoops decreasing."

C O R K,

C O R K, August 26.

We hear that there will be Assemblies every night next week, and that Wednesday night will be the fullest, but Monday the genteelest company.

We have the pleasure to inform the public that the greatest part of the cargo of the *Woolpack*, Capt. *Lundy*, who put into *Toughat* in great distress, will be saved, except a Bruffel's head, and fifty yards of blond lace, that were damaged by the explosion of six dozen of bottled beer. We don't hear of any accidents happening in the storm, except that a *Doll* from the *Miss Gores*, *St. James's-street*, and the cabin boy were both washed overboard.

On Sunday last appeared on the Mall a *Peek cap* of an entire new construction. It is looked upon as vastly genteel, and occasions great speculation.

STATE OF THE FASHIONS.

The Gentlemens hats are rising behind, and falling before, in imitation of the Ladies flays, and the blazing gold loop is in high vogue. Hats before $2\frac{1}{10}$ inches; behind $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

The single buckle at each side is quite out, and 'tis confidently asserted that the three buckles will not long hold their ground. The same is reported of the roses, and the bags are increasing every day. Toupees $5\frac{3}{4}$ perpendicular.

Stays behind $16\frac{2}{3}$, before $9\frac{1}{2}$. Stomachers, three rows of plaits upwards. A single breast-knot and sleeve knots of the same silk. Rich silks with frier's knotting. Triple flounces to the sleeves, 12, 9, and 5 inches. Triple ruffs, on the outside, 18, 15, and 11 inches; inside 6, 4, and 2 inches.

On the petticoat of the negligee, a full comes all round, plaited next to the tail; six inches above that

is a flounce $\frac{1}{4}$ yard deep, only on the front; close over that is another frill as at the bottom; all of the same silk. Trains sweep $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

CASUALTIES during the Assizes.

Spoiled (by being carried in dirty hand-chairs) four negligees, two petticoats, and one milk white coat with gold buttons.

—— (By the tallow from the candles at the Assembly) three white satin gown and petticoats.

Turn (by a Gentleman's spin) a train of pompadour lutestring.

—— (By the hilt of a sword) one pair of minionet nittles.

Lost (at the Assembly) three hearts and one earring.

—— At P——'s 300 guineas, and a furtout coat.

To be buried next week (in the country) thirty-two Ladies of youth and beauty.

Rising hour, 11. Visiting ditto morning 1, evening 7 to 8; length of visits 7 minutes; dinner 4 to 5. Assembly 10; bed-time 3 morning.

Hazard — Gold, one pound—Silver, ten shillings. Loo, half a crown to a crown. Whist half a crown to a crown, and a crown the rubber. Quadrille, one shilling a fish. Piquet, one pound. Brag, no price. Back-gammon, half a crown.

C O R K: Printed by WILLIAM FLYN, Printer to the Honourable the FEMALE PARLIAMENT.



No. 27. Monday, June 25, 1770.

Sunt Lachrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt.

VIRG.

LOOK on the ADVENTURER as one of the best periodical dissertations which the ambition of following our family has brought into the world. The reasoning is generally close, the criticism just, and the morality excellent ; and, had he taken the pains to copy our simplicity, instead of the laborious affectation of the *Rambler*, he might have passed for a distant relation of our house.

I took one of his volumes yesterday evening into the fields, where, after sauntering some time, I sat down under a tree, and opened on his one hundred and tenth paper. The evening was delightful ; the landscape charming ; nature wore an universal smile of gaiety, and rising plenty covered all the country round me. My mind was filled with the softest and most affectionate ideas, and benevolence was streaming from my heart. But, on throwing my eye on the page, how great was my chagrin ! I found I was deluded, and that pride had flattered me with false ideas of myself. I saw that sympathy was but selfishness, and pity no other than concealed malignity. It is all illusion, cried I ; the spell is broken, and I have clasped to my breast a fiend, where I thought I held

held an angel! My heart sunk within me at the idea, and, for some minutes, I despised myself and all mankind.

In this state of mind I perceived my old Gentleman approaching. He sat down, and I told him my distress. I remember the paper, said he; it is very confused, but sententiously plausible, and enlivened with a well-told story. The whole is a dangerous error, adopted by that mistaken zeal, which, to promote the happiness of man takes pains to degrade his nature. But give me the book, and I will try to relieve your perplexity.

There being no method in the argument, continued he, we will take things as they occur. In the first place then, his definition of pity is not exact, *That Passion which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection*; for that passion often rises much higher than pity. There are many who could not bear to see a common execution, and many more, whom no bribe could induce to view the tortures of *Damiens*. In these cases, pure anguish, and not pity, would be felt, without any particular regard for the sufferer. His definition is therefore wrong, or he must give up his favourite position of the delight of pity.

It is not easy to define the passions which border on others, like shades of the same colour, especially where the great variance of sensibility makes the boundary a fluctuating one. Pity, therefore, may be left at large, as the sensation excited by unhappiness, at a degree of distance which can be only relatively ascertained. Beyond that point we feel nothing. On a nearer approach of the object, the passion gradually changes its nature and its name. But

But, the great point is, how far we are pleased at the misery of others, when it falls under our own immediate observation. It is in this light alone that pity can be fairly examined, for, in almost every other case, new passions will intermix, and confound the theory. Pleased with the misery of others, cried I! Excuse me, Sir. I have read the assertion, but the heart only can judge. For my own, I can answer, on the strictest scrutiny, that I never received the smallest ray of pleasure from a simple view of calamity, but where I had a hope of relieving, or felt a transient self-approving thought at finding my affections right. The operations within, replied he, are very rapid, and difficult to be traced. Many think with you, but I am convinced there is a somewhat not unpleasing, (delight is much too strong a word) which leads us to approach and attend to misery. Pity is an instinct, and they all gravitate, independently of the will, to their proper objects. There is something in calamity which grapples with the soul, and keeps it's hold in order to extort a blessing; a kind of attraction, which allures us to submit to that pain from which the relief is to arise. The mind would shrink from the sensation, were it simply painful, as the eye from the sun-beam. The begging wretch, whose ill-judging policy exposes his ulcers, illustrates this position. We avoid, and try to forget the object from disgust, as, in the other case, we should from anguish.

But what proof is this of malignity? The sensation, tho' thus modelled by our wise FORMER that it may be effectual, is still extremely painful, which prompts us to get rid of it by removing the cause. Did any man ever pity the distress which he would not joyfully

fully relieve? If this be malignity, words have no meaning. The mixture, thus urged as a charge against the passion, proves it the very reverse of selfish or malignant. We abandon not the object; we consult not our own ease; we contemplate, but to be unhappy. The pain on the whole is highly predominant, and we wish to lose it. Pity is therefore, by his own rule, an *honest commiseration*; the inconsistency, supposed in his first paragraph, falls with the truth of his position, and this passion may be, and is, the property of *gentle, virtuous, and benevolent minds*.

If pity, thus simply considered, as arising from misery immediately presented to us, wears this amiable face, no argument from objects seen through the medium of representation can have any force. The nature of every passion is to be tried only at the fountain head; if it be found pure there, any discolouring in its progress must be imputed to the streams with which it mixes. In narrative, it is hard to be so simple as not to excite a second passion. Curiosity, a very active principle, will come in for its share of pleasure. Adorn the tale with poetic flowers, introduce the great, the beautiful, and the new, all the powers of the imagination are delighted. Unite it to the drama, and every sense and faculty are at once indulged. The same not unpleasing somewhat runs through the whole, but the general pleasure results from a variety of sources. Yet pity even here asserts its character; for though, from a complicated cause, we are delighted with the picture, who would not fly with transport to relieve the distress which it represents!

But see if you understand this next attempt. *Pity being absorbed by a stronger passion proves the weakness*

ness of general Philanthropy; in other words, Our regard for man in general is weak in comparison with our feelings for a friend. There was something humiliating meant here, which, I believe, nobody will feel. Yet a more curious argument remains. *Were pity pure and social, a circumstantial detail of distress would not be necessary to excite it.* The answer is almost too obvious to be mentioned. We can feel only through our ideas, and are affected only as objects are presented to us. General terms convey but obscure and imperfect images, and the effect will necessarily be in proportion. 'A nation, says the story, was once in great distress.' Here is a proposition pregnant with manifold calamity, yet until it be farther unfolded, who can feel it? Is this peculiar to pity? Let us try another passion. 'The G and Seignior's seraglio is the finest in the world.' The greatest sensualist feels no emotion. But fix, in the first instance, on a single family, and minutely picture all the various forms of domestic misery, or, in the other case, select some fair *Circassian*, and describe, in glowing colours, her shape, complexion, her rose-bud lips, her swelling bosom and bewitching eyes, both the passions will soon prove themselves true to their duty. Where then lies the defect? In this only, that the intellect is not powerful enough to form, from an obscure general term, a vivid picture of infinite circumstances, and magically force into light an endless variety of images which were never offered to its view.

Take your book, continued he, I am tired of tracing the scattered sophistry, unworthy of such a pen. Rest assured that this passion is, in every instance, the reverse of his description. It is *social*, for society only is its object. It is *pure*, from every
the

the least taint of malignity. It is a *Virtue* of the highest class. Of *Benevolence* it is the first and most valuable article, for it rests not in mere sympathy, but impels to important action. Of all the passions it is the farthest from *selfish*, and of all seems to be the most *perfect*, for, being adapted only to misery, it is here in its full perfection. Benevolence may, as he surmises, contribute to our future felicity; but, unless the present analogy in our natures be totally destroyed, that mind can never be happy in the happiness of others; which could feel a malignant pleasure in their pain.

But to what end is this? Are mankind too affectionate, too social, too humane? Or is it the part of a friend to man, while misery calls all around us for relief, to vilify that principle from which alone it can proceed? What mind will not startle at the indulgence of malignity, endeavour to restrain its impulses, and labour to lose every tender sensation for beings, whose leading affections he believes to be selfishness, and malevolence?

Yet a friend to man has done this; a close observer of nature has endeavoured to confuse her most obvious operations; a lover of truth has tried to involve it in perplexity, and a soul full of piety has pictured the contrivance of INFINITE WISDOM, for the noblest purposes, as *an imperfection in our natures*, as a *malignant*, and consequently a diabolical, delight in the calamities of mankind.

The truth is, an unrestrained enthusiasm will run insensibly into all the paradoxes of *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*. The eye fixed intently on the Heavens becomes dazzled with the brightness, and sees the more immediate objects in colours not their own. A strange

kind of partiality is formed against man in his present state, in favour of his future, and supported by a zeal which strains every thing for its purpose. But surely the ruins of nature are not the best basis of revelation, nor is it necessary that we should be Devils here, in order to be Angels hereafter.

Fear not then, my friend, to indulge, in its amplest scope, this social, generous, virtuous Passion. Cherish it in your bosom, obey its instincts, and enjoy an honest pride in the sensation. It is no malignant Spirit that has leaped the bound; it is a Cherub sent from GOD; it is HIS OWN voice within you which prompts to sooth and alleviate that misery which, in his inscrutable wisdom, he suffers to exist, and the singular delight which HE has annexed to it, is but an earnest of INFINITE REWARD.

W.



No. 28. Thursday, June 28, 1770.

Avidis, Avidis natura parum est.

SEN. Her. Oct.

To Mr. FLYN.

SIR,

✱✱✱ HAVE three sons, DICK, TOM, and
 ✱✱ I ✱✱ GEORGE. DICK, the eldest, is the fa-
 ✱✱ ✱✱ vourite of all the world, but I can't endure
 ✱✱✱✱ him; and what is still more extraordi-
 nary, TOM, the boy after my own heart, is universally
 disliked. I shall give you the characters of both, and
 with,

with you would think a little upon the subject, that you may inform me of the reason of this contradiction, and give me your advice about the education of the youngest.

You must know, Mr. FLYN, that I have made a considerable fortune by taking lands, and began upon a very small capital. I all along intended to make a rich man of my eldest son by bringing him up to my own business; but never had a good opinion of him since I found he had a contempt for money, which I early discovered by his keeping halfpence in his waistcoat pocket. In order to break him of this trick, and to teach him to take more care of his cash, I have often whipped him; but to no purpose, except inducing him to give it to the next beggar. To let you further into the weakness of his disposition, I shall mention to you his proceedings in Cork last season. I sent him there with some Bullocks, which he sold below the market-price; his only excuse was, forsooth, that he could not bear to haggle for a few shillings, and, for want of a good look-out, he brought me a *Dublin* bill that was protested. Before I gave him up entirely, I was resolved to try him once more. As I am apt to make hard bargains, my tenants often run away with the rents, and therefore I always distrain them as soon as it becomes due. I sent Dick on this errand, but instead of doing his business, he gave the fellow a crown-out of his own pocket, because as the blockhead told me, the man was unable to pay. Upon making several experiments of this kind, I was convinced he would never come to any good, and therefore sent him to the College.

TOM is another kind of a boy, I assure you, and will be a comfort to me in my old age. There is not

any body in the county has a better hand in making a bargain, or selling a foundered horse, and for driving lands he has no fellow. He gave early proofs of his genius; for when I sent him to school to learn to read and write, which is all I think necessary, he made 50 *per cent.* of some money his mother gave him, by lending it out to his school-fellows at compound interest.

With regard to the education of my youngest son I am somewhat at a loss. His old uncle wants to make him a scholar too, but I can't bear to think of it. I know a Gentleman, of great learning, who has had the best education Europe could afford, and yet has no notion of making money, and will never be a rich man; whereas, there's my neighbour *Gripeall*, without any kind of talent in the world, has made a considerable fortune, and has purchased all the lands around him. Your fine scholars, with all their capacity and learning, are obliged to borrow money from those they despise, and in the end be slaves to persons who are their inferiors in sense and understanding.

For my part I am convinced, that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of life, and that people who have made the greatest figure in the world are those who have best consulted that prevailing principle in human nature, self-preservation.

I beg your answer, and am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JONATHAN RACKRENT.

To Mr. RACKRENT.

SIR,

I think very little consideration is necessary to give you an answer. If you have a mind to make your son

son GEORGE, a rich man, bring him up to your own business. If you chuse to make him esteemed and beloved, you must take some other method.

I am, S I R,

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM FLYN.

The character of a country Gentleman who understands the station in which Providence has placed him, is a truly estimable one. He is a father to his tenants, and a patron to his neighbours, and is more a superior to those of lower fortune by his benevolence than by his possessions. His life is spent in good offices, as a companion, an advocate, a referee, a mediator, and a friend. His knowledge and advice are a protection to the simplicity of those of an inferior capacity, and the entertainment and happiness of his equals.

From Mr. RACKRENT'S letter, we may form an idea of the opposite character to that I have been describing, as well as of the usual method of educating the younger sons of country Gentlemen, and of the miserable situation of the poorer natives of this island. A rich man, the little tyrant of a little village, takes every farm he can hear of, and lets it out to a great number of poor tenants at an exorbitant rent, which is collected, as soon as it becomes due, with unrelenting rigour, attended with the most aggravating circumstances of rapacity and oppression.

In that savage country, *Po'and*, upon non-payment of rent, the Barons, or landlords, seize the wives and children of their tenants, and sell them to Jews, who attend half yearly for that purpose. The Jews sell them to the Turks in the slave-market at *Constantinople*.

people This slavery has more terror in the name, than in reality. They are treated, particularly by the better kind of Turks, with the greatest indulgence. They are put to no great hardships, are well clothed and fed, and often obtain their liberty after a few years servitude. At any rate their situation is to be preferred to that of the peasants in this unhappy country, who, after having long-laboured with unremitting assiduity for years together, can barely procure a wretched subsistence, exposed to the insults of power or the iron hand of despotism. To this circumstance is owing, in a great measure, the poverty of Ireland, and that barbarism which still continues to the disgrace of all good governments.

The source of this and many other evils to the state is, that basest of all vices, avarice, or the unbounded desire of acquiring riches without either inclination or capacity to enjoy them. When once this has taken possession of the soul, it corrupts the spring of all our virtues, benevolence of disposition, and extinguishes that feeling for the woes of others, given us for the best purposes, which is the foundation of all the duties we owe to society. Can the wretch whose heart is steeled by education and practice against the tender sensations of humanity, be a good father, a good husband or a friend? The latter part of his life finishes the scene; where instead of filial fondness, which should alleviate the infirmities of age, and nourish the sickening flame of expiring nature, he finds himself destitute of all comfort, and hears his heir, from the very principles which he had so assiduously taught him in his early years, curse the old fellow for living so long, and wish for his death with all the ardour of youthful expectation.

Walking

Walking after riches pineth away the body, and the care thereof driveth away sleep.

The poor laboureth in living poorly, and when he leaveth off, he is still poor.

Many are destroyed by reason of gold, and have found their destruction before them.

It is a stumbling block to them that sacrifice unto it, and every fool is taken therewith.

Blessed is the rich who is found without blemish, and hath not gone after gold, nor hoped in money and treasures.

Who is he, and we will commend him? For wonderful things hath he done among his people.

Who hath been tried thereby, and found perfect? Let him be an example of glory who might offend, and hath not offended, or do evil and hath not done it.

Q



No. 29, Monday, July 2, 1770.

*Speculare tibi videtur: Et sane bene,
Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.
Sed diligenter intueri has nœnias;
Quantam sub illis utilitatem reperiēs?*

PHÆD.

THE following incident may at first sight appear to have a little of the marvellous in it; but as I look on my veracity to be firmly established in the opinions of my readers, I shall, without any apprehension, proceed to relate it.

My

My close application to literature having some time ago produced an obstruction in my liver, I was ordered by my physician to go under a regimen of exercise, as well as medicine, and riding was particularly recommended. In consequence of this, I looked out for a horse, and, after some search, met with one at a Livery-stable which pleased me extremely. He was a fine black, well marked, about fifteen hands high, and seemed to be both light and strong. But the circumstance which struck me most was, that he had more good sense in his face than any horse I ever saw, and his eye was particularly candid, ingenuous, and benign. The owner honestly confessed that he was hurt in his wind, a little tender in his feet, and that as to age, he believed he could not be less than twenty. But I was so prejudiced in his favour that these were no objections, and I took him home, with great pleasure, at the price of seven guineas.

Though I have no skill in horse-flesh, it is plain that I have in physiognomy. Never was a better creature, a more agreeable companion, nor, I am convinced, a more sincere friend. We went out together, not as master and servant, but on a footing of the most perfect equality ; and, though I was uppermost, yet, if I could have done it with the same ease, I would willingly have carried him. I never rode with either switch or spur, lest, from the habitual tyranny of man, I might inadvertently offer him a violence. He always chose his own road, went in the gait he liked best, stopped to graze as long as he had a mind, and turned homeward when he was tired. At every little ascent I alighted to favour his wind, and when he fell, which he always did when he stumbled, I soothed away the concern which his honest eye expressed as an apology for his feet.

Such

'Such was our happy intercourse for fifteen months; but this morning, going to see him fed, I found the worthy animal stretched and lifeless, and, under his off fore leg, the following letter—Which I must get my foreman to transcribe, for I cannot go on.

My DEAREST MASTER.

Before we part for ever, let me thank you for all your kindness, and, as the only requital I can make, leave you a few of the principal incidents of my life, from which you may draw something to amuse the public.

The county of *Clare* gave me birth about two and twenty years ago. My three first years are not worth recording. In my fourth I was purchased at a fair, with several others, by a Gentleman's steward, and carried about forty miles off. The day after our arrival, my happy master, surrounded with a divan of country connoisseurs, had us led out, and assorting us according to our several endowments, destined me for the chace, and ordered me into the best pasture. His joy on this important event knew no bounds; he exulted in his felicity, and, after over-paying his agent only forty *per cent*, got drunk with his companions to crown the auspicious day.

This Gentleman, being born to five hundred pounds a year, and consequently under no necessity of a profession, had been systematically educated on the plan which had been annexed as a royalty to the estate for many generations. The good effects of it indeed were very evident, for he was much happier than wiser men. His health and spirits were invincible; his laughter sincere and frequent; he eat and drank liberally, slept soundly, thought little, and felt less. I

was

was his prime delight, and when he could not be on my back, he was always in the stable meditating future raptures, or celebrating my praises over his cups. In a short time indeed I felt the same instinct with himself, and found my spirits rise mechanically at the cry of the hounds. But, on one fatal St. Stephen's day, after exerting every sinew under him, during a mad unmeaning chace of seven hours, without either seeing fox or dogs, my sides being laid open by the spur, and covered with blood, I fainted and fell under him. For this offence I was condemned as carrion; but his daughter begged me for herself, to which, after he found he had broken my wind, he at length assented.

I now got under a lovely pair of legs, and was stroked by the whitest hand in the world. My mistress was about eighteen, very handsome, and very ignorant. Indeed the use of letters did not seem ever to have reached this mansion, for, as I understood, there was nothing legible in the house, but a sheet almanack over the chimney, and half a volume of novels belonging to the upper maid. My poor young Lady paid dearly for this deficiency. By the art of this hussy she was inveigled to go off with a valet, and I was made the unwilling instrument of conveying her to his arms. Penitence and poverty soon ensued; but my master, with true parental affection, compleated, by his firmness, the ruin which her folly had begun, and left his favourite child to starve.

I was now a second time in his hands, when the young Squire came home, who, having got 1500l. a year, by a distant relation, had gone to *Dublin* for a month to see the world. I happened to please him, and

and the old Gentleman, who, though strictly honest in every other dealing, was a Latitudinarian as to horse-flesh, dropped my imperfections, and took in his son for sixty guineas.

The composition of my young master was buckism engrafted on folly. Taste, honour, and gallantry were his favourite subjects. His excessive finery proved the first; the second could not be doubted, for he quarrelled in every company; and his love for the Ladies was evident from his debauching, or (which pleased him just as well) being thought to debauch all the cabbin-girls in the country. I have been fastened to a door, in my rich furniture, for twelve hours together, to display his conquests. Nor was the bottle or the dice-box excluded from his system; so that in about three years I was released from a painful service by the purchaser of his estate, and my young Gentleman retired, friendless and unpitied, to obscurity, there to associate, for the remainder of his life, with contempt, poverty, and disease.

My health had suffered so much by ill usage, that my new owner soon parted with me to one of the people called Quakers, in whose kind hands I soon began to recover. My pasture was excellent; neither my hay nor oats were embezzled; I was well worked, but never hardshipped, and, by cleanliness and care, I soon became as sleek as my master's beaver. Indeed every thing about him seemed to thrive. Habitual attention, quiet domestic discipline, and rational œconomy made every hour chearful and serene. But a price, far above my value, tempted him at last to part with me, and with much regret I left a service where there was plenty without waste, neatness without finery, and happiness without show.

My new purchaser was a citizen of *Dublin*, who having arrived by industry at three thousand pounds more than he ever had expected, resolved to commence a man of fashion. I was put to his new post-chaise, and matters went merrily for about two years, when an unlucky execution laid hold of me and all the other cattle, the country-house, and my Lady's diamond ear-rings.

This revolution threw me into the hands of a Gentleman, who, from having nothing to do but to think, was become an hypochondriac of the first class. For twenty times that I was saddled, I was not mounted once. He would look at the sky near half an hour, with one foot in the stirrup, prefiging the weather ; then order me to the stable, and, before I could take two bites, I was led out again. A gleam of sun-shine broke out ; the furtout was thrown aside. The ray disappeared ; it was called for again. Three drops of a summer mist dispersed the whole scheme ; he returned to his chagrin, and I to my hay.

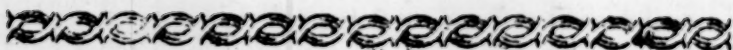
But my greatest misfortune was my master's excessive care. Health was his only study, and from the analogy between his *Viscera* and mine, he governed me by his own theory. Grass was too laxative ; hay was a *Caput mortuum*, and oats infarcient. A compound diet was therefore ordered, of chopped clover strewed with rhubarb, balls of rice, oatmeal, powdered hartshorn, and salep, made up in treacle, with a carminative addition of pepper, aniseeds, and grated ginger. This regimen not agreeing with me, phlebotomy was directed once a week, sharp cathartics every second day, and three constant rowels, to draw off the peccant humours. But the worst of all was an emetic, which, being his own favourite remedy,

was given to me daily, and, not operating in the way he wished, threw me into violent agonies. I heard the groom say that my apothecary's bill for a year came to seventy-six pounds. But I soon became an emblem of mortality too strong for my master's imagination to bear, and he gave me away to a travelling pedlar. Here I lost a good-natured man, possessed of sense and virtue, yet useless to society, and unhappy in himself, from the want of those interesting pursuits, without which nature will ever prey upon itself, and her best purposes be defeated.

But I find myself going—My story would fill a volume—So various have been my miseries, as the slave of man, that they would hurt your philanthropy. My pangs increase—My immaterial part (for such, be assured, I have) is tearing from the strong hold of matter—Ah! Think, my dearest master, of this hour! You cannot fly it; every moment hurries you upon it. Before you close the sentence which now employs your eye, you may drop into eternity. If even to me, intrusted with no duties, incapable of guilt, and exempt from punishment, this crisis be so dreadful, what horror must attend on time mispent, on faculties abused, and even revelation disregarded! On the present depends your all, and the moments with which you are still indulged, are to fix the fate of your endless being. Even the anguish of dissolution will be soothed by VIRTUE, and RELIGION will irradiate the death-bed gloom—Farewell—May you be eternally happy! is the dying wish of your

ROZINANTE.

Y.



No. 30. Thursday, July 5, 1770.

Acc veniam antiquis, sed honorem & premia posci.

HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

✱✱✱ TAKE up the pen in defence of my sex
✱✱✱ in general, and the young Ladies of this
✱✱✱ I city in particular, upon whom you and
✱✱✱ your said correspondent, CLARINDA, have
been unreasonably severe; and though, it may appear
Quixotism in a woman, to attack such formidable
writers, yet, unassisted as I am with the poignancy
of expression, brilliancy of stile, and rotundity of pe-
riod, which adorn your Speculations, I flatter my-
self, that your censures of our sex, like the flowery
fields of enchantment, will vanish at the first gleam
from the mirror of truth.

The general charge, which runs through your Spec-
ulations, seems to be this. *That the young Ladies of
the present age spend their time in frivolous amusements;
pursue the changes of the fashions, be they ever so ridi-
culous, and take more pains in adorning their persons
than improving their minds; in short, that from the
faults of their education, and the practice of their lives,
they are not so amiable whilst unmarried, nor are they
so well calculated for good wives and mothers, as they
were forty years ago.*

Before I descend to particulars, you must allow,
that the times in general, or to speak more correctly,
the manners of all classes of people, from the highest

to the lowest in the three kingdoms, if not in every part of Europe, have suffered very considerable changes within a few years. To what this revolution is owing in other countries is not my business to enquire; but I think the causes of it, as far as relates to this city, may be reduced to the following; a greater intercourse with the more polished parts of the world, and, a less confined, and freer way of thinking in consequence: but above all, a more extensive commerce, increase of riches, and its natural concomitant, luxury.

The excursions of the Gentlemen of this city to the capitals of *London* and *Dublin*, are much more frequent than in former days, when, I am well assured, on an intended expedition to the nearest of those cities, after preparations had been making for months before hand, the poor traveller with streaming eyes took, perhaps an eternal, leave of his disconsolate parents, and the parting scene was attended with as lamentable circumstances, as if he was to make a voyage to the remotest Indies. The Gentlemen, on their return from their tour, during which they have no doubt passed through a great deal of good company, have been delighted with the elegance of dining rooms, astonished at the richness of beaufets, and amazed at the magnificence of repasts, will certainly endeavour to introduce as many of those elegancies as possible. Hence the variety and taste of the furniture in the houses of our people of fashion, of which our ancestors had no idea; and hence, instead of the stuffed round of beef or the smoaking sirloin, either of which was formerly considered as a sufficient dinner for a dozen persons, we have thirteen dishes, complete courses, removes and deserts; and instead of home-

brewed ale imbrowned with nutmeg and toast, and handed about in heavy family tankards, which was the only beverage of our ancestors, we have the different wines of *Europe*, and the most delicious liquors, to enliven the wit, provoke the appetite, and fortify the digestion.

Further, if it be considered that the commerce of this city and the riches of individuals have increased to a great degree within a very few years, and that when a man finds his income so considerable, that after providing for the necessities of life, he has money still to spare, he will undoubtedly employ that abundance in procuring the superfluities, or if you will, the luxuries. If to this be added vanity, which so forcibly induces every person to aspire at equalling, if not surpassing his neighbour, you will soon discover the causes, which operate so powerfully in changing the manners of both sexes.

In order to support with propriety this more elegant manner of living, a greater number of servants are necessary than in old times, and a good cook is indispensable. From this very circumstance, a young Lady will hardly put herself to the trouble of making pies and puddings; nor will she think it essential that she should preside in the pantry, or superintend the operations of the kitchen. The same may be said of making shirts and shifts, which branch of housewifery is generally better performed by the upper maid servants; and as to caps and other millinery goods, there is but a trifle saved in making them at home, and they must certainly be executed in more taste by persons who make it their profession. As to the great affair of washing and starching linens, which your correspondent CLARINDA mentions, the very idea is
ridiculous;

ridiculous ; and you must confess, Mr. FLYN, that a young Lady of any fashion would not wish to be seen, by her admirer, immersed in soap-suds, as was formerly the case ; nor would she think of displaying the elegance of her figure in the graceful attitude of smoothing, or ostentatiously exhibit the polished whiteness of a beautiful arm in the delicate act of spreading a plaister for corns.

This leads me to the usual employment of our ancestors, the making cordial waters, and quacking the poor of the parish. For my part, I think it a very idle way of spending time. It has the appearance indeed of being very busy, and of possessing a great fund of charity, but it often does more harm than good ; and if a cordial be necessary, wine is a better one than ever distilled from the alembic of my grandmother.

As to the improvement of the mind, I don't find that in former days the reading of the Ladies ever extended beyond the *Pi'grim's Progress*, or the *Housewife's Companion*, the *Practice of Piety*, or *Court Cookery*. At present the female world abounds in readers, and seems fond of instruction. The Gentlemen, to do them justice, have taken great pains to supply us with a number of writings, composed in a manner best suited to our capacities, to convey information and delight, and as is mentioned in the title page of every one of them, ' to support the cause of religion and virtue.'

It must be allowed by every person of candour, that the education of the young ladies of antiquity was exceedingly well adapted to make them good upper servants and housekeepers, but by no means to form the

the woman of fashion or agreeable companion; both of which the Gentlemen of the present age look upon as necessary, and with good reason expect in a wife, and would be equally disgusted at seeing an inelegant figure at the head of their table, or wanting at home the sweets of social converse, upon their return from the boisterous mirth of bucks at a tavern.

From our improvements in polite life, and in consequence, a less confined way of thinking, there is a much more familiar intercourse between the sexes than formerly, when, as your correspondent mentions, a young Lady never was trusted in company with a Gentleman, except there were a dozen persons in the room. In the present mode of unreserved familiarity, a Gentleman has a much better opportunity of studying and knowing the temper and disposition of the person he intends for his wife; and if she turns out after marriage a different woman from what he had thought her before, it was his own fault; he was perhaps in too great a hurry, or did not sufficiently consider that agreeable giddiness or engaging levity may arise from folly, and that lively wit and satirical repartee may degenerate into ill humour and domestic altercation.

If this unlimited communication has been of use to one sex in the article of matrimony, it has been of no less service to the other; for to this only can be attributed the infrequency of those romantic expeditions, scaling walls and getting out at windows in search of a husband, which was so usual amongst the girls of former times. At present, the affair is carried on in a quite different manner. The young Lady prudently suffers her parents to provide one for her, trusts more to their discretion and experience than to her own feelings, and wisely prefers the permanent pleasures

pleasures of a splendid fortune, and a large jointure at her husband's death (if that melancholy event should happen) to the extravagancies of that capricious passion love, which, she is told, must always end in mutual disgust and indifference.

You have a whole Speculation against knotting. Give me leave to say something in its favour. Few persons know how to dispose of their hands, and if they are laid one over the other in an aukward manner, it gives an air of stiffness to the whole figure, and puts one in mind of the personages in old family pictures, dressed out in conical hats, ruffs and furbelows. This at least is prevented by knotting, which takes away that formality so destructive of all grace. I wish you would contrive some amusement of the same kind for the Gentlemen, who are equally at a loss in this particular.

You lay great stress on the article of fashions, tho' you yourselves are the vainest creatures alive, and are as anxious about the cock of a hat or cut of a sleeve, as we can possibly be about the slope of a ruff or the flounce of a petticoat. We are just as you make us; and as we are fond of admiration, we wish to please you, which we do most effectually by imitating your very imperfections. Mend yourselves first, and our manners will infallibly improve. Make us sensible of our dignity by paying more regard to the accomplishments of the mind than the beauty of the person, by choosing a companion for life sooner for her good qualities than her fortune, and you will find that the race of flirts and coquettes will gradually be extinguished, and in their stead *Cork* may boast of producing the most amiable daughters, the most affectionate wives, and the most provident mothers of any city in *Europe*.

Z.

FLAVIA.

No.



No. 31.

Monday, July 9, 1770.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.

V I R G.

✱ ✱ ✱ FEAR I have inadvertently brought my-
 ✱ I ✱ self into a scrape. It is as dangerous
 ✱ ✱ ✱ to interfere between the sexes in general as
 ✱ ✱ ✱ between man and wife. But I must re-
 quest my fair correspondent not to include me in her
 displeasure. I have acted no part in this affair, but
 that of a mere publisher, and do seriously assure her
 that I insert her valuable, elegant and spirited epistle
 with more real pleasure than any male composition
 ever afforded me.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

I am a woman who, tho' otherwise happy, am
 severely hurt by the manner in which my sex is treated
 by yours. I have a kind of partial benevolence for
 them which is my torment. I feel not, Sir, your ri-
 diculing of our fashions, our knotting, or those trifling
 foibles which are inseparable from the course of life
 to which we are unnaturally confined, but the attacks,
 the cowardly attacks, which are made upon us in the
 more material articles of character, from a suppositi-
 on of our inability to defend ourselves in public.

Possessed with a strong sense of these injuries,
 you must not expect me to be calm; yet I hope you
 will not find me, like your male friends, either uncan-
 did

did or unjust. You may suppose me as you please, either maid, wife, or widow. If the first, to be sure I am an old neglected one, and consequently satirical and morose; if honoured with the degree of matron, I am certainly a termagant, and heaven help my husband! And if a widow, some young fellow has undoubtedly jilted me, and I hate the whole sex for his sake—Surmise, Sir, what you will. It is enough that I am a woman, and that I draw the pen for the honour of my sisters, not for any private wrongs of my own.

You have, Sir, two very insolent correspondents, Mr. Y. and Mr. F. The first begins with us in your twelfth paper, and Mr. F. plays into his hand in your fifteenth, under the mask of an old fellow of sixty five, which, if taken off, would, I dare swear, shew him to be not above half that age, if I may judge by the warmth of his colouring. Mr. Y. sets out very smoothly, and pretends that our manners have been much injured by our perusal of certain moral writers, or, in other words, he meanly wishes to deter us from such a course of reading, as is fitted to improve that reason which is given to us from above, given us, yes, I will say it with steadiness, in at least as ample a degree as to those who have assumed the government of the world. Here he speaks the narrow wish of the whole confederated sex; conscious the yare, that nothing but our perverted education could support their boast of superiority, and that with the same advantages of instruction which are so often wasted upon those invincible brains that, merely from being covered with a wig, assume the claim of rationality, we should shame them in every department of science,

and

and not leave even their sophistry or assurance a pretence for taking any other part in the creation than that subordinate one, to which their superior bodily strength is evidently adapted.

Need I prove this assertion? I call upon the observing parent to vouch for the early dawn of reason, the kindly opening of the intellect, the powers of apprehension, memory, and distinction, which the female child exhibits to a degree that does honour to its nature, before the wicked policy of education stifles all its vigorous efforts, and not only denies it the due assistance, but, what is infinitely worse, diverts its energy on the most wretched trifles, and fills it with a love for gewgaws, as if they were the purpose of its creation.—I call upon the un-instructed of both sexes to stand forth, and shew the woman's superiority; I call upon those females whose active minds have forced through the cloud, and shined among the foremost, in history, poetry, criticism, and philosophy—And for the art of government, CATHERINE of RUSSIA, I invoke you, and, above all, thy mighty shade ELIZABETH!—This was a woman; shew me such a man! No wonder these sultans of the world should tremble, and with true Turkish policy and humanity put out the eyes of their competitors for the throne of reason.

But Mr. Y. is apprehensive that by reading we may be argued out of some of those pretty accomplishments so necessary to the happiness of the men; or, in other words, that we may come to a knowledge of our own powers, assert our dignity, and assume a character somewhat higher than that of beings formed for foolery and dalliance. The Gentleman indeed is kind enough to allow that we have a strong natu-

ral propensity to refinement, elegance, and love. I fear, for our curse, that this assertion is too true. Heaven help us! where, as the world goes, can this propensity be gratified! Surely not by a sex who, when they mean to be refined, always pay us the involuntary compliment of becoming effeminate, whose elegance is always foppery, and who, instead of love (O shame to prostitute the word!) value themselves, with much animal importance, on a gross, capricious, selfish passion, totally devoid of sentiment, and a stranger to constancy, friendship and affection!

But we are told that the men would be all we could wish, if we would but borrow a little from the loose ones of our sex, and that they (good creatures!) love not vice, but only seek for happiness—Mr. Y. thy argument is as false as, I fear, thy heart is sensual—I deny your assertion, and I appeal to facts, whether we do not see many instances of the greatest elegance of person, and exact attention to the ornaments of dress, thrown away on the dullest insensibility, nay postponed and neglected, to skulk in corners in the embraces of ugliness, dirt and disease—and for a noble reason, well worthy of a man, because the first was united to virtue and good sense in the person of a wife, and the other recommended by one single charm 'tis true, but that an irresistible one, the charm of vice, whose characteristic it is to quit a heavenly banquet, and *prey on garbage*. Nor is it merely by dress and tenderness that these lordly creatures are governed, for *The ungenerous dominion of the shrew* is often very effectual, provided it be joined with the charm aforesaid; nay I have heard of many instances where the *bastinado* has been very successfully applied, and very gracefully

crouched to. These are the beings for whom we should wear the *Cestus*, for whose amusement every hour of our lives should be employed, and our reason left uncultivated. This is the creature who calls upon all God's works to view him, to examine, to explore, consider, and study him as their standard of perfection! Were such hearts to be opened, I fear *Pandora's* box would be the lesser evil.

This Gentleman, who really seems to lament that custom does not admit us to a personal observation of the scenes of vice, requests us, with great delicacy, to supply the place by raising our imaginations to the subject. But his emotions are of such a kind, and he is so violently entranced, that I will neither follow him, nor look longer at this paragraph lest I lose my temper—Pride and ambition I allow him we have, both given us for the noblest purposes, to raise and animate our conduct to pursuits worthy of rational beings, and to court, above all applause, even the *unerring* applause of MAN, that of the monitor within our own bosoms. My pride is that I am a woman and can do this; my ambition, that I may ever be able to do so.

How candid, wise, honest, delicate, and consistent are the Lords of the Creation! They breed us up in ignorance, and then make it their favourite subject of ridicule; if, in spite of all their endeavours, any ray of genius break out, then all the wretched sensations of that most despicable passion, envy, are raised, and they labour to expose the reverse of that folly which they laughed at before. They themselves are oracles of wisdom; one would imagine that to such, good sense would be very pleasing. No—to captivate WISDOM, we must dress, and paint, and patch, and lisp, and giggle, and amble—We must smile, and we must frown,

frown, and the less reason for either, the more a tractive it will be to WISDOM. Even the finest faces among us if they have any meaning but a certain one, are denied to have beauty. Our very imperfections have a pleasing prettiness in them, because they keep us still farther from the dreaded equality, and the fillier, the emptier, the more childish, the more truly ridiculous we are, the greater favourites we are of WISDOM, and the greater is our ascendancy over it. Our principles too must be strictly delicate, or, by the book of custom, established by their authority, infamy and the severest penalties attend us; yet we are told in the same breath, that there is a cursed insipidity in virtue, and that we ought always to make the adepts in vice our models of behaviour, if we mean to delight the delicacy of these worthy legislators.

I dont know, Mr. FLYN, whether I am exceeding the bounds of your paper, or not. You know it is not easy to stop a woman's pen any more than her tongue. My ideas are very far from being exhausted, for ten thousand things crowd upon me for utterance, as various and as variable as the tempers of those who are my subject. I am quite aware with what a scornful, yet jealous eye, a female production will be read. At the first glance there will be a shrug and a half look of pity; then it will be pronounced not to be raillery but railing, trifling, low, unconnected, rambling, flimsy stile, no method, no *Louth* in it; nay, the blunders of you or your workmen will be charged against my orthography. Quite easy am I at all this, and comforted by one reflection that every man who reads it (if he understands it) will be galled, for it is TRUTH. Though the Lion in the fable had not been taught to draw pictures, yet he could growl, and had the means,

when provoked, to convince the man of his natural superiority.

Adieu, Sir, for the present, you shall probably hear from me again.

Your's

THALESTRIS.



No. 32. Thursday, July 12, 1770.

————— *Absentem qui rodit amicum ;*
Qui non descendit, alio culpante ; s'utos
Qui captat risus hominum. famamque dicacis ;
Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
Qui nequit : hic niger est ; —————

HOR.

MAKING a walk the other evening up the river-side, I came suddenly on two young men who were dressing themselves after swimming, and were in very loud and earnest discourse. One of them seemed to be extremely agitated, and had distress strongly painted on as ingenuous a countenance as I ever saw. 'What, cried he, 'and are we then lost to each other? Is the friendship of seventeen years destroyed by an absence of a few months? But I desire to hold no friend against his will—Part we must—Yet, for the sake of what is past, I beseech you this once to act as a man ; alledge some fact, some colour of a fact, that I may have the pleasure of doing myself justice before we separate for ever—You cannot—Your mind has been.

'been poisoned almost insensibly to yourself, and the
'curled detraactive loquacity of your new associate,
'whom I never offended has undone me.'—The
reply died away on my ear, and I could only perceive,
by the sounds, a submissive concession of an inability
to answer the demand, joined to a fixed unfeeling
tenacity of opinion. I found, in short, that a worthy
man had lost the friend whom he tenderly loved,
merely from being depreciated, without being accused,
and that his happiness had been gradually undermined
by a constant re-iteration of little calumnies, which
collectively could not form a single proposition against
his merit.

Turning homeward on this incident, I fell into a
train of very uneasy reflection on this unhappy propen-
sity of mankind. So warm is my love for human
nature, that it severely hurts me to meet with any
thing that seems to degrade it, and I therefore always
endeavour to deduce its most unfavourable symptoms
from some principle originally amiable, though per-
verted and disguised by frailty or passion. A mind
possessed with this kind of benevolent enthusiasm will
be generally pretty successful, and be able to trace
most of the faults, perhaps the crimes, of society,
to the same sources from which the most valuable ac-
tions take their rise. My thoughts on this occasion
took their usual turn, and I began to exert my best
skill in moral heraldry to find out an honourable ge-
nealogy for DETRACTION.

By this I mean not only the passion for unprovokedly
hurling, but even of lessening, one man in the opinion
of another; of turning every little shade of character
into a blemish; of swelling with a cruel zeal every
pigny foible into a gigantic fault, giving the worst

possible construction to every doubtful appearance, and inventing, with a malevolent facility, an unfavourable motive, however distant and improbable, for the most meritorious actions; of canvassing with delight the petty casual frailties of acknowledged merit, and sneering at those little peculiarities which more frequently attend on active virtue than on worthless reserve. Nor do I exclude from this idea that disposition which encourages calumny by being passive, and feeds malignity with assenting looks, or acquiescent silence.

As it prevails most where no other occupations employ the mind, I looked for it as a vitiated excrecence of the love of action, to which nature so strongly inclines, as to produce in the childish state of life unnumbered instances of cruelty and mischief. But here I found an essential failure in the analogy, for ignorance of the effects cannot be pleaded by adult malevolence. I searched for it in the indolence of pride, which, contented with comparative excellence, would maintain its superiority by depressing others, and, without the labour of rising, enjoy the ruins of competition. Yet we see that those who have entirely renounced fair fame, and set the opinions of the world at defiance, are eminently eager to tear from others the jewel which they themselves despise. It cannot be envy, for even the wretched do not escape it. For the honour of man, I wish the rarity of this vice would allow us to resolve it into a *Lusus Naturæ*, or one of those anomalous growths which no theory can account for. But it is unhappily as general as it is dishonourable to our nature, and if any thing could bring me to believe the existence of pure malevolence, it is this single vile propensity.

It

It must amaze any observing man who mixes in the world to see how much time and pains are bestowed on the mutual communication of little censures on the absent; with what a chearful alacrity memory and invention lend their aid, and with how fluent an eloquence the tongue, as if inspired by the theme, performs its part. Snail alas! is the share bestowed on praise! How rarely occurs the attempt, how coldly seconded, how faintly pursued, how soon abandoned!

Yet the strength of this impulse is still more astonishingly conspicuous in the private intercourse of life, where we daily meet a base incontinence of tongue which breaks through the restraints of interest as well as the ties of morality; which hurries men to betray the foibles of a friend to a person whom they despise, to ridicule the little frailties of a benefactor, depending on the secrecy of a common acquaintance, and hazard, for this single gratification, the resentment of a man whose good will is essentially necessary to their welfare.

On minds capable of gross commissions of this crime, remonstrance and argument would probably be lost. But there is an inferior species of it more frequent, and, on the whole, more destructive to society; I mean that habitual obloquy which seldom meets a harsher appellation than that of gossiping, but goes more commonly under the name of conversation. This requires to be particularly guarded against, because it operates almost insensibly to the possessor. The mischief being produced by a persevering accumulation of successive little circumstances, the guilt is not glaring enough to alarm the detractor; continual practice gives new pleasure to the work;

his

his subjects multiply, his expertness improves, and he is gradually enabled, almost without knowing it, to torture a reputation with all the calmness of a hired executioner.

I wish it were not true that many persons, in other instances unexceptionable, have from an inadvertent ductility suffered themselves to be carried down this general current. Hence obviously arises a necessity of watching, with the severest strictness, against the first approaches of a passion, which has the sanction of too general an example, and is gratified with so much ease. We are connected by nature in such a manner that every man is a trustee for the happiness of another, and peculiarly as to his fame, because it lies more immediately at his mercy. Besides the essential parts of character, there is a kind of gloss, or elegant finishing, which is sullied not only by the touch of calumny, but even by the slightest breath of inadvertent ridicule. A cautious sensibility should therefore be ever attendant on our ordinary conversation, and our most dissipated hours should be chastened by an attentive delicacy to mirth.

Abstracted from every moral argument, our very pride should be sufficient to keep us above this grovelling vice. To any man possessed of an intrinsic value for himself, how humiliating must it be, to look back at his own impotence in having given the rein to a vicious loquacity ! How base, how abject must he be in his own eye, how infinitely degraded below the rank of a rational and social being !

In the ordinary round of life great crimes are rare, and in a retired circle, like that in which we move, there are but few opportunities, and fewer temptations for extraordinary vices. This equable flow of existence

existence is apt to flatter us with the hope that the breaches of duty for which we must account, are but few and inconsiderable. But from the advantages of every human state there is ever a proportionable deduction, and I fear that out of the placid stagnancy of retirement, this poisonous weed of detraction is apt to rise in a luxuriance which is necessarily prevented by the current of dissipation.

A stated and rigorous examination of our conduct is essential to our safety from this vice. The old *Pythagorean* maxim was never better applied. Every setting sun should yield a strict account of all the little occurrences of the day, and the part which we have acted should be traced, through all its turnings, with an accurate severity. The possessor of every honest heart should lay his hand on it, and say, has he, since he was permitted last to rise from sleep, sacrificed a single moment of another's fame, welfare, or ease, to his own private gratification? Has he yielded to any the minutest call of malevolence, indulged the mischievous sallies of caprice, or even been a silent accomplice in the assassination of good fame? By these enquiries we shall be able to arrest those dispersed and fugitive little vices, which, by being connived at, may soon form a coalition not easy to be subdued. If every idle word must be accounted for, what a dreadful article will arise from that accumulated guilt which habitually revels in the injury of others, without even the plea of provocation! However easily we may forget, or forgive such trespasses in ourselves, there is assuredly a VOLUME in which they stand unerringly recorded.

W.

No.



No. 33. Monday, July 16, 1770.

— Non omnes eadem mirantur, amantque ;
 Carmine tu gaudes ; hic delectatur Iambis ;
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, & sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palatō.
 Quid dem ? quid non dem ?

HOR.

✱ I ✱ CONSIDER myself as the master of a
 ✱ I ✱ feast and the public as my guests ; or, if
 ✱ I ✱ you will, I keep an ordinary, to which every
 ✱ I ✱ person, at a small expence, is welcome
 twice a week. As there is no disputing about
 tastes, I have endeavoured to hit every palate, by some-
 times satisfying the keener appetite of the Gentlemen
 with a piece of roast beef, and at other times have
 presented the Ladies with a light tofs-up, or the leg of
 an ortolan, to piddle at. To lay aside metaphor, I
 have roved from one subject to another,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,
 with the most ardent desire of giving general satisfac-
 tion, and had indulged myself in the pleasing hope of
 my success, when I was suddenly overpowered by a
 multitude of letters from various persons, some prais-
 ing, others abusing, some advising, and others de-
 manding, that I was quite at a loss how to conduct
 myself. As most of my correspondents will expect
 answers, I shall select a few of them for the entertain-
 ment of my readers.

Mr.

Mr. FLYN,

Your Speculations are too long.

TOM SHORT.

Mr. SHORT,

My next shall be shorter.

WILLIAM FLYN.

Mr. FLYN,

In your papers or Dissertations, or Lucubrations, Speculations, or Essays, (for I will call you an Essayist (although the great *Johnson* has made a distinction between them;) for if you turn to his Dictionary, (the greatest work the world has ever seen, far surpassing the Dictionary of the Royal Academy of Sciences in France, *Il Vocabolario della Crusca* for the Italian, or *El Diccionario Real della lengua Castellana* for the Spanish) (I mean the folio edition) you will find, that he says in his synonimes, (from a Greek word) (signifying names that signify the same thing) a Speculation is 'a mental view, or intellectual examination or contemplation,' &c. (which is worth your reading) and an Essay is 'a loose rally of the mind, an irregular, indigested piece, &c.' (which you had better turn to) (though I'll call you which you please,) (for I think you partake of both) I must give you a piece of advice, which I shall do shortly, (as I hate to be prolix,) be more copious, or protracted, or longer, and not so curt or brief.

TIMOTHY TEDIOUS.

Mr. TEDIOUS,

In my next Essay, Speculation, Dissertation or Lucubration, (for you may call me an Essayist or Speculatist which you please) I shall be a great deal longer, and not so curt, or brief.

WILLIAM FLYN.

S I R,

S I R,

If you continue to fill your Speculations with fashions, knotting and such trumpery, your paper will only be fit for the females of this age, who are so remarkably fond of levity, that I am ashamed of them; and if you don't change you subjects to something serious, you can no longer expect a reader in

SUSANNA GRAVEATRS.

DEAR FLYN,

Let us have more on the fashions, or something smart about the jemmy young fellows of the town. If you give us many of your grave papers I shan't endure you. Yours, &c.

JENNY GIDDY.

Mr. FLYN,

Amongst the various subjects of your Speculations you have not touched upon a very interesting one to many of your readers; I mean politics. There is a club of us meets every post day, to drink porter, to consider the state of the nation, and consult together for the public good. We take in your paper, as it contains a great deal of news; but are much surprized that you can see the constitution subverted without emotion. A little touch on the Ministry would be agreeable in your next.

ALEXANDER ANXIOUS.

S I R,

Notwithstanding your repeated declarations of keeping clear of all political matters, I find the most dangerous principles laid down in one of your late Speculations. As they are concealed with great art, they are the more pernicious, and I think it the duty
of

of every citizen, in these critical times, to lay them open to the Public, which I shall certainly do in an express treatise.

The paper I complain of is the 26th, in which you describe a Female Parliament. So, Mr. FLYN, Lords and Commons ridiculed in a breath. I thought what you would be at, when you hinted that the *Hanover* succession was brought about by a pair of gloves. For shame!

You are resolved that no part of the Royal family shall escape you. Every body knows who you mean by *Paris*; and as to the Ministry and great Officers of the Crown, you represent them no better than milliners, mantua-makers and hair-dressers. Your grenadier cap, which contains an oblique stroke at the affair in St. George's Fields, has really some humour in it; but when you come to the *Doll* from St. James's, I can't help exclaiming, *O Tempora! O Mores!* As you find there is one who can discover your intentions, you should be more careful for the future; if you do not, beware of

OLD SLYBOOTS.

FLYN,

Rot your Speculations. I am pester'd with them from morning to night. When I go to the Coffee-house to indulge my spleen with the nonsensical pursuits of mankind, I hear nothing, but *You waiter, bring Flyn's paper. Hibernian Chronicle in hand, Sir. Here you Sir, is there a d—d good Speculation to day? O dear yes, Sir, there's a great demand for Flyn to day; three of them were stolen this morning before breakfast. D—n me, Jack, the horse writes a devilish good letter. Waiter, buy me a Flyn.* When I fly from the men, and

R

take

take refuge with the women, there you are again, at breakfast, dinner, supper, amongst fathers, mothers, daughters. *Molly, my dear, don't stoop so, you'll be like the round shouldered young Lady in the Speculations. Did you see the paper on knotting? No ceremonies, Gentlemen; you remember Flynn; the dinner will be cold.* This is the eternal round; so write no more, unless you can give some private history, or severe satire, which will be more pleasing to

MATTHEW MOROSE.

Mess. WILLIAM FLYN and Co.

S I R S,

This serves to remit you my thanks for yours, which comes duly to hand, and the contents noted in conformity. Errors excepted, I approve much of your *Speculations*, and don't doubt but the returns on the tot will be good. I am advised already that French night-caps lie on hands, knotting dull, heads look up, head dresses look down, and the balance turning in favour of flat shoulders. But several articles, not yet told, continue at par. These you'll not fail to take in course, and above all that heavy draw-back on industry, cards, which make no small figure on the *per contra* of the year.

I find, on an average, that one night of my wife's at Loo squanders the labour of four of my days. On the twenty-ninth of September last, I opened an account current with *Pam*, and on the twenty-ninth of March (though I am convinced there are many articles of which I am not advised) made the balance against him (including cost of suppers and chair-hire) no less than 217l. 11s. 4½d. besides my loss of sleep, and my wife's company, which

I did

I did not charge. To this I may fairly tack twenty pounds for her extraordinary cloaths and gloves. I work hard, Sirs, during the winter, in my cellar and counting-house. My risques are great, and my anxiety not little. These deductions are too heavy on my labour. Please advise your opinion of this, and whether you think our luxury in general is not before hand with our riches. I hope to hear from you at maturity, and am,

S I R S.

Your humble servant,

HEZEKIAH INVOICE.

P. S. I have waited for the launching of your packet-boat on the 20th ult. as *per* yours of the 19th of April, No. 8. Hope no accident has happened. Shall have frequent occasion to give her freight.

Yours as before,

H. I.

Mr. *Invoice's* letter is on a subject of much importance to the Public, and shall be duly considered at a proper opportunity.

My dear Mr. FLYN,

Tell me, ah! do, the real name of the persons you allude to in your *Speculations*, and particularly who was the girl with the French night-cap, who lost the young man by her round shoulders, who was she that reclaimed the dear rake in your 15th paper, and she in your 29th who went off with the valet; but above all tell me who wrote the papers on the fashions, for I'll swear they were not your own. I have as little curiosity as any creature in the world, but I am bursting to know all these things. My Papa says they are only general characters; but I am convinced you have a

R. 2

deeper

deeper meaning. And when your hand's in, let me know what's meant by the letters at the end of your Speculations, for I have a hundred wagers about them. Do, my dear Sir, make haste and gratify

Your impatient reader,

ARAMINTA RATTLE.

My dear Miss RATTLE,

Your Papa is extremely right. Do not let your lively imagination apply what was never intended for any individual. Fiction is often necessary to convey instruction, and, without some pictures of character, writings like mine cannot possibly be supported. But these pictures should be formed out of the vice or foibles, and never drawn from the person. This rule I have ever faithfully observed, and ever shall. Let your curiosity therefore rest, and not search for what does not exist. As to the marks at the end of my papers, they are little frolics of my own, without any meaning at all.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM FLYN.



No. 34. Thursday, July 19, 1770.

*Nos quoque pars mundi, quoniam non corpora solum,
Verum etiam volucres animæ sumus.*

OVID.

✱✱✱✱ T has been said by the Ladies, that the
✱✱ I ✱✱ Gentlemen can't bear correction, that
✱✱ ✱✱ the least severity of reproof throws them
✱✱ ✱✱ into a flame, and that if the smallest of
their faults are but hinted at, the whole sex take up
arms,

arms, and fiercely deny the charge. I allow this to be too much the case; but in the following letter, with which I have been honoured, the fair AMANDA chides with such benevolence, that I venture to affirm, every one of my sex will kiss the rod, and readily acknowledge the truth of the facts, and the good sense of the writer. In short, the delicacy, sensibility and peculiar elegance that runs through it, persuade me, that my readers will receive as much pleasure from the perusal, as I did; which I can assure them was very considerable.

AMANDA to MR. FLYN,

S I R,

As an apology for my intrusion (having no skill in letters, by which I might illustrate the sciences, no abilities to render morality more lovely, or cast any new lights on our revered religion) I have prefaced this letter with a female name, which will entitle me to the protection of the sensible and benevolent, and, I hope, screen me from the severity of the morose and cynical; as they are so well acquainted with the disadvantages women labour under, both from nature and education.

After so candid a confession, I see you at a loss to account for my motive in writing. This letter is the effusion of a grateful heart, that wishes for powers to make a more suitable return to the benignity of a few men, who have condescended to inform us with the blandishments of friendship, and to entreat them to proceed in the generous purpose. Accustomed as I have been both in books and conversation to the dogmatizing stoick, inflated with self-approbation, partial to his own faults, too often vices,

merely from their enormity, while he sinks us into unconquerable despair, as if nothing but trifles deserved censure! How can I refuse this public testimony of my regard to men, who appear to me instigated by the most delicate and generous sensibility, as ardently solicitous for our happiness as for their own felicity; which are indeed so twined by the wise and beneficent Author of our Being, that to separate would be to destroy the bliss of both.

Permit me now, with kind indulgence to female loquacity, to mention a train of reflections which a letter from THALESTRIS, vivacious, sensible and energetic, gave rise to. I wish, that like her, I had genius sufficient to hide the benevolence of my heart under an assumed character.

It is indeed impossible for a woman to reflect without astonishment on the ascendancy illiberal females, often devoid of every charm of mind and person, have established over your sex, and when they meet with men of cultivated understandings and refined minds, this is often carried to a flagrant tyranny; whilst we every day see the most amiable of our sex, if they be wives, neglected—perhaps used with brutality. It is with genuine concern, free from resentment, I declare, I never knew a truly lovely woman treated with complacency by her husband. You have given me more satisfaction on this subject than I ever before received; and without reserve I confess, that women of virtue and erudition do not always sacrifice as liberally to the Graces as they should do. The reasons are too obvious to need a disquisition; besides that those unhappy women, obnoxious to our laws, helpless and friendless, compel the protection of the
generous

generous by the strongest attraction—imbecility and dependance! But all these united do not seem to me sufficiently conclusive.

The depravity of women in exalted stations is said to be general; and I fear the censure is too well founded, as it is a natural consequence of the corruption and inconstancy of the men. Justice and candour must allow they are objects, not of detestation but of pity, stimulated, as they are, by every incitement that can sooth the proud, allure the voluptuous, and gratify the malignity of the revengeful. What, alas! Is beauty, softness, sensibility, but the source of misfortunes, the origin of vice, by strongly exciting the desires of the sensual. Such women are like our finest shrubs, the delicacy of whose texture indispensably requires a support, and if they are deprived of what should have sustained them, their flexile tendrils, agitated by every gale, will necessarily wind round the first objects they meet with: Hence in our gardens we every day see the most noxious weeds encircled by the fairest flowers.

But I have a charge to make of a still more baneful tendency. Inspired by religion, and captivated by '*Virtue's graceful deeds*,' elevated and inspirited by the hope of future rewards, numbers might pass blamelessly through every trial, which indeed, I think, nothing but the hope of a blissful immortality, labouring under such disadvantages, could in general effect. Unhappily for us, most men of parts and information, are what they call *Free-thinkers*; the whole tendency of whose discourse is to deny revelation and depreciate morality. I should '*unsex me quite*' were I to be more explicit—their licentiousness is horrid, even from the mouth of a man.

They

*They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes,
And with one excellence another wound;
—A God all mercy is a God unjust.*

As to us, the consequence must be fatal, if men so respectable cherish vice by degrading humanity to mere animal existence. I know Faith is not a virtue, but when it is sanctified by reason. Whatever their sentiments may be, it is surely their duty not to infest the world with opinions so subversive of goodness, and so detrimental to the happiness of their fellow-creatures. There are many of you, I confess, who have abilities

*To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow;*

And too frequent effects have proved still higher power — even the capability of rendering vice amiable.

'They can best bear reproof who merit praise.'

The experience I have had of this truth has emboldened me to speak with such freedom to those so infinitely my superiors.

But where shall I find terms sufficiently humbling to address their servile copiers in? They cannot plead, that their imagination hurries them out of the common road, that their ideas are too numerous to be ranged under established forms, that after having exhausted science and passed the bounds of the visible creation, their minds have wantoned through space, giving birth to *Hypotheses* beyond the province of reason, and, in the luxuriancy of thought, raising splendid edifices without a foundation. These Gentlemen can no way so effectually arraign the goodness of the
Almighty

Almighty as by exhibiting themselves. It would have the colour of an argument to those whose senses could take in but one object at a time. Yet even the lowest, if they be not really *Automatons*, may perceive the necessity of inferior orders to the good government of the world, and instead of being the midges—the humble tormentors of mankind, learn from the sedulous bee to be useful to the community by bodily labour, and then I would allow them all reasonable privileges ;

Whose right it is uncensur'd to be dull.

Let us for a moment suppose *Locke* to have defined humanity, which I do not recollect that he has done, (I think he has only told us what it is not) there would not be one of the characteristicks of man in these creatures, but extension, solidity, figure, mobility and motivity ; indulge me with the addition of impenetrability, it is I think a property of matter, and from its duplicity pleases my unlettered mind. If our philosopher had placed drills in a subordinate state, he would have done justice to his remarkable parrot by ranking him in a more elevated situation. Who that has sensibility and reflects on these things can preserve their temper ? It is my glory that I cannot. The virtuous and animated I am sure will pardon my vivacity, and as to the rest I deem their censure praise.

Men have private seminaries and public colleges for their instruction ; every faculty of the God-like mind has been enforced to form their judgment, and bestow solidity and beauty on their understandings. Take us helpless and unsupported under your protection, recommend to parents the expansion of our minds, while they are ductile, adapted to our fortune,
that

that is in proportion to the leisure we shall probably have : But with humble deference I would advise rather to exceed than fall short ; as I have observed in the lowest stations times for idleness, and in those that are but a little elevated, space for cards and knotting. The amusements of PHOEBE CLINKET, though a violent *caricatura*, are surely as innocent as these ; and it does not appear to me (to dwell on negatives) that the tendency could be more injurious. I am persuaded this would add much to your happiness ; for as *Milton* says,

Among unequals what society

Can sort, what harmony or true delight.

As you have given encouragement to women to write, and are at liberty to publish or suppress what you receive, I will make no apology for my numerous inaccuracies or want of method, satisfied my motive is laudable : If it be published, I am sure there will be very many sneers, particularly at the frequency of my quotations. I have honestly not borrowed a thought but what I have with candour confessed. I pretend not to originality ; language is but a vehicle to convey the sentiments of one rational creature to another, and where I have recollected expressions more forcible than my own, I have freely used them.



No. 35. Monday, July 30, 1770.

*Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.*

HOR.

✱✱✱ I ✱✱✱ T has always been one of my favourite amusements, to select the celebrated passages in our best poets, to compare them with something similar in the writings of their cotemporaries, or predecessors, and endeavour from hints in ancient authors to discover the leading idea, which, like a spark, gave fire to the train in the imagination to the poet, that has afterwards burst out in a phrensy and enthusiasm. This proceeding is attended with many advantages; it affords a certain method of estimating with strict justice the merit and genius of the author, improves the taste, enables the reader to criticise with judgment, and is often the occasion of his considering the passage in a new light, and of striking out some latent beauty, which had escaped the eye of the most curious and inquisitive observer. For this purpose, I shall take *Milton's description of the garden of Eden*, and proceed in the manner I have mentioned; without however promising any thing new on the subject, designing only to recommend this method to such of my readers, as are fond of tasting more particularly the beauties of our modern poets.

The notion of a terrestrial paradise was popular among the ancients, who placed it in those they called the

the *fortunate islands*, situated on the coast of *Africa*, and supposed to be the same with the *Canaries*. The peculiar blessings of this happy spot are thus described, by *Ptolomy* and *Plutarch*: ‘ The rough northern and easterly winds are dissipated before they reach them ; and, instead of rain, they have gentle western and southerly breezes, bringing along with them soft dews, which so enrich the soil, that it produces plenty of delicious fruits without trouble or labour ; the trees bear in a constant succession ; the air is always serene and healthful, without any alteration of seasons, and the inhabitants enjoy a perpetual spring.’

In *Homer*’s description of the gardens of *Alcinous*, the perennial succession of fruits in fertile climates is circumstantially expressed.

- ‘ Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould ;
- ‘ The red’ning apple ripens here to gold.
- ‘ Here the blue fig with luscious juice o’erflows,
- ‘ With deeper red the rich pomegranate glows ;
- ‘ The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
- ‘ And verdant olives flourish round the year.
- ‘ The balmy spirit of the western gale,
- ‘ Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail :
- ‘ Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
- ‘ On apples apples, figs on figs arise :
- ‘ The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
- ‘ The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.’

This subject has given rise to some celebrated descriptions in the works of modern poets ; in the famous Portuguese poem, the *Lusiada* by *Camoens*, where the sailors are on their return entertained in the *Island of Bliss*, that springs out of the sea for that purpose ; and in the *Gierusalemme liberata* of *Tasso*, where Rinaldo is detained in *Armida*’s enchanted gardens, which are embellished

embellished with the greatest luxuriance of fancy and warmth of imagination. *Spenser* in his description of the *bower of bliss*, has barely copied the others without adding a single thought. *MILTON* in this particular, as in most others, stands unrivalled, as will appear evidently on comparison: With half the number of words, he has excelled them all in his description of *the garden of Eden*, and the lowest and crudest idea, at his touch, ripens into gold.

We shall first consider the topography, or plan of the *enchanted garden of Armida*; which is thus translated by Mr. *Hooke*.

- ' The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene,
- ' With flowers adorn'd and ever living green.
- ' There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;
- ' Here chrystal streams in gurgling fountains play:
- ' Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
- ' And groves and caves, and grottoes strike the
- ' eyes.'

That is, the garden was laid out in the highest degree of variety; there were lakes, fountains, rising grounds and vales, groves, caves and grottoes.

Spenser has only expanded the same thought.

- ' There the most dainty paradise on ground,
- ' Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
- ' In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
- ' And none does other's happiness envy:
- ' The painted flowers, the trees up-shooting high,
- ' The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
- ' And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
- ' The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no
- ' place.'

He proceeds to describe a fountain shaded with laurel trees ;

- ‘ Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
- ‘ That through the waves one might the bottom see,
- ‘ All pav’d beneath with jasper shining bright,
- ‘ That seem’d the fountain in that sea did sail upright.’

MILTON has drawn before our eyes a landscape worthy of the greatest painter. The taste he has shewn in particularising the parts, and in the disposition of the whole, is admirable. The garden is watered with innumerable rills ; these at last uniting, form a cascade, and fall into the main river, which, running in various meanders, sometimes conceals itself, and sometimes meets the eye. The banks are shady, and covered with flowers, not disposed in the paltry taste of knots and parterres, but poured forth in the elegant variety and profusion of nature, both on the sunny plain, and in the dark bower. The scene is diversified with groves, between which are lawns with flocks grazing on them, or hillocks covered with palms ; in another part are flow’ry vales, in another shady grots—but hear the poet.

- ‘ The rapid current, which through veins
- ‘ Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 - ‘ Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 - ‘ Water’d the garden ; thence united fell
 - ‘ Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 - ‘ Which from his darksome bosom now appears,
 - ‘ And now divided into four main streams,
 - ‘ Runs diverse, wand’ring many a famous realm
 - ‘ And country, whereof here needs no account ;
 - ‘ But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 - ‘ How from that saphir fount the crisped brooks,

‘ Rolling

- ' Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
- ' With mazy error under pendent shades
- ' Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
- ' Flow'rs, worthy of paradise, which not nice Art
- ' In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
- ' Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
- ' Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
- ' The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
- ' Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs; thus was this
- ' place
- ' A happy rural seat of various view ;
- ' Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and
- ' balm,
- ' Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
- ' Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
- ' If true, here only, and of delicious taste :
- ' Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
- ' Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
- ' Or palmy hillock ; or the flow'ry lap
- ' Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
- ' Flow'rs of all hue; and without thorn the rose :
- ' Another side, umbrageous grots and caves,
- ' Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
- ' Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
- ' Luxuriant ; mean-while murm'ring waters fall
- ' Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
- ' That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
- ' Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.'

Tasso transplants into his garden the fertility of the *Fortunate Islands*. The thought seems to be taken from the passage in the *Odyssy* above quoted, and is repeated again and again.

- ' By pow'rful magick breathes the vernal air,
- ' And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear :

- ‘ Eternal fruits in ev’ry branch endure ;
- ‘ Those swelling from their buds and those mature.
- ‘ There on one parent stock, the leaves among,
- ‘ With ripen’d figs the figs unripen’d hung.
- ‘ Depending apples here the boughs unfold,
- ‘ Those green in youth, these mellow’d into gold.
- ‘ The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
- ‘ And curls her tendrils to the genial sky :
- ‘ There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,
- ‘ And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.’

Milton has said full as much in fewer words ;

-
- ‘ A circling row
 - ‘ Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 - ‘ Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 - ‘ Appear’d with gay enamel’d colours mix’d :

And has thrown a glow of sunshine over the whole, worthy the pencil of a *Claude* ;

- ‘ On which the sun more glad impress’d his beams,
- ‘ Than in fair ev’ning cloud, or humid bow,
- ‘ When God hath show’rd the earth ; so lovely seem’d
- ‘ That landscape.’

Every person must have observed the effect of the setting sun, when its rays pierce the fringed edges of a cloud, or more particularly when it is attended with a rainbow, and a gentle shower. At that time, the opposition between the lights and shades is very striking ; the shades are as dark as possible, and though the lights are extremely vivid, yet there is a peculiar delicacy of tone and softness of colouring diffused over all the beauties of nature. To enjoy those beauties, it is necessary that the mind should be in a state of serenity. This state is induced in a very remarkable

markable degree by the purity of the air, as every one of my readers must have experienced upon first meeting the country breeze, after a long confinement in the town, in its noisome smells, and putrid vapours.

————— ‘ And of pure now purer air
‘ Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
‘ Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
‘ All sadness but despair.’

I shall resume this subject in my next Speculation.

Z.



No. 38. Thursday, August 2, 1770.

Invenias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.

HOR.

***** N my last I considered the general plans
* I * of Tasso's enchanted garden of Armida,
* * Spenser's Bower of Bliss, and Milton's
***** garden of Eden: I shall now proceed to
compare the embellishments which each of those
poets have thought necessary to add, that no circum-
stance should be wanting to make their descriptions as
complete as possible. And first,

As in a perfect paradise all the senses should be de-
lighted. Tasso introduces,

‘ And incense breathes in ev'ry balmy gale.’

From this hint have arisen the following lines, which
are inexpressibly beautiful.

————— ‘ Now gentle gales
‘ Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense

- Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
- Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
- Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
- *Mozambic*, off at sea north-east winds blow
- Sabeian odours from the spicy shore
- Of Araby the blest: with such delay
- Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
- league,
- Chear'd with the grateful smell, old ocean smiles.

The sense of hearing too must have its share amidst the various pleasures of those happy mansions. Thus, in *Taffy*,

- The joyous birds, conceal'd in ev'ry grove,
- With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
- Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round ;
- The woods and waters yield a murm'ring sound :
- When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;
- But, when the sing, in gentle whispers dies :
- By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,
- And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.

Spenser has it thus :

- E' soons they heard a most melodious sound,
- Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
- Such as at once might not on living ground,
- Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
- Right hard it was for wight which it did hear,
- To read what manner musick that mote be ;
- For all that pleasing is to living ear,
- Was there consoorted in one harmony,
- Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters all agree.
- The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
- Their notes unto the voice attempt'ed sweet ;
- Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
- To th' instruments divine response meet :

• The

- ' The silver sounding instruments did meet
- ' With the base murmurs of the water's fall :
- ' The water's fall with difference discreet,
- ' Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :
- ' The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.'

Milton has it thus ;

- ' The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
- ' Breathing the sinell of field and grove, attune
- ' The trembling leaves, while universal Pan
- ' Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
- ' Led on th' eternal spring.'———

Spenser, proceeds in describing the beauties of his
bisful bower ;

- ' Thereto the heavens, always jovial,
- ' Look'd on them lovely, still in steadfast taste,
- ' Ne suffred storm or frost on them to fall,
- ' Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
- ' Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
- ' T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell ;
- ' But the mild air with season moderate
- ' Gently attemptred, and dispos'd so well,
- ' That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholsome
- ' sinell.'

To enhance these still more, he prefers the place
to the most celebrated situations of antiquity.

- ' More sweet and wholsome, than the pleasant hill
- ' Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
- ' A giant babe herself for grief did kill ;
- ' Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
- ' Fair Daphne Phœbus heart with love did gore ;
- ' Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repair,
- ' Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore ;

• Or

- ‘ Or sweet Parnasse the haunt of muses fair ;
- ‘ Or Eden, if that ought with Eden more compare.’

The reader may consult on this occasion, for *Rhodope* near the mountain *Hæmus*, *Virgil* and *Ovid. Metam.* and *Epist.* 2 ; for the valley of *Tempe*, *Ovid. Metam.* l. 1. and *Ælian’s Variæ historiæ*, in which there is a very particular description of it ; for Mount *Ida* and *Parnassus*, *Ovid. Ep.* 16. and *Lucan*, l. 5.

Our poet has shewn no less art than learning in concluding his description of *Eden* in the following manner.

- ‘ Not that fair field
- ‘ Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
 - ‘ Herself a fairer flow’r by gloomy Dis
 - ‘ Was gather’d, which cost Ceres all that pain
 - ‘ To seek her through the world ; nor that sweet
 - ‘ grove
 - ‘ Of Daphne by Orontes, and th’ inspir’d
 - ‘ Castalian spring, might with this paradise
 - ‘ Of Eden strive ; nor that Nyseian isle
 - ‘ Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 - ‘ Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 - ‘ Hid Amalthea and her florid son,
 - ‘ Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea’s eye ;
 - ‘ Nor where Abassin Kings their issue guard,
 - ‘ Mount Amara, though this by some suppos’d
 - ‘ True paradise under the Ethiop line
 - ‘ By Nilus head, inclos’d with shining rock,
 - ‘ A whole day’s journey high, but wide remote
 - ‘ From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 - ‘ Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
 - ‘ Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

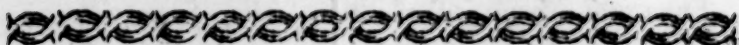
Enna

Enna was a beautiful field in *Sicily*, from whence *Proserpine* was supposed to be carried off by *Pluto*. It is described by *Ovid. Metam. lib. 5.* and by *Claudian.* in a poem written expressly on this subject, *De raptu Proserpinæ.* *Daphne*, was a grove in *Syria*, remarkable for the charms of its situation, and for the dissolute morals of its inhabitants. *Eutrop. lib. 6.* *Nysa* was an island near the river *Triton* in *Africa*, where *Bacchus* was nursed. *Diodor. Sicul. lib. 3* and 4. *Ainara* was an high rock, almost inaccessible, in *Ethiopia*, where the offspring of the *Abissinian* kings were kept. It is described by the old geographers.

Thus I have endeavoured to point out the particular excellencies of *MILTON*'s descriptions of *the garden of Eden.* As I think the true province of a critic is rather to discover beauties than blemishes, I have compared him with other poets, and am persuaded he does not suffer by the comparison. I must however caution my readers against being led by the current of popular opinion in matters of taste, but to employ their own judgment; and the truest way to judge of poetry is to understand it.

Z.

No.



No. 39. Monday, August 6, 1770.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu.*

HOR.

TO MR. FLYN.

SIR,

* * * * * N order that you should not be disappointed,
* * * * * I think it right to inform you, at my first set-
* * * * * ting out, that you are not to expect, in the
* * * * * following lines, the judicious and well-ap-
plied reflections of a THALESTRIS, nor the delicate
and sensible observations of an AMANDA, to whose
spirit and taste, discovered in their Speculations, I
think our whole sex considerably indebted. I who at
present venture to address you, am a meer old woman,
and should probably have been of very little use to
society, were it not that Providence had placed me
Mother and Guardian over a dear and tender charge,
the duties of which character I could wish to fulfil in
the most perfect manner.

When I read your first Speculation, I admired the
ingenious method you had chosen to encourage others
to assist you in your undertaking; for, even to the
diffident and to those of inferior genius, you presented
a Veil in one hand to cover their imperfections, and a
Shield in the other to guard them from criticism. Ac-
cordingly I find you have been joined by many, who
have favoured us with such beautiful productions &c
indeed wanted neither the veil nor the helmet; and
hoped, as example is prevalent, and a delicate encour-
agement soothing even to diffident minds, that others
would,

would, on your invitation, exert and improve those talents given them by the great Creator, to whom we are minutely accountable for the proper discharge of the trust committed to us and that, by this means, I should receive some useful hints for the future advantage of my ward.

But, as this has not been yet the case, I must appeal to our kind Monitors, who seem very nice observers of our conduct, and request they will please to favour us, at their leisure, with their thoughts on the education of a Daughter. I can't doubt of their being more ready to instruct than to censure, and am all impatience to know how far I have discharged my duty and what remains still to be done.

It is the opinion of many that children receive their first and most lasting impressions from the unequalled care, observation and example of their mothers ; and, as it was ever my first opinion, that I could not expect any solid advantage from an education not founded on Religion, it has been my particular care to make my two girls acquainted with the truths of Revelation, and to fill their little hearts with the love of the INFINITE GOOD.

In this I found no great difficulty. They are, by nature, tender, susceptible, yielding. When I acquainted them, in lessons suited to their capacities, of the greatness of their Creator, of his wonderful works from the beginning, of his almighty power and justice, they used to listen to me with respectful reverence and most earnest attention, now and then making use of such natural expressions, as shewed their admiration; but when they were informed of his patience, his mercy, his goodness (particularly in the great work of our redemption)

redemption) their eyes streamed tears of the purest love and gratitude. This appeared to me something more than a meer effect of nature, at least the keeping up those impressions has, I think, made it such; and, it is with infinite delight, I observe that all their actions are governed by the love and fear of the SUPREME BEING.

It would be cruel to impute their benevolence to self-love; it springs, I hope, from a superior motive, a just sense of their duty, arising from that grace which is cherished in all good minds. When seldom I thought there was any reason to suspect them of selfishness, I endeavoured to convince them of its unbecoming meaness, in order to raise their thoughts to nobler views, and to animate their minds with "modest pride." Their delicacy has soon taken the alarm at having entertained a thought contrary to that perfection, they should aspire to, which as soon as I could perceive, I have endeavoured to comfort them as Adam did his gentle Eve.

*So cheer'd be his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal sluice, be ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.*

After having conveyed them through every part of education, commonly thought necessary for a young girl, I have had the vanity to embellish them with every ornamental part I could procure; from which indeed I have not been able to discover the smallest inconvenience, but that my enraptured heart feels too much. Their music, painting or needle affords them constant

constant amusement, and the reading of such books, as I think proper to be put into their hands, engages their hours of leisure. Even *knotting*, Mr. FLYN, I have no exception to, as I observe they only take it up at such times and places where, from custom, it is not deemed an impropriety, and would be impolite perhaps to engage in any other employment.

They have been properly instructed in such parts of domestick knowledge, as may fit them to regulate a family, if they should ever have occasion; but it does not appear to me, in any manner, necessary to make them slaves to the house or kitchen. Providence has blessed them with a genteel sufficiency, and, if it should please the divine will to reverse their fortune, I hope he has given them an humble mind to bear it, and that their education would enable them to procure a comfortable subsistence. They have been taught to consider themselves as travellers in this world where they are to remain but a short time; so that the end of their pursuit ingrosses their attention and will, I doubt not, secure them from murmuring at the little inconveniences which might come in their way.

As to the article of *dress*, I have thought that, in most tempers, it might be considered as an index of the mind, and therefore leave my daughters to their own taste, not without observing their choice and adjustments with the most watchful maternal eye: and here I beg leave to make a small digression by remarking, that the dress commonly worn in this city has the air of simplicity and innocence, whilst the long flowing robe, falling gracefully behind, and the glossy hair, raised into graceful curls by the artist's hand, might be said to make a strong representation of the *Sublime* and *Beautiful*. I never could think a Lady, consulted

her glass, in so ridiculous or absurd a light as some would persuade us, and am much indebted to one of your Speculations for confirming me in that opinion : Our mode of dress requires this assistance, and I think I might affirm that we rarely have any other motive for adorning our persons, except that which custom and the respect due to ourselves and our company makes necessary.

Having advanced thus far, I am at a stand, and beg to be advised. Shall I transplant these tender and delicate buds to other climes, the more to strengthen and improve their opening lustre, to polish and fit them to be led into, what the worlds calls, *Life* ? a most delusive and dangerous path to unsuspecting innocence ! or shall I conceal, guard and hover over my more than earthly treasure, as the miser over his soul's idol, to secure their innocence in peaceful retirement ? I am almost ready to get into Mr. *Pope's* opinion.

*How happy is the blameless vestal's lot ?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.*

I will

I will not tire you any longer, nor expose myself to the danger of doing dishonour to a subject which I hope to see illustrated by the pen of a THALESTRIS or AMANDA, if your male assistants should disappoint me. The advantage of children yet unborn, and the good of society in general, call loudly for at least one hour's instruction from the pen of a writer who understands human nature, and will oblige with the dictates of a judicious, sensible, virtuous heart

An ANXIOUS MOTHER

The subject, on which the *Anxious Mother* has favoured me with the above letter, is so interesting and important, that I flatter myself I shall soon be enabled to gratify her expectation. Until then I presume to give it as my opinion that the plan she has hitherto adopted is exceedingly rational, that she may remain in full confidence of having discharged her duty properly, and in perfect hope of observing, every day, the most happy consequences of her early care.

Life, it must be acknowledged, is very frequently "a dangerous and delusive path to unsuspecting innocence," but, I fancy, it is only so to those who run giddily thro' it, without looking before them, or on either side: Such as carefully observe, and cautiously tread in the real path may pass securely on, for, having discovered the devious alluring ways into which the incautious had strayed, they might easily learn to avoid the slippery Maze, and be happily conducted to the end of their walk, under the guidance of *Virtue, Prudence and good Sense*.

It must be, no doubt, of considerable use to young Ladies, as well as to the Gentlemen, to have opportunities of observing the customs and manners of those

of other nations ; but I cannot, by any means, consent (pleasing as Mr. *Pope's* picture of retirement is) to a young Lady's being sequestered from the world, in which she may undoubtedly possess "*Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,*" and be a real friend to society in the character of a WIFE. I appeal to my fair correspondent's experience and observation, for the truth of this assertion, and hope that her anxiety will, in due time, terminate in the satisfaction of prevailing on her daughters to become HAPPY MOTHERS.



No. 41. Monday, August 6, 1770.

— *Dum peregre est animus, sine corpore velox.*

HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

* * * * * N a conversation, at which I had the pleasure of being present a few days ago, among other subjects, that of dreaming was started ; and it was considered how far this strange phenomenon of our frame may be reasonably allowed as a proof or illustration of the distinct or immortal nature of the soul. On a topic, like this, it is easy to imagine that there were many and various debates. The subject was of such a kind as to afford room for a great diversity of hypotheses, without any degree of certainty or precision. It was of so subtile and fleeting a nature, as to slip almost

most from the contemplation before it could be sufficiently perused.

In general, however, it appeared to denote a power and activity in the soul which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by mere matter. We seem, on these occasions, to have something within us, that disdains to partake in that torpid state which is necessary to the refreshment of our wearied bodies; something that soars above insensibility, transporting us into the most picturesque and lively scenes, and hurrying us through an infinite variety of adventures, with a rapidity to which our briskest waking thoughts are strangers. It seems to exult in an exertion of its natural vigour and superiority; and, being partly disengaged from the embarrassment of matter, affords a specimen, though a faint one, of the energy it will be capable of, when totally released from its load.

It is also remarkable, that our perceptions of pleasure and pain, especially the former, are often, on these occasions, uncommonly acute, far beyond any effort of the imagination in our waking hours; and the impressions so strong, as to stick to us through all the bustle of the succeeding day. Many peculiarities too, arising from some impediment or defect in our mechanical structure, are frequently removed at the instant we enter into the visionary world. The phlegmatic become volatile; the modest, assured; and the silent and reserved harangue with all the force and eloquence of language. The notions produced by prejudice and custom too are often quite effaced; we enter, without awe, the palaces of Kings, approach their thrones with ease, and converse with them in the utmost familiarity. Nay, so daring is the imagination, that it bears us beyond the grave, and

often mixes us with angels, dæmons, and departed spirits.

Were the soul no other than a modification of matter, it should seem as if its functions must become weak, slow, and impotent, in proportion as the material organs are sunk in fatigue and insensibility, and indisposed for action. But, on the contrary, we see it gain an addition of power and activity; it grows more volatile, rapid, and sensitive, as if its slow-paced partner were rather a clog than an assistant to its abilities.

Nor is such a supposition affected by the wildness and confusion which generally attend our dreaming thoughts. For, while the soul continues to be tied to this material machine, and is doomed to act by the intervention of its organs, it were absurd to expect any perfect or connected chain of ideas, when these organs, or any of them, are benumbed and unfit for co-operation. It is, for this reason, highly probable, that, even in dreams, though the grosser fibres of the brain may be too far plunged in lethargy to lend their aid toward a regular system of thought, yet some of the finer and more sensible ones are kept awake by the impulse of the roving spirit, and, like the delicate chords of the *Æolian lyre*, produce those enthusiastick strains, which, however wild and irregular, are affecting beyond the utmost efforts of any studied composition.

Some doubts, however, were started, whether the soul exerted such a perpetual activity; and Mr. *Locke's* arguments against it were much insisted on. Indeed, as we are frequently not conscious of having dreamed at all, it may plausibly be imagined, that our thinking part often took a share in the body's insensibility, and had

had occasion for intervals of rest. But, on a nearer view, this objection seems to have but little force; for many circumstances make it highly probable, that we often dream without being able afterwards to recollect it. We know, by experience, that the matter of our dreams has frequently lain, for some time, buried in oblivion, till some corresponding incident has roused it to the memory; from which observation all the difficulties on this head seem easily solved. If we were to take the trouble of calling up the ideas of the night at our first awaking, we should, in many cases, give them a stability in our remembrance. But this we seldom do; the objects around us instantly rush on our senses, and the cares of the day on our attention, which conspire to efface the impressions from the brain; so that unless something analogous to them should afterwards occur, we are apt to rest persuaded we had not dreamed at all; and this must generally be the case, as our dreaming reveries fly so very wide from the paths of real life.

We may farther observe, that the impressions of our dreams are very various in their degrees. Sometimes distinct and strong, especially when pleasure or pain has a share in them. At other times partly distinct, and partly confused; and from this again there are different degrees of confusion, until, at last, we are able to remember nothing more than that we have been dreaming, without being able, on the strictest scrutiny, to call back a single idea. And from these different kinds of impression it seems no forced transposition to suppose another degree, so faint, as to leave us ignorant, not only of what we dreamed, but even that we dreamed at all.

The truth of it is, that however essential consciousness may be to thought at the time, yet an after-consciousness, or recollection, is by no means so. We often walk the streets, and go through many of the different occurrences of life, without feeling any but instantaneous impressions, which vanish immediately beyond the power of recalling. Nay I know many besides myself, who have been often so engaged in an uninteresting tranquility of meditation, as not to be able to declare, the next instant, what was the immediate subject of their thoughts. To a laborious philosopher, like *Locke*, who was constantly occupied in a close and intense investigation of important truths, no wonder that this should appear impossible; and yet the fact is certainly so. But surely it would not be fair to infer that we do not think in such moments as these, because our ideas are of too faint and indifferent a nature to impress the memory. And if this be the case in our waking hours, it is not only possible, but probable, that the same spirit, which is often so amazingly active in our sleep, is never entirely torpid, but acts always, though with different degrees of vigour, and sometimes on subjects too slight, too subtil; or too rapid, to have any effect on our faculty of recollection.

And on this principle we may more pleasingly account for our sometimes perceiving no distance between the moments of falling asleep and awaking, than by supposing the soul to be, during that interval, in a state of stupefaction. For as our idea of duration arises merely from a reflection on the train of images in our mind, if those which occur in our sleep should be too weak and uninteresting to affect the memory,

memory, the consequence will be the same as if we had not thought at all in that time, and the idea of so much duration will be absolutely lost. But I must here observe, in confirmation of what I have before advanced, that this is not often the case. We seldom sleep so sound, but that we have kind of a glimmering consciousness of the progression of time, though we cannot afterwards point out one idea that passed through our thoughts.

The great *Locke* has confessedly argued on this point with less precision and more prejudice than is usual with him. His first assertion being contradicted, irritated him to a very unclear, and unsatisfactory, but very warm defence of it.

I acknowledge that this subject admits more of hypothesis than conclusive argument. And yet I cannot but fancy strongly, that the operations of the soul in sleep afford a dawn of its native abilities, and immaterial essence. When the body is sunk in stupefaction, the avenues of sensation stopped up, and the whole material machine lying under all the incapacities of a temporary death, we still find something within us volatile and unfatigued, and enjoying its activity in recalling and combining, in various shapes, the ideas it had received. It draws the liveliest pictures of fancy, often darts on a lucky expedient, nay, there have been instances of its finding the clue of doubts which had baffled the slower process of waking reason; as if it meant to give a proof of those intuitive powers which it will probably exert when it shall escape to the intellectual world, when the problems of *Archimedes* and the labours of *Newton*, shall appear as the most easy and self-evident truths.

The similar appearances in inferior animals can be no objection to this supposition. That they have their dreams, is highly probable; that they have something in them which is distinct from, and will survive, their bodies, seems to me as much so. Mere matter will no more account for their operations, than ours; nor is there, in my apprehension, any sufficient reason against allowing them a future state, but many strong ones for it. This, however, is one of those things which are not necessary for us to know, and which we are therefore, not qualified to know.

Y.



No. 42. Thursday, August 16, 1770.

Nil sine labore. — — — —

HOR.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

HAVING observed indolence to be a concomitant of mental abilities, I send you a juvenile trifle; that whenever your friends prefer rest to celebrity, they may fill up a page with it. Remarks on the equality of the distributions of Providence gave rise to this little playful tale; the more experience I gain, and the oftner I reflect on this subject, the more fully conviction possesses me. We are none of us so depressed as the dependency of impatience supposes, nor is there any situation however elevated or apparently happy, without its alloy of misery.

I do

I do not know a scheme more worthy the pen of the learned and benevolent, as many pious persons are thrown into despair by every little misfortune, as if it were the immediate punishment of supreme justice, and the flagitious arraign the equity of Providence; both I think from not taking an accurate survey of the degree of their enjoyments (which are proportionable to the capacity of the possessor rather than to the richness of the gift) and extent of their duration; and comparing the desires of temperance and inordinacy, which are in general the effects of situation; while the ingenuous mind would soar to infinity, and the benign heart pant for omnipotence, without perceiving the blasphemous tendency. Upon the whole I believe no one of observation will contend, that the abundance of affluence, either material or intellectual, creates fewer wants than the indigence of penury. We have all some peculiar felicity, which habit and pride render most precious, and which any other state might seclude, or destroy; therefore an humble acquiescence is as much our interest, as it is our duty.

For my part I never lament with impatience the imbecility of my mind, but when I would vindicate the dispensations of the Almighty. Yet though I am incapable of proving to conviction perhaps the most obvious truth, I may, by turning the thoughts of others on this momentous subject, be the remote cause of considerable advantage to my fellow-creatures; and whatever Providence has in his wisdom withheld, I bless his goodness for having bestowed on me a heart that can delight in beneficence.

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The *Fire Robed God* hath three thousand times beheld each varying season, that with grateful vicissitude circling decks the checkered year, since there reigned in *Cassimere*, favoured with his earliest beams, *Indus*, who claimed the source of day for his fire. His mother the crystal footed *Naiad*, *Jechena*, gave love to the *Golden haired God*. Her fair purity still captivates him; and hence it is that he drives with such speed from us, looks in the morning with so vivacious a gaiety, and in the evening wears so ineffable a smile. His son by the potency of wisdom and energy of valour subdued all the nations that environed him, from the great sea that imbosoms ten thousand smaller worlds, to the icy mountains of the North; from *Euphrates* crowned with the wonders of *Babylon*, to the fertilizing *Ganges*, adored by the natives of the East as the dispenser of good.

Many years did *Indus* reign diffusing beneficence around him, till at the intreaty of *Phæbus*, *Jupiter* rendered him immortal, placing him among the river Gods. His people grateful to his benignity called their country *India*; which is so highly favoured by *Apollo* that there alone he seems to exert his whole influence, covering its surface with bloomy fragrance, and enriching its bowels with gems sparkling as the beauty of *Jechena*.

When the day came on which his resplendent fire had promised to give him a potion of immortality out of the nectared cup of *Jupiter*, he called his two sons, Adversity and Prosperity, to him, and divided his dominions between them; giving to the first all that lay north of *Cassimere*, its rocky hills, and woody valleys; and to Prosperity the efflorescent fields of *Godab*, and the diamond mines of *Golconda*. This distribution

my

my children, said he, may, at present, appear unequal, but experience will convince you of its justness. You, Adversity, will receive from the laborious hand of Industry not only the riches and delicacies of your brother's kingdom, but every production of omniferous nature; while, you Prosperity, from the spontaneous produce of the fruitful earth, will become enervated by fullness, and emasculated by rest, languid as the occidental winds that bring contagion, and drooping as the fair almond tree, whose flowery redundance they have blighted; exempt from want, but incapable of felicity. Whilst thy sinews, Adversity, braced by exercise, health glowing on thy cheek and sparkling in thine eye, shalt be vigorous as the beams of *Apollo*, and vivid as the verdure that laughs along the banks of *Jechena*.

His sons seemed already to experience those prophetic truths, Adversity was animated by Hope, and Prosperity satiated by repletion. *Indus* was borne in a golden cloud, which his mother had given, and his father made effulgent, to the mansions of the gods, where he was invested with immortality. *Bacchus* crowned him with vines; *Cybele* threw over him a verdant mantle, enriched by *Ceres*; *Thetis* embroidered his vest with pearls; and each bright celestial of the heavenly synod bestowed profuse some ethereal boon. *Apollo* endowed his waters with salubrity, and *Jechena* gave him a crystal vase from which to pour his translucent waves.



No. 43. Thursday, August 23, 1770.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus, altum

Ædificat caput: Andromachen fronte videbis,

Post minor est: aliam credas.

JUVEN.

STATE OF THE FASHIONS.

The HEAD.

Extract of a letter, dated London, July 26.

‘  HE GENTLEMEN wear, in undress, one curl at each side, very high and very forward; in full dress, three curls principally, ; but others a great many, which meet at the top of the head. Some, who are in the height of the fashion, wear a long curl, which beginning where the eyebrow ends, descends gradually till it meets the upper part of the bag. Powder for one dressing, 1 lb. 6 oz. pomatum 3 rolls.

‘ The LADIES in general wear *toupees* of many different forms; but the upright *sausage* curl on the temple is quite out. The *scollop* *toupee* is reckoned very elegant, and is chiefly worn by Ladies who don't chuse to be in the extreme of the mode. The highest in fashion is the *heart* *toupee*, that is one in the shape of a heart; and in these there is a great difference; in some the sides project so much as to resemble horns, and that is chiefly worn at Court; in others, it is variously decorated with curious stars stuck here and there.]

there. In general it ought to rise before the length of a face and a half.

On Friday last I received the following card.

' Miss *Modish* presents her compliments to Mr. FLYN, and desires he would send her no more of his papers, having no farther occasion for them, as she wears the new fashioned toupees.'

I laid my head on my arm and continued in profound cogitation for ten minutes, without being able to decypher this mysterious card, or discover what relation there could possibly be between Miss *Modish's* toupee and my *Speculations*. I consulted Mrs. FLYN on the subject, who could only inform me, that a toupee was an artificial head of hair, but was equally at a loss about the point in question,

I resolved at length to apply to my friend *Thorne*, who laughed at my perplexity, and told me ' that he had the honour of dressing that very Lady's hair, which she always took care should be curled with my *Speculations*; that artificial toupees were much in fashion, which, as they covered the natural hair, would save the trouble of applying the curling iron, and he could assure me that my *Speculations* would no longer be degraded to the vile office of serving for *pillotes*.'

I returned home a little piqued, I must confess, at Mr. *Thorne's* explication of the card; though I could not help laughing at the whim of the Lady, and upon reflection was much elated at the thoughts, that my *Speculations* should assist in adorning the outside as well as the inside of her head.

A friend of mine, who is a great philosopher, assures me, that the Lady's notion is far from being

absurd, and that he has often seriously thought of it as an easy way of communicating information. 'For,' says he, 'if you consider the operation of curling; each lock of hair is carefully separated from the rest by the dextrous fingers of the artist, and carefully involved in a piece of your Speculation: This lock we'll suppose to represent a *simple idea*; the whole head, which contains 436 locks, or curls, may represent a *complex idea*. To explain this better to the Ladies; a piece of silver silk at *Stewelly's* may represent the first; and that same silk modified into a gown and petticoat by Mrs. *Williamson* will necessarily be compounded of lining, flounces, furbelows, trimmings, &c. and this also including the additional circumstances of its being made in the best taste, of the sleeves being properly sloped, and of the train's sweeping gracefully on the ground, will familiarly represent the other. Consider then, if a sentence be employed in curling a single lock, it will take up a whole Speculation to finish the head, and as heat is well known to extract the virtues of all substances, the curling iron, applied hot, will undoubtedly have that effect; all the ideas contained, will be set on float, and by a proper application of the night-cap afterwards, the whole will be concentrated, and penetrate the scull, to the great improvement of the Lady who undergoes the operation. But I shall proceed to consider the antiquity, utility and importance of *TOUPEES*.

Their antiquity may be easily demonstrated from the numberless antient busts that adorn the cabinets of the curious. The *Fauslinas*, *Agrippinas*, and *Sabinas* all wore them, as may be seen in those collections; there you have the *Tete de Mouton*, the *Cheveux cresques*, and above all the *Scollop-shell toupee*. There

is a very fine bust of *Plotina* wife of *Trajan*, in which she is represented as dressed in this last *toupee*, where the gradation of the curls is as accurately expressed, as in the head of a young Lady at the Assembly, when dressed by *Thorne*, and what is most remarkable in the bust I mention, the whole *Tete*, though of marble, is moveable, and may be taken off at pleasure, leaving the head as bald as a *Capuchin* friar. This may be objected to by our modern Ladies, who will undoubtedly decry the skill of the ancient *friseur*, as if a *tete* could not be contrived without the wearers submitting to have her head shaved; but this difficulty will be instantly cleared up when I inform my fair readers, that this *Plotina* was celebrated for many virtues now unfashionable, and amongst the rest for a particular affection to her husband, insomuch that she accompanied him into banishment, dressed like a man, for which purpose, it was necessary she should cut off her hair, and this circumstance I suppose the sculptor intended should be particularized in making the *tete* moveable. The *heart toupee* indeed I have not observed in any of the ancient busts; but this elegant improvement has been reserved for the ingenuity of the moderns to discover.

Juvenal, from whom I have taken my motto, mentions, that the Ladies in his time wore so many rows of curls, one over the other, connected together with so many pins, so much wool and other materials, and probably with such a quantity of blond lace over all, that, says he, look at a well dressed woman in front, you would take her to be a giantess, look at her behind, she is a dwarf.

Let us next examine what consequences will attend the wearing of *toupees*, if the fashion should become

universal. It is well known that the brain is so tender an organ, that it is susceptible of various impressions from the different envelopements of the head, and that a certain degree of warmth, particularly that, which a large quantity of artificial hair communicates, is productive of surprising effects. This is very remarkable in the learned professions. How often does it happen, that a sage of the law attempts in vain to discuss a knotty point loaded with intricacies, when in his study and under the influence of a red night-cap; but all difficulties fly before him, and his decisions become irreversible, as soon as his brain feels the genial warmth of a Chancery wig? In physic its effects are equally notorious. A young practitioner, upon leaving the University, finds himself possessed of the whole science the instant he assumes the full-bottom, and not only the mind but the body undergoes a considerable alteration; for, strange to behold! the lounging gait is converted into the solemn strut, and the vacancy of countenance, attendant on youth and inexperience, is suddenly converted into the dismal look of self-importance and profound meditation.

If such be the effects produced by wigs on the grosser parts of the creation, what unhappy changes must the more delicate organs of the Ladies suffer by the additional weight and warmth of the new *toupees*? I tremble when I think of it; and must, as is my duty, caution every fair reader, against (what every woman of sense will avoid) priding herself upon being the first in the FASHION.

O.

No.



No. 44. Monday, August 27, 1770.

*Tunc sumus incauti, studioque aperimur ab ipso,
Nudaque per lusus pectora nostra patent.
Ira subit, deforme malum, lucrique cupido,
Furgiaque, & rixæ, sollicitusque dolor.*

OVID.

✠✠✠✠ H E. following letter was mislaid, or it
✠ T ✠ should have been inserted long since ;
✠ ✠ ✠ which I hope the writer may consider as
✠✠✠✠ a sufficient apology.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

It has been the fate of the most useful inventions to have been decried by interested persons, and the most important discoveries to mankind have been suppressed or their progress retarded by the united efforts of malevolence and prejudice. That this has been the case of CARD PLAYING, I can safely affirm ; and though it may seem paradoxical to most of your readers, I flatter myself that I shall prove to demonstration, that nothing has contributed so much to the great reformation in the morals of mankind, for which this last century is remarkable, and that society has been exceedingly benefited by the prevalence of this truly rational amusement.

All writers of morality have agreed, that the vices of human nature have sprung from the violence of the
passions ;

passions; they strongly recommend that all the efforts of reason should be employed to bridle those unruly humours: but at the same time lament that too often all resistance is vain. Experience has proved, that *Card-playing* extinguishes most of the passions, or at least concentrates and contracts them to a very small sphere, the *Card-table* and the persons who sit round it; and thereby produces, if not virtues, a freedom from vices, at least.

Love, or if you will, the mutual desire of the sexes which is the most violent and irresistible of our passions in unmarried persons, and has produced the most fatal consequences both in private and public life, is totally suppressed by this wonderful antidote. Intrigues are never carried on, nor are assignations made at the *Card-table*. On the contrary I have a thousand times observed that a young man, with all the circumstances about him, that could make him feel and inspire the passion of love, when seated at a *Card-table* with a blooming beauty at each side of him, and another leaning on the back of his chair, has been utterly insensible to their charms, attentive only to his game, and amidst a display of killing attractions has paid his devotion only, to the goddess of his wishes, the Queen of Trumps. The Ladies too, whose charms have always been fatal to the peace and tranquility of mankind, upon indulging in this amusement lose that glow of health so dangerous to our hearts, and from a repetition of nocturnal vigils the pallid hue of disease overspreads the countenance, and the little loves that inspired every feature take their flight, and leave our hearts as free as air. I expect to see shortly, (I congratulate my sex upon it) a total subversion of all female empire.

Together

Together with the natural feelings of the fair sex, it annihilates many other little passions, with which it is presumed, none but vulgar women are actuated, I mean those antiquated whims of affection for their husbands or care of their children. A true Card-player is supposed to be in genteel life, and therefore always appears divested of those foibles, as she knows that maternal fondness, and domestic accomplishments would make her appear ridiculous in good company.

Some have supposed, very erroneously, that avarice is at the bottom of this favourite amusement, and that persons who meet at the Card-table have a design upon each other's pockets. I am persuaded, those persons cannot be influenced by that basest of passions, but that the sole end of their meeting is a public-spirited one, to promote a circulation of cash, which all writers agree is so useful in every community.

That it encourages œconomy I allow, as the Card money goes towards paying the servants wages. It also occasions great savings in other articles. I have heard of Ladies who for a number of years won as much from their company as paid the whole expence of the supper. It affords too a great opportunity for exercising acts of charity, as it is to be supposed that at the end of a year the winnings in the card purse are given to the poor.

It totally destroys that passion so destructive of society called pride, which is the imagining one's self of higher rank in point of family, fortune or accomplishments than those who are our equals, perhaps our superiors, in these particulars. This it effects (for passions as well as diseases are cured by their contraries)

by

by introducing an exact equality between those who are assembled for the purpose of card-playing. For let a man be ever so base-born, disagreeable, illiterate, in short any thing but a beggar, (for money he must have) if he be only possess'd of the useful talent of making one at a party, he is upon an equal footing with every person in company, however his superior in rank and fortune. It is also exceedingly productive of benevolence and brotherly love, as it assembles together the most discordant and incongruous individuals, and unites, for a time at least, those who detest each other with the most cordial hatred.

The card-table is a school of virtue to the younger part of the female sex; for though they should not partake of this most edifying of all amusements, they have constantly before their eyes the greatest examples of moderation, good temper, and forbearance in the matronly Ladies and Gentlemen who surround it. There they learn never to repine at the unavoidable disappointments in human life, never to lose their good humour at the misconduct of their partner, but always to preserve that everlasting sweetness of temper, so remarkable in those persons, who are said to live only when in the act of cutting and shuffling.

Upon the whole, I think it has been fully demonstrated, that the invention of those painted papers, trifling as they may seem to men of science, are of continual use to mankind, particularly, as they give a constant employment to many persons who for want of education, or perhaps of genius, are incapable of making a figure in the world, who have not a single idea to call up upon any occasion; to all who are use-

less.

less in society, to sharpers, old women, and old men resembling old women, in short to all those whom nature intended for this purpose only, that their whole life should be, a GAME OF CARDS.



No. 45. Thursday, August 30, 1770.

* * * *As the intention of the motto to every Speculation is chiefly to shew that the writer understands Latin, it shall for the future be omitted, whenever a sufficient quantity of that language is contained in the Speculation itself.*

***** EING lately in company with some friends
 FA B FA over a bottle, where we drank healths and
 FA FA toasted after our manner the celebrated
 ***** beauties of this city, the subject naturally fell upon the etymology of the word, TOAST. I repeated what the ingenious *Mad. de Boccage* mentions on this head in the account of her travels to England. 'This custom, says she, owes its original to a mistress of one of their Kings, who was bathing. One of the courtiers gallantly drank a glass of the water the nymph was bathing in; all the rest drank one after the other, till it came to the turn of the last, when he said, I'll keep the toast myself,' alluding to the custom of putting a toast into liquor.'

A Gentleman, who is a professed admirer of antiquity, was present. He said the custom of drinking healths and toasting was too absurd in itself to have any meaning; that it was unknown to those paragons
 in

in good breeding, the ancients, and advised every person present to study the *Symposium of Plato*, and the *Banquet of Xenophon*, as models upon which every drinking-bout should be formed. Upon my return home I read over those remarkable productions, and was much surprized at finding, that though they abounded in good sayings, the greatest part were shocking to all modesty. I then turned over some classics and other authors, from whence I have collected the following passages, which prove, that the custom of toasting was not unknown to, but was constantly practised by, the ancients.

The word *propinare*, in all the Latin writers, signifies either to hob-nob, or to drink a person's health. Thus in the *Curculio* of *Plautus*,

Propino magnum poculum, ille ebibit.

And again in his *Stichus*,

Propino tibi salutem plenis faucibus. i. e.

I drink your health in a bumper.

Martial mentions a curious piece of plate out of which *Dido* drank to *Bitias*, when she entertained *Aeneas*.

Hac propinavit Bitiam pulcherrima Dido

In patera, Pbrygio cum data cæna viro est.

This custom may be deduced from the highest antiquity: It was used by almost all nations, and the manner of doing it was, to taste the cup first, and then hand it to the other. *Suetonius*, in his life of *Tiberius*, mentions it as practised by the Greeks. ' This custom took its rise from hence, that the Greeks, ' in their more solemn computations, called *Philothesia*, ' ordered gold and silver goblets filled with wine to be carried

'carried round, and each person having first tasted, 'offered it to those they thought proper.' It is also mentioned in the sacred writings. The Vulgate has *propino* in the same sense, twice in Jeremiah, once in Isaiah, and once in Amos.

The origin of it seems to come from the very ancient custom of offering libations. The whole of the wine was poured on the head of the victim, when it was offered up to the Deity, as *Calmet* observes in his comment upon Numbers, chap. xxviii. Where are these words, *You shall make a wine offering, or libation of the fourth part of a hin of wine*: But when the sacrifice was intended for any particular blessings on a private person, part of the wine only was poured out, and the rest was drunk by the officiating priests. Others, probably taking the hint from the priests, thought it better to drink, than spill a single drop of it; thus in private families, whenever a stranger arrived, a goblet of wine was always produced by the master of the house, who poured out, or drank part of the liquor, as a libation to *Jupiter*, praying that he might grant health and prosperity to the new comer, and the remainder was always drunk by the person himself, as accepting of the compliment. This is conformable to the literal meaning of the word, which is thus explained by the commentators, *præbibo, poculum prægusto, & deinde alteri trado*.

Martial tells one *Hermus*, who we may suppose had something disagreeable about his mouth, that his never drinking to any body was not pride, but humanity.

*Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
Humane facis, Herme, non superbe,*

X

Afterwards,

Afterwards, when nations became more polished, the ceremony was performed in different cups, or glasses, each person drinking out of his own as being the cleaner method; and this particularly at feasts, where every person whose health was drunk in this manner, was in good manners obliged to return it, like our hob-or-nobbing, and this was called *provocare*. Thus we read in *Athenæus*, that ‘*Alexander*, when
 ‘ at supper in the house of *Thessalus*, hob or-nobbed
 ‘ every person at table, no less than twenty in num-
 ‘ ber, and was again himself hob-or-nobbed by each
 ‘ of them.’ *Cum Alexander apud Thessalum canaret
 adessentque viginti in symposio, omnes provocavit, ab
 omnibus pariter accipiens.*

In the fourth century, this custom it seems, was much in fashion, as *St. Ambrose*, Bishop of *Milan*, who lived at that time, mentions it as being the cause of drinking to excess, and gives it a hearty curse. *Bibamus, inquit, pro salute imperatorum; qui non biberit sit reus indevotionis: bibamus pro salute exercitum: pro comitum virtute: pro filiorum sanitate. O stultitia hominum, qui ebrietatem sacrificium putant!* Which, translated in the modern style, is no more than this. ‘They say, let’s drink his Majesty; who does
 ‘ not drink it, is a Jacobite: Let us drink the army,
 ‘ a virtuous ministry, the royal family. O foolish
 ‘ men, who look upon drunkenness as a sacrifice.’

Though the antiquity of the above is very considerable, yet *Plautus*, who lived near two hundred years before Christ, has it expressly in his comedy called *Perfa*.

Bene mihi, bene vobis, bene amicæ meæ. i. e.

My own health, all your healths, and my mistress’s health.

And

And in *Stichus*.

*Bene nos, bene vos, bene te, bene me, bene nostram
etiam Stephanium.*

That this was intended as a sacrifice is plain from Athenæus, who says that ‘Amphyctyon, King of Athens, ordained, that each person should, before he drank, invoke the name of Jove the Saviour, *Jupiter conservator*, to preserve him and his friends in health.’ And Ovid in his *Fasts*, speaking of the family-feasts, called *Charistia*, mentions the same.

Larga precaturi sumite vina manu

Et bene vos, bene tuæ patriæ pater optime Cæsar,

Dicite ; suffuso sint sacra verba mero.

I should proceed to consider the rules of drinking amongst the ancients, and amongst the rest, the celebrated one *e pitbi, e apitbi*, ‘Drink, or go,’ together with the origin of the word *bob-or-nob*, but must reserve these particulars for a future Speculation.

Z.



No. 46. Monday, September 3, 1770.

Nolo doctam—————

ANT. LAMB. FL.

✱✱✱ HE great *Baron de Montesquieu*, in his celebrated *l'Esprit de loix*, has fully proved, ✱✱✱
✱✱ H ✱✱ that the laws of all nations, had their
✱✱✱ origin from necessity. The same, I think,
may be said of their customs, which must depend on

the climate, and the constitutions, genius, and natural disposition of the inhabitants.

The women in *Turkey*, *Persia*, and all the *East* are married at nine years of age, and are past child-bearing at twenty. I am strongly convinced, that in those countries, where, from the heat of the climate, the passions of the men are violent to an extreme, it is a great happiness that the women are marriageable so early, and are in the prime of their beauty, before their reason is in its full strength; for what would be the consequence if the charms of their persons and their understanding were to bloom together? By the united force of both, whole states and kingdoms would be overturned, and no government under such circumstances could ever be fixed on a solid foundation. The great revolution in *Persia* that happened in the last century, was brought about by the intrigues of the *Sultana-mother*, an old woman of eighteen, who most uncommonly had some charms remaining. Nature however has in general provided better for the inhabitants of those countries, and the laws wisely take care to confine the education of the women, that they should never be taught to read and write, but that the whole should consist of music, dancing and embroidery.

I was led into this train of reflections by the following letter, but cannot entirely agree with the writer; for as the passions of the men in this cold climate are not quite so ungovernable, there may not be so much danger in cultivating the minds of the women. But, I foresee with terror, that the present mode of education will undoubtedly increase that empire of the females, which is too conspicuous in every family.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

I think myself a man of as good sense as the generality of those I converse with. I carry on an extensive business, and if I may judge by the profits, there is no deficiency in my understanding. As a friend, son, brother, and master I am irreproachable, as well as in the common occurrences of life. The effect of all this was that I was happy till you intruded your cursed Speculations on the town; since which I have not enjoyed one quiet day. I have never read a page except in a News-paper or Magazine since I escaped the hands of a barbarous master; I confess the very sight of a book makes me sick in my stomach.

I have unfortunately a strong sense of shame and some desire of superiority, if it could be obtained without too much trouble; yet I honestly own I could be fully satisfied with that comfortable feel, that repletion which good meat and old claret causes, if I were not perpetually galled by the vociferous superiority of other men, whose conversation always takes its rise from your Speculations; and what is still worse the plague is spreading among the women, where I flattered myself I could always find an agreeable resource, and raise myself as high by comparison as I was lowered by the men. How many hours of rest, little less refreshing than sleep, have I spent in their dear society; for the poor things did incessantly talk of dancing, dress, and domestic occurrences, yet it was so pleasing an uniformity, so grateful an inferiority, that I verily believe the *opium* the Turks chew, produces a less agreeable dulness; but since the formidable THALESTRIS, and the insinuating AMANDA

have broken the barrier of nature, it is become the fashion of every pert Miss who scalds you by spilling her tea, or puts out your eye with her needle or shuttle to excuse herself by declaring she was *speculating*. Nay, I am told, the wives of mechanics are infected, and I can assure you the woman in whose house I lodge, leaves her children uncombed, hungry and dirty, till she reads your paper, and then commits such numerous misnomers you would swear she was a lunatic; the rest of the day is employed in gossiping, that she may communicate her *sentiments* to her neighbours.

In all the former part of my life I never met with but one woman of this cast, and to do her justice she was pleasing from nature, if she had not been mired by what you call cultivating her understanding. I never went to her house but with the greatest depression of spirits, except when I met with two or three of my companions, who were doomed to spend the day there; and then the condoling with them, and having a certainty of being kept in countenance gave me some heat. If we escaped learned subjects at dinner, they were sure to be introduced with the bottle and glasses. The uneasiness and confusion I was then in is not to be described; ashamed to sit silent, and dreading every moment she would make some malicious application to me, till at length I found out an admirable expedient, the discovery of which, I do not doubt, may highly contribute to the happiness of numbers, though from pride I never expect to reap the benefit of gratitude. It was to sink my hands under the table, and turn my thumbs round each other, reckoning the times, and by my attention to the numbers, diverting it from the conversation

conversation in which I had too little inclination or ability to join; and now if I am not pleased in her society, I am at least not miserable.

I beseech you to consider that the bulk of mankind are at least as illiterate as I am, and by persuading parents to give their daughters learning, you contribute to the happiness of a few, you destroy that of millions, as well as your

very humble servant,
T. FEARFUL.



No. 48. Thursday, September 13, 1770.

— *Non in species succedere quatuor annum
Aspicis, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostra?*

OVID.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

AFTER having toiled for whole days
A through the pleasures of the Assizes week,
I went to bed, heartily sick of a tiresome
***** round of the same amusements. Excessive weariness often prevents sleep, instead of producing it; and as I found this to be the case with me at that time, I fell into a train of reflections, moralizing on the different pursuits of mankind at the different ages of life, from childhood to old age: But this state did not last long; sportive FANCY personified my ideas, and the chaos of images fleeting before my eyes were soon reduced into form, order and regularity.

I thought

I thought myself in a vast desert, which at first sight appeared the most barren, that could be conceived ; but upon closer examination I observed violets, primroses, daffodils and flowers of various kinds, springing up under my feet. The sun had just risen, and the scene became more agreeable every instant. Extending my view further, I observed young trees shooting forth their leaves, the birds began to chirp on every bough, and cool zephyrs fanned the air. All nature smiled, and the whole brought to my mind many beautiful descriptions of the *SPRING*, in which season the poets suppose all things to have been created.

At some distance I observed a group of persons, whom I supposed to be the inhabitants of the place. Approaching nearer, I saw in the midst a naked child with the unmeaning smile of puerility strongly displayed in his countenance. His walk was unsteady, though he had two supporters, whom I found were *IGNORANCE* and *DOUBT*. A band of motley beings, more gaudy than the painted wings of the butterfly, the *FANCIES*, led on by *INNOCENCE* and *WONDER* danced before him. There followed slowly behind two personages in grave habits, whom from their distance I could hardly distinguish : They appeared afterwards to be *REASON* and *TRUTH*.

As I proceeded, the temperature of the air grew warmer, and the sun, advancing to his meridian altitude, darted his rays fiercely on me. Every thing had the appearance of *SUMMER*. The trees were in full bloom, and on every side hung fruit of the most tempting ripeness ;

——— Each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth with rich in'ay
Broider'd the ground.

A youth with joy sparkling in his eyes, walked hastily along. The *LOVES* and *GRACES* led on his way, and *PLEASURE* and *EXPECTATION* were his companions. *VENUS* and her son followed close in a triumphal car, and the *PASSIONS*, with glowing cheeks, sat at her side.

Rosy Bacchus and a troop of reeling *Satyrs* were her attendants. *REASON* and *TRUTH* had by this time approached, but were soon put to flight by a party of the train, headed by *INTEMPERANCE* and *EXCESS*. *Bacchus* presented me with his bowl, and *Venus* beckoned to me as she passed, accompanied with so gracious a smile, that I was on the point of ascending her chariot, when happening to look behind, I observed a numerous band of ghastly objects, whom I knew to be the *DISEASES* ; they were led on by *PAIN*, and *REMORSE* and *PENURY* brought up the rear.

I fled with precipitancy from the horrid crew, when a scene of another kind presented itself. It was afternoon. Yellow *AUTUMN* poured forth its treasures ; the leaves of the trees were changed from a glowing verdure to a dusky brown ; the flowers swelled with seeds ; the bending corn stood ready to be reaped, and the purple grape was almost bursting with nectareous juice. At a small distance were two beaten paths which led to two stately buildings. One
of

of the Corinthian order, surrounded with statues, and adorned with military trophies; the other a plain strong building, which at first I took to be a prison, as the windows were defended by iron bars. A man with a thoughtful anxious countenance seemed doubting which way he should take. On one side stood AMBITION, pointing to the temple of GLORY; on the other CARE and FORESIGHT allured him to the palace of RICHES. REASON had taken possession of Venus's triumphal car, and had bound the PASSIONS to the wheels.

I was watching with great attention the proceedings of the person before me, when I was suddenly seized with a shuddering. I attributed it to the cool of the evening, as the sun was just setting; but upon looking round me, I was shocked at seeing that the trees had lost their leaves, the flowers which adorned the plain had withered, and the snow on the distant mountains gave certain signs of approaching WINTER. Before me stood a wrinkled old man, leaning on a staff, and supported by HOPE, who pointed up to Heaven. Behind him stood REFLECTION and EXPERIENCE, and before him, DISTRUST and PRECAUTION. In his hand he held bags of money, which he pressed to his heart, and seemed as if he wished to hide them in a grave which stood gaping near him. At the instant I heard a confused noise, when looking round, I saw TIME, with his scythe, coming fast upon me. I took to my heels in order to fly from him, but in running I struck my foot against a tomb-stone, which put an end to my dream.

Z.

No.



No. 49. Monday, September 17, 1770.

Auferimus culu. ———

OVID.

 S OME days since I received the following
 letter from an unknown hand. I hope
 the writer will excuse the liberties I have
 taken in leaving out a whole paragraph,
 and in softening the feverities of his production, as
 the faults of the female sex should be corrected with
 the greatest tenderness and delicacy.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

I am not certain that you will pay any regard to my letter, or that you will admit me to have the honour of being one of your correspondents, as I write in defence of my sex, MAN. In order to oblige the LADIES, your Speculations of late have been filled with letters from THALESTRIS, AMANDA, and fifty others, accusing us of ignorance, envy at their superior abilities, pride, brutality, and what not. I shall, in the course of my correspondence, endeavour to set the matter in a true light, and give you this first essay by way of specimen.

Marriage is considered by the whole sex, as the *summum bonum*, the point to which all their little contrivances tend from their very cradle, and is the center of all their wishes. It is no wonder therefore that this should be the subject of their discourse. When-
 ever

ever it is, you will never fail to hear this proverb echoed from the Miss playing with her baby to the old Lady in the chimney corner, *The lover is lost in the husband*. I as constantly repeat upon the occasion, *The mistress is lost in the wife*; and to this may justly be attributed the general indifference of men to their wives, and their infidelity, which I acknowledge is too prevalent in the present age.

Upon a late ramble through a neighbouring country, I went to pay a visit to a celebrated beauty, nearly related to me, who had been married a few months. At my entrance into the house, I was accosted by a flatteringly person, who, in the most familiar manner, threw her arms round my neck, and gave me a hearty kiss. I pushed her from me, imagining she must be the kitchen wench, when to my great surprize, I found it was my cousin; I say to my surprize, as before marriage I remembered her to be always neat and well dressed. She asked me the reason of my disgust, which I told her in very plain terms. 'Lord, cousin,' says she, 'why should a person take the pains of dressing herself, when she expects to see nobody, but her husband?' I read her a long lecture upon this matter, which as she acknowledged it contained some things reasonable enough, would, I hoped, have produced a thorough reformation; but I since have heard, to my great disappointment, that she still bedaubs herself with snuff, and as to her teeth, she says, she has never cleaned them since she was married; so that the sweetest lips that ever were kissed are irrecoverably ruined, and a breath that equalled the perfume of a violet, constantly smells of the remains of the last meal.

* * * * *

I hope

I hope you will favour us with a Speculation on this subject, and am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

CENSOR.

The rest of the picture is drawn in too strong a light to have a place here. I hope, for the honour of my fair countrywomen, that the description is exaggerated; but I cannot avoid taking notice, that an attention to cleanliness at least, if not to some degree of neatness and elegance, is as necessary to secure the affections of a husband, as it was first to captivate them, and that when *desire* is extinguished in one sex, *love* generally takes its flight, and all the endeavours of the other are insufficient to its reproduction.

I shall conclude this Speculation with a very old story, and leave the application to the Ladies.

‘ PSYCHE, a virgin of the island of *Cyprus*, became enamoured of CUPID. After many unsuccessful attempts to inspire the god with a mutual passion, she retired from the world to give vent to her complaints in melancholy solitude. There dwelt not far from *Paphos*, the metropolis of the country, a nymph called TASTE, a daughter of one of the GRACES, to whom the VIRTUES, ARTS, SCIENCES, and even VENUS, the goddess of the island, often resorted; for without the assistance of some secret charms she bestowed upon them, though they perhaps might sometimes coldly satisfy the world, their endeavours to delight and enchant it were always ineffectual.

‘ Thither PSYCHE repaired, and having disclosed the cause of her uneasiness, supplicated the nymph in the most humble manner to relieve her distresses.

Y

TASTE,

‘ TASTE, who never refused to comply with the petition of her sincere votaries, heard the virgin’s request with compassion, and having made up a Zone of the same materials with which she had before composed the *Cestus* of VENUS, gave it to her with the following injunctions. “Take,” said she, “my dear PSYCHE, this magic zone, and wear it perpetually round you; from its latent folds such an irresistible power shall be added to your natural charms, that the disdainful god of soft desires shall not only be captivated with your beauty, but shall be retained in a voluntary and delightful bondage, as long as you preserve this mysterious preservative of his affection. Take the strictest care therefore of this inestimable treasure; for should you, thro’ negligence, be so unfortunate as to lose it, CUPID has wings, and will certainly make use of them to leave you.”

‘ Let it be sufficient to say, that PSYCHE bound the Zone round her waist, and in consequence so far succeeded in her wishes, that HYMEN in his saffron robe pronounced a happy union between her and the son of VENUS. If PSYCHE went into the meadows and groves to taste the tribute of the returning Spring, CUPID was ever ready to wanton before her, and fill her lap with the choicest flowers and blossoms. If she was ever inclined in the heat of Summer to visit the rivers and fountains, his image was constantly mixed with her’s in the floating mirrors. PSYCHE began to think her zone useless, as she was secure of his affections, and wished to get rid of it, as she thought it a troublesome incumbrance; therefore being one day fatigued with the sports of the country, she loosened the golden studs
‘ with

' with which it was fastened round her waist, and
' threw it disdainfully into the passing river.

' Very few days after this, she perceived a visible
' alteration in the affections of her beloved CUPID;
' his eyes no longer languished on her's with ineffable
' desire; his ears ceased, as they were wont, to
' be ravished with the music of her tongue; and
' a civil indifference soon succeeded to the heretofore
' glowing language of extacy. By degrees her
' company grew every day more and more displeasing
' to him, till at length a total disgust having seized
' his fancy, he spread his rosy wings in air, and for
' ever left the detested habitation of his once beloved
' PSYCHE.'

M.



No. 53. Monday, October 8, 1770.

Ut vidi, ut perii.

VIRG.

***** BELIEF in witchcraft has been so
 A long established, so confirmed by the
 sanction of time, that it is unnecessary
 ***** to say any thing in vindication of such
 a received prepossession, or prove that it was founded
 on just grounds; however, whether it is that the
 world is growing better in proportion as it is grow-
 ing wiser, or that the severe treatment the adepts in
 this diabolical science generally met with, has deterred
 Y 2 them

them from exercising it, I will not pretend to determine, but it is certain that we now have very few instances of peoples vomiting crooked pins, rusty needles, living spiders, &c. and seldom hear of an old woman's riding through the air on a birch broom, sailing in a sieve, conversing with an evil spirit in the shape of a tabby cat, or metamorphosing herself into into a hare to defraud her neighbours of their milk by sucking their cows; the folded flocks now sleep in security, and the shepherd hies home merry-hearted, fearless of passing the detested cottage, once the object of terror and disinay to simplicity and superstition.

Is it needless to turn over the legends of antiquity for proofs of the mischiefs done by forcery. We find many authenticated by our historians, and need not trace very far back, to behold the unhappy HASTINGS doomed to the scaffold, for joining with the wife of SHORE, in practising witchcraft on the stern protector RICHARD; and that celebrated virago the MAID OF ORLEANS, on supposition of a similar crime, condemned to the flames in spite of her pretended inspirations. Until the reign of our fifth HENRY these kingdoms were swarming with forcereffes; at that period the evil seemed to have arrived at its utmost extremity, and has ever since been gradually declining. Most of the professors of the black art, are retired to the Caledonian Highlands, to peep into futurity, or gone to sell winds in Lapland; and the old women that remain among us are become *harmless*, as well as *useless*, members of society.

One species of malignant skill however still remains unconquered, and not only retains its original force,
but

but is every day growing more and more formidable, I mean fascination ; which is supposed to be the action of injuring a person by a glance of the eyes. This opinion has of all others of the same nature, been the most authorized ; it was held by the ancients, as we may gather from the writings of *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch*, *Aulus Gellius*, and many others ; even *Virgil* gives it an indirect sanction, and that it still exists, though under a different appearance, I will venture to assert, though at the hazard of incurring the ridicule and criticism of the philosophers of this enlightened age.

In former times, old women alone were to be dreaded and avoided, but now the youthful and lovely part of the sex are those from whom we receive the injury, and so indefatigable are they in their endeavours to destroy, that there is scarcely a possibility of escaping them. Wherever a man turns he is surrounded with danger, and the worst of it is, that he wilfully pursues it against the conviction of his reason. If he once suffers a pretty witch to engage his attention, he cannot withdraw till he is undone. His situation resembles that of a bird in view of a cockatrice ; soon as she fixes her destructive eyes on him, he grows restless, irresolute, uneasy, and voluntarily rushes on ruin.

This evil, besides being altered in appearance, is grown infinitely more dreadful in its consequences, for the wretched sufferers, not only pine away as formerly, but feel the most excruciating pains, darts, flames, racks, stings, poisons ; in fine, it is impossible to enumerate the variety of tortures they complain of, nor are its effects on the mind less baneful : It debilitates the powers of the understanding, governs reason, and

holds judgment in leading-strings ; a man under the dominion of fascination sees every thing through a false medium ; to him levity appears innocent vivacity, affectation delicacy, and vanity genuine spirit. Nay caprice and coquetry have charms for him, and his infatuated imagination represents disgusting foibles as captivating graces. It were to be wished that the legislature would seriously consider this grievance and try to remedy it, either by reviving some of the old statutes against witchcraft, or enacting new ones to punish every Lady who should be found guilty of giving bewitching glances ; for whilst the forcereesses are permitted to proceed with impunity, his Majesty's male subjects cannot live in peace or safety. A speedy stop must be put to the growth of this enormity, or no one can tell where it will end ; for wonderful as it may appear, the lovely sex have entirely forgot that gentleness and humanity, which were (in what the fashionable world term Antediluvian Times) their most amiable characteristics, and openly pique themselves on attaining a proficiency in this pernicious and cruel art, applying with the same avidity to learn the *management of the eyes*, that they do to acquire the important sciences of dress and quadrille. However, till the matter is taken into proper consideration, in order to deter all fair offenders from the commission of a crime so detestable, be it publicly known that every Lady suspected of wilful witchcraft shall be tried by a committee appointed by her accuser ; and if convicted, shall forthwith be advertised in FLYN'S SPECULATIONS, and exposed, not only to the resentment of the men, but to that of her own sex, whose anger (if we may judge by the good-natured severity with which they generally treat each others faults,

even

even of the most trivial fort) will be infinitely worse than that of the injured parties.

A.

N. B. I warn the pretty young Lady in blue, who was plotting mischief during service-time last Sunday, to desist from her attempts on the tall Gentleman with a smart cockade and regimentals, that sat opposite to her. If she flights this advice she shall be the very first brought to trial.



No. 54. Thursday, October 11, 1770.

— me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum Satiyris chori
Secernunt populo. —

НОВ.

An EPISTLE to MYRA from STELLA.

* * * EAREST MYRA,
 * D * Urge no more
 * * Thy flatt'ring pleas, for I have sworn
 * * By the drop in April's eye
 Shed for joy that May is nigh,
 Swore by all the vernal powers,
 By falling dews and rising flowers,
 By the stream that winds the vale,
 The sweets that op'ning buds exhale,
 By the wood-doves's tender moan
 Which plaintive echo makes her own,
 By the bloomy shaded groves
 Where meditation silent roves,

By

By the lambs and by the sheep,
By the goats that browse the steep,
By the does and by the fawns,
By the woodlands and the lawns,
By ——'s hoary brow I swear,
Hear ye muses, PHOEBUS hear,
By ev'ry rosy charm of spring
I vow I never more will sing.
No more, by fancy led astray,
Will I waste the live long day
With musty books, no more shall rhyme
Beguile me of my precious time ;
And should she ask why I rebel,
Enchanting tyrant ! O too well
She knows the cause, by fools perplexed,
And teiz'd and ridicul'd and vex'd,
Fame ripens genius, as the sun
Matures the vine ; but I must shun
Her slightest glance, for folly's breath
Still baneful blasts the female wreath.
No—never more I strike the lyre,
Tho' ev'ry muse the song inspire ;
No more the nymphs shall give my song,
Or point me as I pass along,
' There goes the muse, the poet there,
' Or sometimes the philosopher,'
As jesting oft I hear them say,
' PLATO has set her cap to-day.'
And then another cries, ' Dear NANCY,
' Had ever mortal such a fancy ?
' Look with her coat, a sober brown,
' She wears green ribbons.—Now in town
' We wear bright blue to make it sprightly ;
' But she treats all these matters lightly,
' Affects

- ' Affects to smile when we advise her,
- ' She little thinks the men despise her.
- ' But these are nothing to her airs—
- ' She reads a book about the stars.
- ' 'Tis really true, my brother saw her,
- ' In hurry thrust it in a drawer.'

Thus am I made the ridicule

Of ev'ry wit-pretending fool.

Nor is this all, some matron wise

Comes in expressing her surprize

And prudence thus, ' Dear STELLA, say,

' What you've been doing all this day ;

' What ! writing,—and in verse—for shame !

' Believe me, child, you're much to blame.

' What man alive d'ye think will wed

' A girl with such a rambling head ?

' Then such a heap of books surround you ;

' Why all this learning must confound you ;

' You can't remember half they say.

' What's this ! who's HOMER, what was he ?' }

—Madam, the Prince of Poetry.

' Prince, set him up, I cannot bear 'em ;

' And what's this here book,—Doctor DERHAM.'

He treats of stars — ' of fiddlesticks,

' I prithee leave these idle tricks ;

' This foolish stuff will set you mad,

' Or you'll be thought so, that's as bad.'—

Then half provok'd, yet with respect,

Dear Madam, what do I neglect ?

Can any of my friends complain

I fled them in distress or pain ;

Careful and silent I obey

Each parents voice,—the house you see

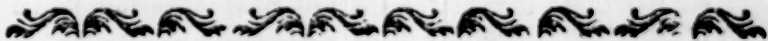
Is regular,—I'm always clean,

And chearful. Am I ever seen

Ill-tempered ? do I make pretence
 To wit, or to superior sense ?
 The common lab'rer hir'd for pay
 May sing the remnant of his day.
 My task too done, what if I chuse
 To read or trifle with the muse ?
 Sure 'tis a harmless liberty.
 Is every creature free but I ?
 Even this small liberty I steal ;
 Am I not studious to conceal —
 My little flights, my little lore ?
 ' What if you be, I ask therefore
 ' What good they do you ?'—O ye powers !
 Are not these gifts, these talents yours
 Which I possess, and dare not own them ;
 Why then this heavy tax upon them ?
 But I have done, yes, done for ever,
 And FANCY I disclaim your favour.
 Scarce had this sentence pass'd my pen
 'Till blightsome FANCY enter'd then,
 Array'd in those bewitching smiles
 With which she ev'ry heart beguiles,
 And cheers my sullen fit, and cries,
 Well I protest you're mighty wise.
 Then, in a something graver strain,
 ' Art thou indeed so very mean
 ' To bow before the shrine of SPLEEN ?
 ' Of ENVY's darts are thou afraid,
 ' Or by the voice of IGN'RANCE sway'd ?
 ' For this dost thou my bounty share,
 ' Still shielded from the frown of care ?
 ' Have I not strown thy path with flowers,
 ' And sooth'd thy solitary hours ?
 ' Say have I not ?—But PHOEBUS hear,
 ' For I too in my turn will swear.

By

' By the nine Æolian maids ;
 ' By the flowry path that leads
 ' To high Parnassus ; by the rills
 ' That glitt'ring gild his sloping hills ;
 ' By the sky-lark's dulcet note
 ' When rapture swells his warbling throat,
 ' As soaring t'ward the rolling spheres,
 ' Their melody divine he hears ;
 ' By the various tints that glow
 ' On Iris robe or deck her bow ;
 ' By all the light enamell'd dyes,
 ' That gild at eve the western skies ;
 ' By ev'ry passion of the soul,
 ' That bends beneath my strong controul ;
 ' By all I swear, nor swear in vain
 ' STELLA shall never break my chain.
 ' What must she swear, must she invoke.'
 Believe me MYRA 'tis a joke,
 For see, the vow's already broke.



No. 57. Thursday, October 5, 1770

*Probitas fidesque conjugis, mores, pudor
Placeant marito.*

SENECA.

✱ ✱ ✱ WHEN HENRY the IV. of France was con-
 ✱ ✱ ✱ versing with his Prime Minister and fa-
 ✱ ✱ ✱ vourite SULLY, on the subject of mar-
 ✱ ✱ ✱ riage, he made the following observation.
 " That I may not repent," said he, " of taking so
 " dangerous a step, nor draw on myself a misfortune,
 " which

“ which is with justice said to exceed all others, that
“ of having a wife disagreeable both in person and
“ mind, it is necessary, that in her whom I marry I
“ should find these seven things, beauty, prudence,
“ softness, wit, fruitfulness, riches, and a high birth.”
For my part, I think his Majesty was very unreasonable : he required too much ; for, though I would not exclude any of the circumstances he mentions, yet I cannot but consider many of them as ornamental, or at most, qualifications of a secondary nature, by no means as essentially necessary. Though this subject, the choice of a wife, is a very trite one, yet as it nearly concerns the happiness of both sexes, I hope I may be indulged in being rather prolix on the occasion.

Beauty is too well known by sad experience to

Grow familiar to the lover,

Fade in his eye, and sicken on the sense.

I shall not insist upon what has been so often repeated, but cannot help a remark or two ; that very few marriages, where beauty was the only consideration, have ever produced happiness of any continuance ; and that most reigning toasts, relying on the all-conquering charms of their persons, have neglected every accomplishment of the mind, and being accustomed to constant adoration, have been overwhelmed with pride, vanity and affectation ; whilst girls of more ordinary features, despairing of making conquests by external means, have endeavoured to make up their deficiencies by attainments of a more valuable and a much more lasting nature, by good-humour, affability, and a wish to please.

As for wit, it is a most dangerous weapon in the hands of a woman. It is almost always accompanied with severity, and ill-nature, and more frequently exercised

exercised upon the foibles and weaknesses than upon the vices of her acquaintance, particularly those of her own sex. If practised in this manner in large companies with a desire of shining, it is the height of ill manners, and the more just the satire, the more rude it is. Besides, the habit of saying smart things gives an air of manliness to the behaviour, and is diametrically opposite to that softness and tenderness of thought and manners, which is so attractive in young women, and which spreads such irresistible graces over the whole female figure. The husband too is often the object of it, and what was before marriage vivacity and spirit in his eyes, afterwards sinks into petulance and perverseness.

Lord bless me! what would the man be at, to attack both wit and beauty in so unmerciful a manner? Yes, Madam, and riches too before I have done.

Riches are considered as infallible means of procuring happiness, and I am sorry to say it, are thought by both sexes to supply the places of all good qualities whatever. Young people are confirmed in this notion by the common cry of *prudent matches*, which are incessantly rung in the ears of every man at his first entrance into life. He accordingly obtains a list of the principal fortunes in his own and the neighbouring counties, and without any consideration, choice or liking, enters into a state, where he acquires what he sought for indeed, money, but never the felicity of loving and being loved. I am surprised the spirit of the Ladies does not rise at such proceedings, and induce them to despise the man, whose wishes and desires are confined to their fortune.

High birth, or what we call great family, is the last, and indeed the least, qualification a woman can

possess. When unattended with a proper quantity of the ore, it is so futile a consideration, that no man above an idiot would ever think of it. A family, who pride themselves on their alliances with persons of rank, without means to support it, is the most ridiculous object in nature. The satirist expresses it so forcibly, I can't forbear quoting him.

*Malo Venusinam quam te, Cornelia, mater
Gracchorum, si cum magnis virtutibus adfers
Grande supercilium, et numeras in dote triumphos.*

That is to say, I had rather have a farmer's daughter than Mrs. Such-a-One; if together with the high rank of her ancestors, she brings intolerable airs of quality, and instead of a fortune produces a catalogue of how many of her family bore the worshipful office of Mayor, Alderman, or Knight of the Shire.

Well! to be sure you're a sad man. Let me know what you would have in a wife. I'll tell you, Madam. The three following qualifications I think indispensibly necessary; GOOD HUMOUR, GOOD NATURE and DISCRETION.

Good humour and good nature, though frequently confounded, differ exceedingly. Good humour is a quality of the constitution, *du temperament*, as the French say; good nature of the heart. Good humour generally attends good health, and is a disposition, promoted and confirmed by a habitual desire and endeavour to please and be pleased. Good nature is constant and perpetual; not to be extinguished by pain or disease: It has its source in benevolence, an emanation from the Divine Being. Good humour is opposed to ill humour, or a sour temper, ruffled and fretted by the most trifling disappointment;

ment; good nature to ill nature, or a delight in the misfortunes or miseries of others. Persons may be very good humoured, yet have a little ill nature about them; as on the contrary the most good natured may be apt to be out of humour. These remarks are applicable to both sexes; but, as I began with the Ladies, I will end with them.

Melanthe is a very good natured woman, a good wife and a good mother. Her charity is boundless. She has a great deal of the milk of human nature about her, and

*Like the needle true,
She feels for other's woe,
And feeling trembles too.*

With all this, she is constantly out of temper. She loves her husband to distraction, and yet her eternal uneasiness makes home the most disagreeable place he can find himself in. Her servants allow her to be the best mistress in the world, but the last they would chuse to live with.

Belinda was once remarkable for beauty, and no less for her affability. The smile of good humour perpetually adorns her face, and she never frets, no not even when she loses at cards, and in most exigencies of life shews the fortitude of a stoick. Yet she is exceedingly ill natured; her conversation abounds with irony and sarcasm, and the most poignant expressions our language can afford are made use of to aggravate the ill conduct of one sex, or the irregularities of the other.

Discretion is one of the most valuable qualities a woman can possess. I don't mean what is commonly called prudence, which is the insipid virtue of fools,

but would define it, a quick sense of propriety, in words, action and behaviour. This not only supports in a remarkable manner the character and dignity of a woman herself, but reflects honour upon those with whom she is connected. The indiscretions of the sex are the constant theme of satirists and novel writers, yet I have known very many possess this virtue in a very great degree, and amongst them some so very young, that it rather seemed to be an innate quality, than proceeding from the force of education.

To conclude. I am afraid it will be thought that what I have written is too severe on the lovely part of the creation. Read it again and you will find it a severe satire upon my own sex, who neglect real merit for the sake of beauty and riches. That the girls, who have neither the one or the other, but who have good humour, good nature and discretion, may soon get husbands, is the sincere wish of Sir,

your very humble servant,

P. Q.



No. 58. Monday, October 29, 1770.

*Nisi quæ terris semota suisque
Temperibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit.*

HOR.

* * * * * F all absurd errors and idle remarks none
* O * is more common, than that the world is
* * * daily degenerating, and is not equal now
* * * to what it was formerly. Were we to
trace this opinion to its primæval source, we should
discover

discover it to be the offspring of folly and ignorance ; beneath notice while it confines its influence to vulgar minds, but alarming when it gains admittance among the more knowing and cultivated part of mankind.

Upon the most diligent investigation, we find that human nature ever was the same, and that the rational species, from the beginning of time to the present moment, were actuated by the same passions, impelled by the same desires, subject to the same hopes and fears, incident to the same foibles and weaknesses, however varied in appearance by the ruling customs of different periods. Yet several affect to believe the contrary, and indirectly infer that the Supreme Author of Existence is particular in his distributions.

The antiquary, elate with imaginary wisdom, despises every thing that is not half devoured with the rust of time ; ever at variance with ingenuity, he is the implacable foe of living excellence. Speak to him of Lord Chatham's political talents, and he immediately enters into a dissertation on the abilities of Machiavel ; praise Garrick, he exclaims, he is nothing to Booth or Betterton ; talk of medical knowledge and he stuns you with the skill of Galen and Hippocrates ; he listens with disgust to the melodious compositions of Arne or Castrucci, lamenting his misfortune in not having lived in the days when Timotheus touched the lyre ; the energetic eloquence of Burke and Mansfield charm him in vain, Tully and Demosthenes harangued before them, and carried off the prize of oratory ; and Granby may lay by the sword that spread terror and devastation through the embattled legions of France, Alexander fought, and Caractacus commanded, and not a sprig of laurel is

left to wreath the brows of a modern hero; nay, shew him the sister graces, who dwell on earth, distinguished by the appellation of the M—t—g—mry's and he will bely the conviction of his heart, and frowning tell you, they are inferior in loveliness to the belles of the *Queen's Time*.

But many carry this singularity much farther, and venerate the ancients so highly, that they imagine they have entirely exhausted the treasures of science. The sole aim of this numerous class of criticks, is to bar up every avenue of improvement by persuading us that our cotemporary authors are all ignorant pretenders, and teaching us to look back at least a century or two for literary merit. With them the uncouth rhimes of Lydgate or Skelton are more harmonious than the polished numbers of Gray, or the elegant softness of Shenston or Lyttleton; and the obsolete productions of our earliest dramatic writers more interesting than the affecting scenes of Hume or Hartson. Their dogmatical decisions imperceptibly subvert the principles or taste, and injure society by suppressing that laudable curiosity, to whom we owe so much of our intellectual pleasure.

The ancients justly engross a large share of the admiration of all readers of taste; but it is highly irrational to depreciate our modern writers, and without regarding intrinsic worth, indiscriminately censure or applaud works according to the times they were produced in. Nature is liberal of her gifts in all seasons, she taught Shake'pear and Corneille, Milton and Tasso. Similar sentiments tho' nurtured in different climes, dispensed the same tender ideas to the bosom of Hammond that inspired the breast of Tibullus, and bid the penetrating genius of her Newton detect the errors of
his

his predecessors in philosophic lore, enduing him with that enlightened discernment which rescued knowledge from the abstruse pedantry of schools, led it forth in its original beauteous simplicity, and established his system on the immutable basis of demonstrative truth. A lively fancy and solid judgment are not the growth of any particular period. In the remotest ages, when groveling superstition and barbarous ignorance veiled the lustre of knowledge from mankind, genius made many efforts to dispel the gloom, often reared her head even in the recluse cloister, visited the hermit in his humble cell, and dwelt on the unrequented heights of Snowdon or Mona with the solitary Druid. And could we look forward into time we should doubtless see new Homers and new Drydens arise, and behold the connoisseurs of generations yet unborn contemplating the vivid strokes and glowing colours of a future Correggio or Titian.

Taste and candour are equally necessary to constitute judgment, which can never be unjust unless totally unbiassed. Prejudice and partiality effectually impede the progress of the polite arts, and by throwing a damp on the ardour of the genius, destroy that spirit of generous emulation which rouses the latent powers of the mind, and stimulates them to action. Real genius like real merit is ever attended with diffidence, and seeks a kind supporting hand to lead it on. It resembles a tender flower which requires the benign influence of warm sunshine, and serene skies to bring it to perfection: If early blighted by the chilling blasts of envy or discouragement, it languishes, droops, and shrinks into obscurity, without having unfolded its native beauty.

While the virtuoso sets proper strictures to his favourite

avourite propensity, the world will suffer him to pursue it in peace. He may contemplate a half defaced medal of Cleopatra with more delight than he does the animated features of the mistress of his heart; examine his collection of fossils and insects, pore over his moth eaten manuscripts, and torment the Royal Society with details of his wonderful discoveries uninterrupted; but when he exposes the imbecillity of his understanding, by soaring beyond his sphere, and stands forth the champion of error and false taste, he sets himself up a mark for the keen shafts of ridicule, and deservedly incurs contempt and derision.

A



No. 59. Thursday, November 1, 1770.

Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere et frui anima videtur, qui a'iquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.

SALLUST.

THE FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

Veneris 3 die, Augusti, 1770.

THE Upper House met pursuant to adjournment.

ORDERED,

That a sum not exceeding one shilling and seven pence halfpenny be levied on each member of both Houses, to enable WILLIAM FLYN, Bookseller to print in one volume duodecimo, the first fifty-nine numbers of his Speculations; and that the said WILLIAM FLYN be ordered to supply each member with

with the volume so printed, neatly bound and lettered, upon paying the additional sum of one shilling.

Adjourned to Friday the 17th instant.

I have at length arrived at the fifty-ninth number of my Speculations, with which I intend to conclude the first volume. It may be expected, perhaps, that I should make some apology to the Public for obtruding on them these my crudities, or endeavour at least to give some reasons in defence of my resolution to print them, or attempt to prove, that they deserve a place in the library of a man of taste, or woman of fashion. I have reviewed them again and again with all the coldness of a critic, and am perhaps as sensible of their defects, as pleased with some few beauties, which the vanity of an author may be allowed to discover in the favourite productions of his brain.

My partiality in their favour (which I must confess is very considerable) may however appear to be better founded, when I assure the Public, that I have been assisted by some Gentlemen in this city, who hold no inconsiderable rank in literature, taste and knowledge of the world. To those I acknowledge myself much indebted; but they must excuse me, if I speak with more sensibility of the high honour some Ladies have done me in contributing their aid. Small indeed it has been; but a single line from their dear hands is worth, in my mind, a volume from my male correspondents. I request a continuance of their favours, which I shall receive with the utmost gratitude.

With regard to the defects with which these Speculations may appear to some to abound, I beg it may be considered that most of those Gentlemen who
have

have favoured me with their assistance, are engaged in the hurry of a public profession; that independently even of their business, avocations of various kinds both of necessity and pleasure, must distract that attention, which should be called up by every person, when he writes for the Public.

The variableness of the climate should also be taken into consideration. When every fibre of the body is relaxed, and every nerve unstrung by the everlasting humidity of the air, the mind too suffers, nor can all the efforts of the will produce a single stroke of gaiety, wit, or poignant ridicule. Unfortunately too those persons, whose bodies are cast in a finer mold, and whose nerves are endued with that exquisite sensibility which produces the quickness of feeling we call taste, sicken at a cloud, revive in sunshine, and their whole frame is more immediately and more violently affected with the changes of the atmosphere, than those, whose souls are congenial with their bodies, a rough clod of inanimated matter. It is also a great unhappiness, that those men, whose bodies require most of the salutary invigoration procured by exercise, should neglect the material part, as being unworthy of their attention; and hurried away by an insatiable thirst after knowledge, should increase to a painful extreme that mobility and delicacy of the nerves, which often borders on the most horrid of diseases.

Great allowances should also be made for a periodical Essay. The author may be very sensible of its deficiencies, and be very well inclined to retouch and polish his Speculations; but the Press will not wait, the paper must be finished at a certain hour, when
perhaps

perhaps some unfortunate accident has ruffled his temper, cut short his train of reflections, and plunged him into 'chaos and endless night.' The clock strikes. He seizes the pen, and dips it again and again in the sooty fluid. He again strains every nerve, and labours to recall his fleeting ideas—in vain—they pass before him like the ghosts of the night; he catches at them as they pass, they elude his grasp;

He has them not, but yet he sees them still.

By repeated efforts his strength is exhausted, and his spirits sink; the Printer's boy, black as his ink, calls out aloud for copy, nor is he allowed to wait for a propitious moment to enliven his productions, and display the hand of a master.

Labouring under such disadvantages, I have amused the public twice a week for above seven months, and without puffing, or the usual methods of increasing the sale of a paper, with the greatest gratitude I declare it, my *Speculations* are read by a thousand of his Majesty's good subjects in the city and county of Cork. It may be said, that the novelty of the scheme being the first of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom, has been the cause; but I am persuaded that that alone, without some degree of merit, would by no means have insured success.

It may be asked; what is the end proposed in your *Speculations*? I answer, to entertain my readers and I hope instruct them; to laugh with good humour at the little foibles of both sexes, correct every deviation from virtue, and take off the mask from the allurements of vice; to establish the rules of propriety and decorum, and illustrate the truths of morality and religion. I shall also endeavour to intersperse a little criticism,

criticism, and explain some remarkable passages in the ancient and modern, poets, to excite the exertion of the judgment and improve the taste. This is truly my aim, and though I fail in it, the attempt at least is laudable, and I hope, deserves encouragement. But if I shall be found to offend against decency or good manners ; to disgust by coarse buffoonery the delicacy of a refined taste ; to pollute by the most distant allusion the purity of a virgin's thoughts, or by indulging in ill nature, personal reflection or private scandal, hurt, but for a moment, a worthy heart ; may that support, with which I am honoured, be denied me ; may that favour, upon which I so pride myself, be withdrawn, and may I sink for ever in the estimation of the public.

As a proof of the advantages that may be derived from my essays, I shall conclude with the following letter.

To Mr. FLYN.

S I R,

I return you my most sincere thanks for the extraordinary cure my daughter has obtained by the use of your Speculations. I think it would be a cruelty and want of justice to you and mankind to conceal it, as it is a disorder so common among young Ladies ; I therefore inclose her case, which you have my leave to publish. About the middle of November last, she went to Dublin to spend the winter with a near relation, and was then a tall strait girl. She had not been long in that city, when I heard from my neighbour *Tallibo*, who had visited her, that she had got such a lightness and giddiness in her head, that she could not keep it steady for an instant. This was the forerunner

forerunner of a more grievous ailment. When she came home in April, I did not know her. She was afflicted with the epidemical disorder of ROUND SHOULDERS which rendered her a most shocking spectacle to all who beheld her. She was, just as you describe, doubled together like a woodlouse; her head almost touched her knees; her shoulder-points met before; she had'nt the least sign of a bosom, but there was a great hunch on her back. The best advice that could be had was procured, without the girl's receiving any benefit from it. She continued in this melancholy situation till last June, when fortunately it was recommended to me to try what a dose of your Speculation No. 10, would do her. She took it with some reluctance, but it had a wonderful effect upon her; in a very short time her natural shape appeared, and she is now perfectly recovered, and has'nt the least blemish on any part of her body. I hope all those who are in the like unhappy circumstances will apply to you, as they may be sure of relief.

I am, with great esteem,

your most humble servant,

Kilkenny, July 20, 1770.

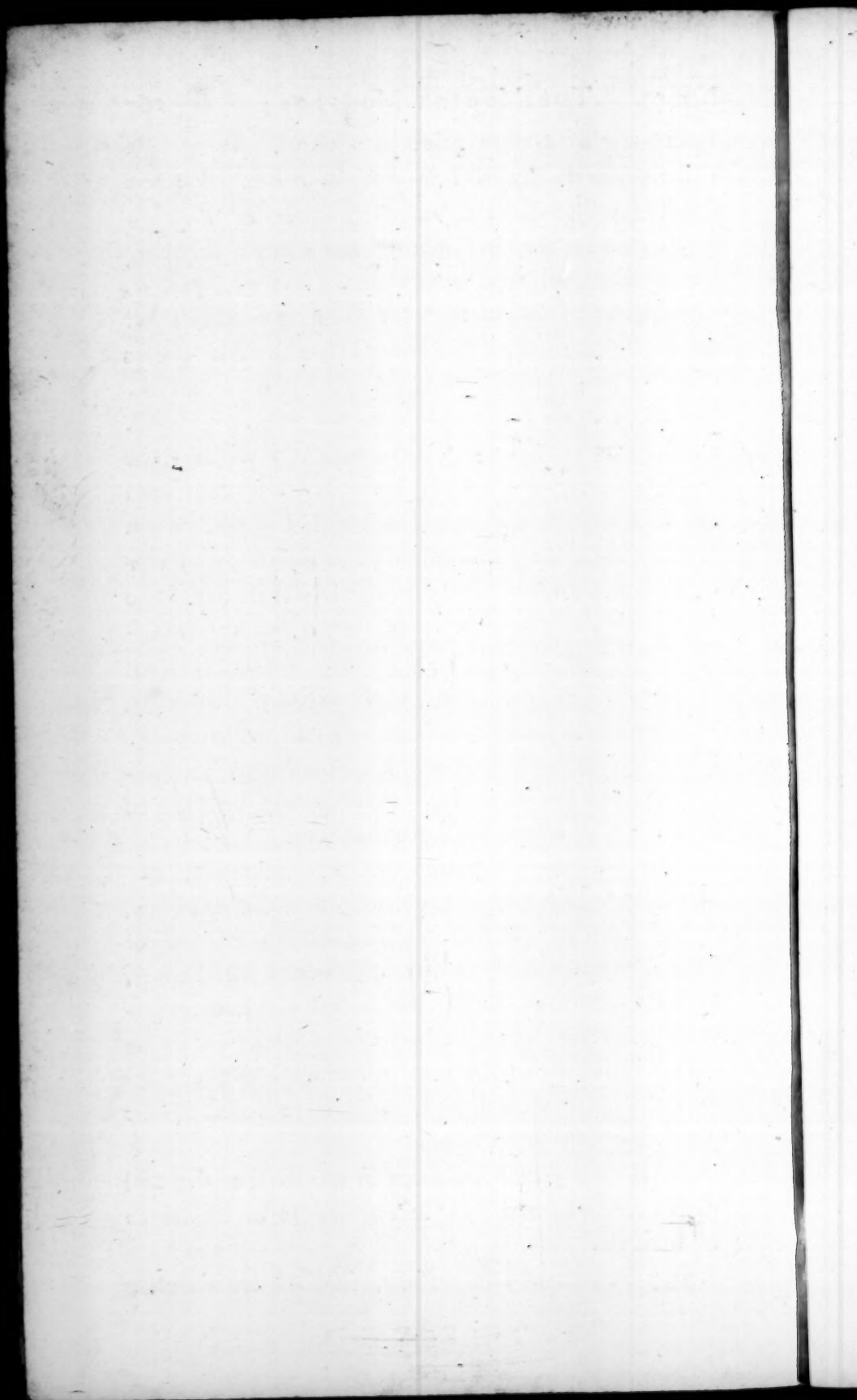
THO. TROTTER.

* * Any person still doubting of the efficacy of these Speculations, may (by applying to Mr. FLYN, at the Shakespear, Cork, the author and sole proprietor, where they may be had at one penny each) be fully convinced of their good effect, by being referred to many people of credit, who have received the greatest benefit from them.

N. B. They may be taken at any season, day and night, without the least inconvenience or hindrance of business.

§§ Beware of counterfeits, for such are about.

THE END.



TRANSLATION

OF THE

MOTTOES.

No. I.

A generous ardour works within my breast,
 Eager of action, and a foe to rest ;
 Which urges me to *write*, and fires my mind
 To leave a memorable name behind.

DRYDEN.

No. II.

On new uncommon pinions borne
 To nobler heights I rise ;
 My former shape and residence I scorn,
 I kick the subject earth, and mount the upper
 skies.

ANONYM.

No. III.

Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
 As exercise the bees in flowery plains ;
 When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
 Invites them forth to labour in the sun ;
 Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
 Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense.
 Some at the gate stand ready to receive
 The golden burden, and their friends relieve.
 And whilst they emulate each other's deeds
 The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.

DRYDEN.

No. IV.

And of herself the fair's the smallest part.

A 2 2

No.

No. V.

Oh happy ! if their happiness they knew !

No. VI.

Blest were the race of man, if governed by the
same benevolence which actuates Heaven !

No. VII.

A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry !
That the artificers of death should die !

DRYDEN.

No. VIII.

For you I wish, for you I fear,
Exposed to endless toils ;
Those shelves, and narrow straits beware,
That lie between the isles.

ANONYM.

No. IX.

I lay without life's animating spring,
A dull, enervate, worthless, lumpish thing.

ANONYM.

No. X.

Of bodies chang'd to different forms I sing.

DRYDEN.

No. XI.

New ways I must attempt, my humble name
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

DRYDEN.

No. XII.

Nor need we blush from even a foe to learn.

No. XIII.

We labour under complaints which admit of cure.

No. XIV.

Oh souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found !
Base minds, for ever groveling on the ground.

DRYDEN.

No.

No. XV.

The glory's more to keep than win the prize,
Chance may do one, in t'other merit lyes.

No. XVI.

It is the business of prudence to conciliate the
affections of mankind, and apply them to our own
purposes.

No. XVII.

— Serpents now more amity maintain,
From his own tribe the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

No. XVIII.

In the black shelter of the night they stab.

No. XIX.

Through various hazards and events.— DRYDEN.

No. XX.

Detached from crowds he breathes the pure serene,
And guiltlets wanders through the rural scene.

No. XXI.

The path to peace is virtue.— DRYDEN.

No. XXII.

— Let me sharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors ——— FRANCIS.

No. XXIII.

Here life's whole picture opens to the view.

No. XXV.

Laborious idleness our time employs.

No. XXVI.

There is a MODE in all things.—

No. XXVII.

For mortal woes a mortal heart must feel.

No. XXVIII.

The whole extent of nature is too small
For the base calls of avarice —

No.

No. XXIX.

To catch the heart, the sportive muse
 In fiction's form her theme pursues ;
 But underneath the gay disguise
 A wholesome moral often lies.

No. XXX.

Why shall these favourite ancients dare to claim,
 Not our excuse, but honour, praise, and fame !

No. XXXI.

'Tis not for me such contests to decide.

No. XXXII

He who malignant tears an absent friend,
 Or, when attack'd by others, won't defend ;
 Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
 And courts of prating petulance the praise ;
 Of things he never saw who tells his tale,
 And friendship's secrets knows not to conceal,
 This man is vile. — FRANCIS.

No. XXXIII.

In short, the race of various men admire
 As various numbers ; thee the softer lyre
 Delights ; this man approves the tragic strain ;
 That joys in *Bion's* keen satyric vein.
 Three guests I have dissenting at my feast,
 Requiring each to gratify his taste
 With different food ; what courses must I chuse ?
 What not ? — FRANCIS.

No. XXXIV.

We too the soul's immortal essence claim,
 And our just share of intellectual fame.

No. XXXV.

—The man whom real genius fires,
 Whom the diviner soul of verse inspires,
 Who talks true greatness — FRANCIS.
 No.

No. XXXVIII.

—Change their order and the words transpose,
Yet still the poet's scatter'd limbs it shews.

FRANCIS.

No. XXXIX.

Now suck in wisdom ; for the vessel, well
With liquor season'd, long retains the smell.

FRANCIS.

No. XLI.

———— When, without it's weight,
The spirit roves abroad ———

FRANCIS.

No. XLII.

Nought without labour ———

No. XLIII.

With curls on curls they build the head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A giantess she seems ; but, look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.

DRYDEN.

No. XLIV.

Unguarded then each breast is open laid,
And, while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd ;
Then base desire of gain, then rage appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears.

CONGREVE.

No. XLVI.

A learned lady ne'er shall be my choice.

No. XLVIII.

In the four seasons of the circling year
The several scenes of wasting life appear :

No. XLIX.

Our hearts are won by neatness. —

No.

No. LIII.

At the first glance my soul was lost.

No. LIV.

Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
In sacred solitude to rove ;
To see the nymphs and satyrs bound,
Light dancing, through the mazy round ;—

FRANCIS.

No. LVII.

An honest, faithful heart, sweet manners, and
genuine modesty are the wife's best recommendation
to her husband—

No. LVIII.

With cold contempt they treat the living bard ;
The dead alone can merit their regard.

FRANCIS.

No. LIX.

He alone seems to me to live, and enjoy his existence,
who exerts his faculties, and strives to establish
a name by useful arts, or illustrious action.

ERRATA.

Page 15. Line 18. For *assent* read *ascent*, page 16,
line 5. For *precepitant*, read *precipitant*. Page 191,
Line the last, but one, for *thought* read *taught*.

Some others may possibly occur, which the kind
reader will excuse.

4 FEB 67

On Solitude.

To Mr. Flyn - printer

Sir

Among the many fine passages in the Agamemnon of Thompson there is one peculiarly striking! Melisander describing the horrors of the night in which he was forced away by Villains and left on a desolate Island, breaks into a sentiment of nature, of which everyone must feel the justness and admire the beauty

—— "Yet believe me Arcas

"All Ruffians as they were, I never heard

"A sound so dismal as their parting Oars"

Intended to act as part with others we feel ourselves irresistibly attracted to society. Man with all his imperfections possesses a magnetic virtue, and we cheerfully embrace the solitudes rather than be denied the pleasures of

of Connection - through the happy deception
of instinct we see joys in any union ex-
posed to hourly calamity, and derive
imaginary strength from a coalition
with beings as weak and helpless as
ourselves, the task of life by participation
becomes a pleasure, toil is animated
into cheerfulness, and dangers encountered
with alacrity, Nor does this propensity
expire with the active powers, reciprocity
of sentiment soothes the debility of age
and garrulity is the last surviving leaf
that is blown from the social stock by
the breath of Time - so impatient of
inactivity is this principle that in the
absence of its proper Object, it borrows
a substitute from fancy and knowingly
embraces a deception, The instinctive
philosophy and Versatile imagination of
Childhood turn every play thing to a
Companion & supply it with ideal society.
retirement

Retirement and Celibacy find solace in the
animal creation and to the dungeoned
wretch the familiar Spider was a world—
Even trees are viewed with social regard,
their aspiring forms break the dead
continuity of space and cherish by
association the pleasing idea that Man
is near, nor can disease or disappointment
destroy, tho' they may vitiate this affection.
The most Splenetic Recluse amidst the
fictitious delights of sequestration would
shudder at the extinction of his Species,
and sink with misery at the conviction
that those beings did no longer exist
with whom at the same time it would
be misery to him to associate.

That it is not good for Man to be alone
was the stricture of his Creator, and it may
be asserted with philosophical truth, of the
human soul, that it abhors a Vacuum.
The powers of Fancy can hardly raise an
Idea so terrifying to its own Contemplation
as

as that of absolute & total solitude, from
pictured pain or danger the mind shrinks
mechanically to the nearest resource &
catches at some ideal consolation, but
with the thought of standing single in
abandoned existence, the Imagination
forces our frames to confess its helpless &
dependant nature; The self defensive
principle takes the alarm, looks painting
round for succour, and almost wishes to
be joined in Annihilation. ~

From this source arises the general
faintness of Poetic terror compared with the
solemnity of Legendary horrors; The Mind
encounters in the first, a clear & positive
object, it sees the worst and the Elaboration
of the picture but makes it more precise,
But where unbounded solitude is the scene
the fancy has full scope for creation, Every
thing is feared because nothing is ascertained
and vacuity becomes peopled with gigantic
uncertainties, The poet who shakes imagination
at

at his will avails himself of this powerful
machinery and even brings the abstract
sentiment home to the heart with such
a force as must startle levity and give
pause to reflection.

Juliet preparing to take the draught
of temporary death, dismisses her attendants
with this pathetic exclamation

"My dismal scene I needs must act alone"
and so must every human being, in
the great crisis of existence there is no
participation, the attachments of business
must relax their grasp, and the short
lived fever of festivity subside — of the
swarms that sport in the gleam of pleasure
or buzz in the hive of industry, separation
& solitude are the inevitable lot; of the
thousands who perish on the field in a
seeming community of death each must
feel his pang and go to his account in
his own abstracted identity, from the
band of society the sons of mortality must all

all be loosened in their turn & be called off one by one, to act his dismal scene alone. ~

Of creation being withdrawn from us or our receding from creation, the effects must be the same, the first to Nature in her vigour is terrible even in ideas, yet the reality of the latter she must encounter when harrowed by pain & exhausted by disease. From all the endearments of habit, from the general race of man, from those to whom we have transmitted being & from those whose being affection had involved in our own, we must learn to retire - Between us and all sublunary things an impenetrable curtain will gradually be let down and the last accents of the world die away upon the ear; In his now unassisted singleness each must struggle through the straight gate and enter without a partner into the awful scene of Eternity. ~

To such a solitude add Guilt and the picture grows too black for fancy, but
in

In Eternity he who abuses not time, will
meet no terrors, to him these Moments
are but the opening dawn of Endless day.

There is a Being who fills all Space;
whose goodness hovers round to smooth the
paths which his wisdom obliges us to tread
and make every pain an avenue to joy.
He who protects the careless slumbers of
luxuriant wealth, will not abandon
the Couch of agony, nor withdraw from
sinking nature that hand which had
poured unnumbered blessings on its hour
of ease, on the solitary gloom His
Interposing presence will pour
ineffable brightness & throw the desolated
intellect with delights of which an idea
was never conveyed by sense, or a
glimpse allowed to fancy in its most
aspiring excursions.

This is not the voice of enthusiasm
it is the promise of Eternal truth, of
Him who descended, as at this time
to

to lend new aids to labouring reason, to
withdraw the veil from immortality &
atone for the deficiencies of obedient
weakness; Man in society was the great
object of his care, and the refinement of
the social propensity, his ruling solicitude.
He taught us to intermingle for general
happiness not mutual prey: amidst
the sweets of intercourse to shun the
depravation of nature, and keep
sensitivity alive to misery as well as
joy; In the effusions of affection to lose
every sentiment of asperity and glide
in a reciprocation of beneficence down
the streams of contemporary being; In
this great scheme of Benignity he who
steadily sustains his part will feel a
secret influence rewarding his obedience,
and when called forever from the ways of
men, is sure to meet the Comforter in
his passage.  That this rooted passion
for

for society cleared of every imperfection &
alloy, will be then supplied by Infinite
Goodness with objects suited to a pure
and endless enjoyment, it is not denied
is to suppose, nor is human fondness forbidden
to hope that those whose hearts are inter-
woven here, will again be given to each
others wishes and rejoice for ever in a
mutual and elevated affection, of this
at least we are sure, that obedience
will be happy and meet with (however
modified or contrived) A fullness of
Joy and pleasure for ever
More ~

Agricola

Cork December 21st 1774

4 FEB 67